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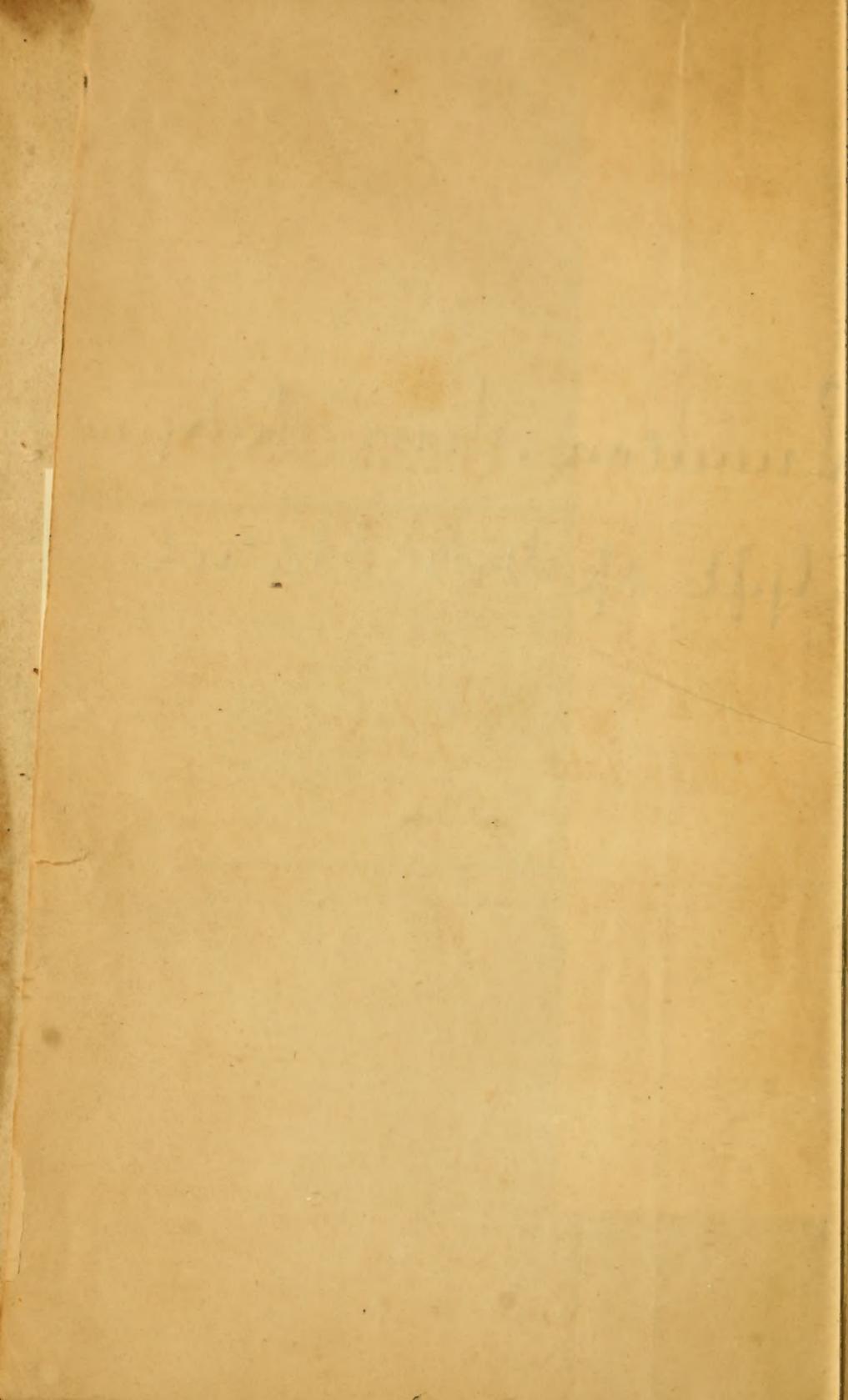
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THE  
HISTORY  
OF  
THE FAMOUS PREACHER  
FRIAR GERUND  
DE CAMPAZAS:

OTHERWISE

GERUND ZOTES.  
*Written by*  
*Father Isla a Jesuit*  
TRANSLATED FROM THE SPANISH.  
*By Sign' Barretti a Language Professor*  
INT TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

*José Francisco de Isla*

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LONDON,

Printed for T. DAVIES, in Russel Street, Covent-Garden ;  
and W. FLEXNEY, in Holborn.

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THE  
DEDICATION.  
TO  
THE PUBLIC.

MOST MIGHTY SIR,

**T**HUS let me style you; as in truth there has not existed since Adam, nor will there exist to the end of the world, a more mighty personage than your worship. Who so turned the earth topsy-turvy, that, in the course of a few generations, its face could not have been known again by the mother who bore it? Your worship. Who founded monarchies and empires? Your wor-

## 2 DEDICATION.

ship. Who ruined them afterwards, or transferred them whithersoever the whim directed? Your worship. Who introduced into the world the distinction of orders and degrees? Your worship. Who preserves them or confounds them wherever it seemeth good unto him? Your worship.—The mischief is, that, when your worship is strongly bent upon a scheme, the ALMIGHTY only has power to prevent its execution.

And if from corporeal we pass to intellectual power, whose judgment, opinion, or reason is, or ever has been, so absolute and despotic as your worship's? It is an acknowledg'd thing, that after divine and natural law, the law of your worship, which is that of nations, is the most respected and obeyed of any in the world: and this too in cases where the law of nations and that of nature may be different.—A

controversy in which I shall not intermeddle, as it signifies not a rush to my subject. But it is certain, that, let your worship once command, resolve, decree, and determine any thing, All must necessarily obey; for your worship being All, and All being your worship, it is necessary that All do, what All would have done. I defy every historian to shew me so respected a legislator.

It seemed good in your worship's eyes, that certain men, knowing certain matters, should be called wise, and that they who knew them not should be called ignorant, though well instructed in other arts, more useful, or at least as useful, to human life: and your worship has carried your point. Throughout the world, the divine, the lawyer, the physician, the philosopher, the mathematician, the critic, in a word, the man of letters,

is accounted wise ; and the husbandman, the carpenter, the mason, and the smith, are reputed ignorant. To the former we speak uncovered, and treat them respectfully : we thou the latter and hear or command them with our hats on our heads. Why so ? Because it so pleases THE PUBLIC.

In consequence of this---and to draw nearer to what more imports me—your worship alone, yes certainly, your worship alone, has the power to give or deny credit to writers and their works ; your worship alone exalts or debases them as you think fit ; your worship alone introduces them into the temple of fame, or condemns them to the dungeon of ignominy ; your worship alone perpetuates their memory, or, as soon as they see the light, delivers them to the flames, and scatters their ashes before the wind. I speak with confidence, but at the same

same time with the greatest truth. Writers, therefore, who want a shield to defend, a fortress to secure, or a patron to protect them, have to seek it only in your worship.

Pardon me, an' please your worship, the weakness of quoting myself. In the eighth chapter of the first book of this history, which is of the past, the present, and the future, I laugh, and I think justly, at those who dedicate their works to personages of high rank and dignity, thinking, and even telling them in their dedications, that they thereby place their said works in security against the shafts of criticism, malignity, and envy. Poor men! Has not so long experience yet undeceived them? Never yet did any one single individual of these dignified personages draw his sword to defend the author, who had sought him for a Mecenas; nor,

what is more, though he should have drawn it and handled it with ever so much address, was it in his power to defend him. Supposing him to be the most powerful monarch in the world—he might heap honours on the deserving author ; he might decree, that, in his dominions, nothing should be written or spoken against him ; and that a respect, an outward respect, should be implicit given to his works. But can he hinder the teeth of ignorance, of envy, and of malevolence from biting them, and tearing them to pieces in their secret dens ? Can he prevent, out of his dominions, their being tilted at by critics of all denominations ?

Let us then undeceive ourselves : your worship only has this great power ; because your worship only in this and many other particulars—be it known I speak of things under the

moon

moon—can do whatsoever you are pleased to do. Should THE PUBLIC will that no one mutter a syllable against a work, no one will mutter a syllable against it; that all should celebrate it outwardly and inwardly, it shall be so celebrated by all; that it be reprinted a thousand times, a thousand times it shall be reprinted. Nor is this power limited to this or that country or dominion, but extended wide as the far-spreading circuit of the world. Wherever there are men, there is a PUBLIC; for the Public is all men: at least THE PUBLIC to whom I dedicate my work, is, THE PUBLIC of Spain, of France, of Italy, of England, of Germany, of Tartary, of Muscovy, of China, and of California. Now if I should be so happy as that all men should take it under their protection, of whom should I be afraid? I am well aware that

5 DEDICATION.

this good fortune is rather to be endeavoured at than hoped for.

But, sir, whatever it may turn out, I shall chearfully submit to it. Under your wing I seek for shelter, and solicit your patronage alone. Perhaps the work, such as it is, may not merit it, but the intention is not undeserving of it. I am with the most profound respect,

Most MIGHTY SIR,

Your least part,

FRANCISCO LOBON de SALAZAR.

THE

THE  
P R E F A C E,  
WITH AN  
H E L M E T—

FOR---let us speak plainly---a *galedated* preface would be too latinized a term for a work not professedly divine. Though the hero of it is supposed to have been a preacher, and a priest of the mass\*, yet undeceive yourself, my good reader; for he said as many masses as he preached sermons. I conceived him, I brought him forth, I ordained him, and I licensed him to preach; for all which I have the same authority and the same power as to make him a bishop or pope. If you think not, tell me in true christian sincerity what reason there is---if Plato took the liberty to

\* In full orders.

constitute

constitute a republic in imaginary space, Descartes to figure to himself a world at his pleasure, and many modern philosophers (Copernicus holding the candle and our friend Fontenelle giving it a snuff) to create in their fancy as many thousands of worlds as there are thousands of fixed stars, and all inhabited by good and true men of flesh and blood, neither more nor less than our very selves---tell me, I say, what reason there is, divine or human, why my imagination should not divert itself in fabricating a little, tight, brisk, well-shaven predictor, and making him act, think, and hold forth just as I shall take it into my head? Were the imaginations of these worthy gentlemen, and an hundred others I could name, endowed with any particular privilege which is wanting to mine, tho' a poor and sinful one?

What, then, you will say, was there never such a person as Friar Gerund in the world?---Fair and softly. Let me take a pinch of snuff, for this question of yours is a tight one. There, now I have taken it, and am about to answer you. Look ye, my good Sir, a Friar Gerund of Campazas, with this very name, there is not, there never was, and in all probability,

lity, there never will be. But preaching Gerunds, or gerundical preachers, with Friar and without, with Don and without Don, with cap and with cowl \*, in fine, of all habits, and colours, and sorts, and sizes, there have been, there are, and, if God does not prevent it, there will be as thus. When I said “as thus” I brought all the ends of my fingers together in a bunch, as our custom is to express multitude. I do not say that in any of them are united all the absurdities of my beloved Gerund, for though this is not absolutely impossible, yet neither is it necessary; but that there are plentiful samples of them, scattered here and there, more falling to the share of one, and less to that of another, is a thing so evident, that we may touch it, as well as see it, with our very eyes. Then what have I done? No other than what is done by all composers of useful novels and instructive epic poems. They propose an hero, either true or feigned, in order to make him a perfect model either of arms,

\* Cap, the Graduates of universities and all the secular clergy: cowl, all monks and friars, that is, all the regular clergy.

The secular clergy are the parish-ministers, &c. the regular, the professed religious, who live together in communities.

or letters, or policy, or of the moral virtues---for of the evangelical we have enough and to spare, if we would but follow them. They gather from this, and that, and the other quarter, all which appears conducive to the perfection of this idol of theirs, in the character in which they would turn him out to you completely equipped. They apply it to him with invention, proportion, and grace, contriving such events as they judge most natural to connect the history with the exploits, and the exploits with the history --and there's an epic poem for you, in verse or in prose, as daintily tossed up as heart can wish.

What else, think you, did Homer with his Ulysses, Virgil with his Eneas, Xenophon with his Cyrus, Barclay with his Argenis, Quevedo with his Tacaño, Cervantes with his Quixote, and Fenelon with his Telemachus? And, if you have a mind that we shew a little more learning at small expence, do you suppose that the Works and Days of Hesiod, the Hero and Leander of Museus, or whoever he was, the Adonis of Marino, the Dragontea of Lope de Vega, and the Numantina of Don Francisco Mosquera, were any other than epic poems,

ems, more or less perfect, or more or less adjusted to those laws which the epopei-  
ars and legislators have thought proper to promulgate? Come, don't turn up your nose at me, and tell me that amongst the works I have cited, there are some in prose, and consequently that they cannot belong to the class of epic poems. Surely you are an ill-humoured creature! Whe-  
ther verse is, or is not, essential to an epic poem, is a question which has warm es-  
pousers for each side, and they have made the devil to pay about it. Take you the side which you think strongest, knowing that hitherto no pope or general council has determined it, and thus you will not be obliged to abjure, even *de levi* \*, which ever of the opinions you may follow.

But if you will still obstinately maintain that my poor Friar Gerund merits not the lofty seat and crimson velvet of epic poetry, as well because it is written in plain down-right prose, and mean enough o' conscience, as because my hero is indeed no emperor, or king, or duke, or not even a

\* Alluding to the different abjurations in the inqui-  
sition, *de levi*, & *de vehementi*, according as the suspi-  
cion or indication of the error to be abjured has been  
light or vehement.

landgrave, which was the least he could be to obtain a seat in the Epic Diet, according to the opinion of the poetical lawyer Horace;

*Res gestæ regumque ducumque & triflia bella  
Quæ scribi possent numero monstravit Homerus;*

and lastly because the character, or principal personage, of every epic poem, which is *The Hero*, is wanting to my work, taking it for granted that the miserable Gerund is not only not a descendant from the gods but not even from the Cid Campeador, Lain Calvo, or Nuño Rasura, which at least was necessary to give him the investiture of heroism, besides the total want of other indispensable qualities for his entrance into that order, such as magnanimity, constancy, stature, robustness, and extraordinary strength---I say, if for these and many other reasons you are positively determined not to have this an epic composition, nor any thing like it, and tauntingly cry, an epic fool's-head ! be it so, for I will not go to the breaking of heads with you for such a trifle.

But I can see, methinks, that you have still something more within you concerning this matter of *epicism*, if I may so call it,

it, which you want to bring forth. You will tell me, as if I could hear you, that the principal end of all epic compositions is to inflame the mind to the imitation of heroic virtues by the example of the hero, true or feigned, whose exploits and achievements are represented in them. And moreover, if you have a mind to tell me this in Latin, to frighten me a little, and that I may know you are skilled in these matters, and as we say, feel where the epic buskin pinches, you will hit me in the teeth with the great authority of Father Paul, who says in his Commentary on the Poetics of Aristotle, "*Certum est heroico poemati illud esse propositum, ut herois aliquis & ducis egregium aliquod factum celebret, in quo idea quædam & exemplum ex primatur fortitudinis ac militaris civilisque prudentiæ.*" In consequence of which you will say---and you will seem to have reason on your side---that so far am I from setting before you a perfect model of heroic oratory which may excite imitation, that I rather obtrude upon you the most ridiculous pattern that can be imagined, and fit only to be avoided and abhorred.

Now you think you have caught me in the trap. But listen to this scrap of erudition,

tion, which I read I don't know where, and it is not worth while now to lose two or three hours in looking for the author to give you the quotation—suppose that Plutarch says it, or any other of the many authors you are most devoted to. Once upon a time there was at Athens a musician---without doubt he ought to have been a master of the chapel \*---whose name neither do I remember---call him Pythagoras, an' you please, if you want a name---this man, to teach his scholars music, according to all the different modes, the Doric, Lydian, Mixt-Lydian, Phrygian, Sub-Phrygian, Eolian, what does you me this man, but carefully collect the most untuneable, the most harsh, the most sour, the most bell-wether, the most out-of-compass voices that were to be found in the whole country ? He made them sing in the presence of his scholars whom he charged to observe with care the disglissful jarring of these, the piercing scream of those, the insufferable bawling of some, and the intolerable galloping, jumps, curvets, and caprioles of others ; then turning to his little ones, he told them with

\* The chief musician who beats time to all the others.

much

much pleasantry, “ Now, my dears, in  
“ doing the direct contrary to these gentry  
“ you will sing divinely.”

I think you must now take my meaning; but if after all you have not yet hit upon it, I would not give two-pence for your understanding, and let us go to something else; but we shan’t go to fisty-cuffs though you say that this work at the most is but a wretched novel, and as distant from an epic poem as earth from heaven.

Now you set yourself somewhat more sedately to ask me another question. “ Supposing, as you say, and as I myself acknowledge, that, to the disgrace of our times, there are so many preaching Gerunds, Friars and no Friars, Dons and no Dons, of cap and of cowl, what motive had you to stick “ Friar” before your Gerund, rather than simply “ Father,” or than give him his “ Don” without any other addition ?” It is a weighty question, and requires a serious satisfaction. You shall have it; and I beg you to hear me dispassionately. But before we enter upon the matter let me tell you a story. A certain judge went officially, on I know not what business, to old Colmenar, a village of about twenty houses, the inhabitants of which,

during their examination, flung such a string of lies in his face as quite astonished him : “ Jesus ! Jesus !” cries he, crossing himself and turning to the alcalde, or chief civil officer of this little place, “ why they lie here as much as in Madrid.” “ Pardon me, your honour,” replies the alcalde, bowing most respectfully, “ though they lie in Colmenar as much as possible, yet in Madrid they lie much more, because there are more who lie.”

You will not deny me that the number of preachers who are honoured with the most noble, the most holy, and the most venerable distinction of Friar is much greater than of those who are known by the title of Father or the epithet of Don. For one of these there are at least twenty of the others ; because the mendicant fraternities, not clerical---who all use it---and the monkish---some of which use it and others not---are beyond comparison more numerous than all the societies of the regulars, into which it has not been introduced. Those of the secular clergy who exercise the ministry of preaching, it is evident, cannot be compared in number to those who exercise it amongst the professed religious. Now then, though in all the

test of the societies, there is undoubtedly a most notable plenty of Gerundical preachers, there is not, nor can there be, so many as in those who assume the title of Friar. And why so? For the same reason as the alcalde gave the judge, i. e. Though the Fathers and Dons preach as bad as possible, yet the Friars preach worse, because there are more among them who preach bad. So that the whole difference is in the number and not in the substance. And the sole design of this work being to eradicate from the Spanish pulpit the intolerable abuses which have crept into it, particularly within the last century, it seemed most reasonable to take the model whence the originals are most frequent, necessarily and solely because the number is most copious.

If this preface were to be read by sensible men only, what has been said would be sufficient to make us agree upon this article; but as I trust it will have a better fate, it may be necessary to say the same thing in another manner, so as to make it more plain and even palpable.

Tell me then, my honest man,---now I speak to a sturdy countryman, a well-meaning man, and one who knows how to read almost without stopping to spell the words---

suppose, for my amusement, and at the same time to correct the inordinate passion in our reapers for tobacco, the strong inclination to wine in the *coritos* \*, and the absurd vanity of the *alojeros* †, I should take it into my head to write the life of an imaginary *alojero*, *corito*, or *reaper*: would it not be natural, if my man was a *reaper* that I should make him a Gallician ‡, a Mountaineer § if he was an *alojero*, and if he was a *corito*, an *Asturian*? You see the thing speaks itself; for though there are undoubtedly *coritos*, *alojeros*, and *reapers* in every province, yet in regard to the three which I have mentioned all the rest are but an handful, and this would

\* *Corito* is a name given to any farmer or rustic, but generally applied to an *Asturian*. There is a proverb which says, *al Asturiano vino puro y lanza en mano* --- The *Asturian* must have pure wine and a lance in his hand: pure wine (because the province is one of the most northern and cold) to keep him warm; and a lance in his hand, to defend him from wild beasts, which were formerly very numerous there.

† An *alojero*, is one who lodges from home, or a traveller; who of course may lie without fear of detection.

‡ Galicia is remarkable for its numerous poor, who migrate to other provinces for work at the time of harvest.

§ A Mountaineer means, by antonomasia, an inhabitant of the mountains of Burgos, the chief city of Old Castile, and one remarkably proud and vain-glorious of his genealogy, &c. as in this city it is said, that, though there are not above a thousand families, there is an abundance of nobility and gentry.

be requisite to the propriety of the fiction. Well then, apply it to the point before you, and don't split my head.

But now you, my first reader, begin to frown at me again, and say angrily, " Well, " well, let the title of Friar pass; but then " the name of *Gerund*, such a fantastical, " ridiculous, absurd name! This is turn- " ing sacred characters into contempt, and " particularly those who make an honour- " able and glorious boast of the epithet of " Friar; for there can be no doubt but " that the scurrilous jester upon the name " would mean to comprehend the order to " which he has applied it."

Lord, Lord! how plain it is you don't know whom you are talking to! Look ye; if I thought there was a man in the world who surpassed me in the cordial, the profound, the reverent respect I profess to all the societies in the church of God, without distinction of habit, colour, or institution ---if I knew there was any one who exceeded me in detesting, and abominating, and despising those, of whatever class, whose unworthy, foolish, and presuming mouths profane the most religious name of Friar—if I believed there was one who could leave me behind in commiseration of those

poor unhappy devotees (and to our misfortune there are some in all institutions and professions) who look with less love, charity, or esteem upon the members of other societies, either because they do not agree in some trifling opinions, or from other motives merely human and worldly, foreign to that most pure, most noble, and most holy end to which all ought to aspire in their words and works, according to the peculiar and exclusive profession of each particular---I say if I thought I could possibly be surpassed in any of these things, I should account myself the most unhappy of mortal men, to whom the miserable lot had fallen of being born amongst the very dregs of Christians and even of rational beings.

Do you think before God and in conscience, that he who sucked in these sentiments with his milk, he who is indebted to the grace of God that a Christian and liberal education has more and more deeply rooted them in his heart, he who has since confirmed himself in them by reading and study, (such as it has been) and by a more than ordinary experience of the world---do you think, I say again, that a man of this character could entertain the idea of saying the minutest syllable that might

might come within a thousand leagues of blemishing the most sacred religious orders? It is not likely.

Come, let us go on calmly. In truth this very ridiculousness of the name, and its improbability, rather consult the respect due to the order than tend to offend it; they strongly imply that there never was, and probably never can be, such a man of such an order; and not only take off the imagined offence to the profession, but likewise to the persons who compose it. By feigning one who never has, nor ever can exist, the general defects alone are lashed without a single stroke at the individuals. If any one of them should find himself comprehended amongst those who are mauled, let me whisper him in his ear to hold his tongue and his patience too, for so must all we poor sinners do when they give us our trimmings from the pulpit.

Well, now your features have taken a more pleasing form, let us speak with a somewhat more friendly freedom. Is there then in the world, or even in the church of God, any order of men so serious, so elevated, or so holy, that there are not to be found in it many most ridiculous, absurd, and extravagant individuals? But are

the extravagancies and absurdities of the individuals those of the order? Certainly not. And if any satirist or comic poet endeavours to correct them, by personifying what is ridiculous in order to render it more striking, does he not always avail himself of a feigned name, and for the most part a whimsical or slovenly one, that the reproof may not even by accident fall upon any determinate object? You have but to ask Horace, Juvenal, Boileau, Terence, Moliere, and many of our own poets.

Horace in the name of *Tigellius*, a man who never existed *in rerum natura*, censures a thousand defects very frequent in men of all conditions. Juvenal dresses up a certain *Ponticus* to fall lustily through him on the nobles who were proud of their genealogies, but not of imitating the virtues of their illustrious progenitors. Boileau, in the supposed person of the poet *Damon*, laughs with much grace at the affectation of the court, the phenomena which are beheld, and the artifices which are practised in it. But nevertheless, if you are determined to reply that these were real men, who eat and drank just as we Christians eat and drink, we won't quarrel for this

this neither; for your humble servant, in certain points of learning and criticism which signify not a straw, is the most pacific creature alive.

But tell me; was there ever in the world a man called *Tartuffe*? And yet that rogue of a Moliere, in one of his most famous, and for ought I know, most useful comedies, under this name, lays about him so unmercifully on hypocrites of all professions, as makes them shrink again. And to be sure this must be mighty matter of concern to St. Francisco Sales, or to any of those who are truly virtuous. Did you ever know the name of *Trisotin* given at the baptismal font? Yet under the cover of it has the abovementioned author, in his fine comedy of the *Femmes Savantes*, soundly thrashed the dolts who pretend to genius upon the strength of three or four common-place puns and half a dozen meagre witticisms, which they watch for the most remote and often the most impertinent occasions of lugging in. And what trouble will this *Trisotin* cause to Don Francisco de Quevedo, or other real geniuses. Do you think that any Marquis of *Mascarilla*, or Viscount *Jodelet*, ever rolled over the stones of Paris? Yet Moliere took the freak of giving these

these titles, free of all fees, to a couple of rascally laquies in order to make a most severe but well-deserved mockery of the *Precieuses Ridicules*. And I assure you that I never heard the Marquiss of Astorga or the Viscount de Zolina ever lost their rest upon that account. Lastly, won't you tell me in what font of Segovia the great *Tacano* was baptised? Yet we do not find any of the originals who are represented by that copy, complain of its being derogatory to their employment and profession. Come then, let us agree that in Friar Gerund no order can be offended, and that if it should be prejudicial to any member, it will most certainly not be on account of the life which he professes, but the absurdities which he says. Do but correct Them, and we shall be the best friends in the world.

Shall I put the finishing stroke to the persuading you of this truth, and bring you to confess, even in spite of your teeth, that greater circumspection could not have been used than is used in this work to preserve the decorum and respect upon all accounts due to the sacred families? Make then the following reflexions. I. The most generic and universal epithet amongst them

them was studiously chosen, that the imaginary individual of our history might not be determinately applied. 2. The same attention was had cautiously to avoid as many particular marks as might agree to some more than others amongst those who are honourably distinguished by this epithet: and though it is true that in this or that description there may be here and there a stroke which may not be applicable to some of these sacred families, yet they are but very few in regard to the many to whom the likeness may be indifferently adapted. Lastly and principally, observe well, that almost whenever Friar Gerund, or any of the same feather, are very eccentric in a sermon, discourse, sentiment, &c. there is always placed immediately by his side some judicious person of the profession for reprobation and instruction. You will see it in Friar Blas with the ex-provincial Father, and in Friar Gerund with Father Prudencio, to say nothing at present of the Provincial, who with so much solidity exposed the absurdities of the lay-brother who had talked with so little reflexion to the boy Gerund concerning a religious life. Hence it is to be inferred, that if in a religious order we meet with some blockheads

heads—a thing by no means impossible—yet that there will not be found, I need not say a profession, but even a house, or even so small a community, in which there are not other men, truly wise, learned, exemplary, and prudent, who bewail, and would reform their follies. And what is this, but to venerate the sacred families and to endeavour to maintain their honour !

Respect has likewise been preserved to the authors whose works are disapproved. Indeed when they give their productions to the light they make them *juris publici*, they subject them to the examination and censure of all, and every mortal may freely speak his sentiments, within the bounds of decency, civility, and religion. As long as the person of the author, nor the hem of his garment, is not touched—which is not allowable, unless in cases of religion from the affinity it has with the manners—as to what relates to the work, every one may have a pluck at it, if there be a motive for it, mark its spots, moles, and wrinkles, and call the father who begot it into judgment by his Christian and surname, with all his titles, tags, rattles, bells, furbelows, and fringes. Notwithstanding this liberty, which all possess, by the

the tacit concession of authors, yet in this history of ours, the greatest circumspection is observed, that no one may have just cause to think himself offended. Censure is passed upon many sermons, and non-sermons, of regulars and irregulars, as occasion presents, but no author is named. The title is given of the sermon, of the work, or whatever it be, and the generic profession of the author may at most be hinted at; but as to coming to the particular institution he professes, and especially to his name—silence! not a word! so that they only who shall have read the work and know the author, will be able to enjoy the critical repast; the rest must fast, and be content with knowing in general that such an one wrote or preached such a thing not fit to be preached or written. Can there be greater precaution?

In one instance only is there an exception to this general rule; and that is in the case of the Barbadiño \*, who is stripped of the holy outside he had unworthily assumed, his ascititious beard torn off, and brought into public view with his natural

\* The arch-deacon of Evora in Portugal, author of a book called “The true Method of Study,” under the feigned name of Barbadiño, a capuchin.

naked

naked face, or at least close scraped; with his little, white, round, or rather oval bob; with his starched band and collar, blued after the Italian fashion; with his fur mantle airily thrown in folds upon the left shoulder like a most gallant arch-deacon; with his rochet, or short suppliance worn under the said mantle, so nicely stitched and plaited that it seems fit for an holy father of Rome; with his badge of knighthood, the curiously and boldly embroidered cross upon his vest; with his small, square, smooth cap, leaning against his breast and supported delicately by the thumb and finger of his right hand, so that the man appears to take cap as others take snuff; with his enormous book, (which would make a good figure upon the stand in the middle of a cathedral choir) raised and open before him on the table, his left hand laid upon the upper part of it; and lastly, with his vast ink-dish shaped like the mouth of a well, and a pen in it with a twisted feather ending in a fox-tail on the left side of its rib. This is the picture of the Signior Pseudo-Capuchin which I keep in my study to divert myself with when the humour prompts.

This

This *Signor Abate*, this Italianized Portuguese only have I pointed out with my finger, and held up to the light with all his titles; yet his name notwithstanding has been spared, though it is well known, and the font too in which he was baptised. For this exception to our general rule, I trust there are good and lawful reasons. For why is that man to be pardoned who pardons no man? Why is a respect to be preserved for him who preserves none even for the holy fathers, doctors, and lights of the church? Why is he to be gently stroaked with a soothing hand who lays so heavy and rude an one upon the masters and princes of almost every faculty? Who is to have patience to coax, and wheedle, and bow most courteously to him who will incline his head only to the *Enfiskmildes*, the *Scheucheros*, the *Baudandos*, the *Strauchios*, the *Beveregios*, the *Krancios* and other authors *ejusdem farinæ*, and stalks with his hat on before the face of men of the greatest veneration whom we all respect? He treats the very learned, wise, discreet, and reverend *Signior Feyjoo* as he would a little dirty altar-boy: and what is excellent, is, that in the points in which they both agree, this *Barbadiño* avails himself

of

of no other arguments than those used by Signior Feyjoo, with this difference only, that the one urges them with beauty, modesty, strength, and efficacy, and in the hands of the other, obtruded by an empty, prating, contemptible boaster, they lose all their elegance and spirit.

Lastly, it would be fine indeed that I should go about standing upon ceremony with a man who treats all us Spaniards as ignorant barbarians ; since, till he came into the world, we knew neither grammar, nor logic, nor physics, nor theology, nor law, nor medicine ; and what is more, we did not know how to read or write, nor our very women to spin, till, in his great charity, the charge of instructing us was undertaken by this *Encyclopedist* as he calls himself, or as I call him, by this *corrector-general of the human race*. Pardon me, my good reader, for I cannot oblige you in this point. He came to my pen seasonably, or unseasonably—we won't dispute about that now—my imagination was fired for the honour of the Spanish nation and of the Portugueze, both of which he equally abuses, debases, and treads under foot ; I was irritated by his pride and vanity, and the contempt with which he treats so ma-

My honourable men ; I was disgusted by the intolerable self-sufficiency and despotism with which he cuts, hacks, chops, tears, rends, pronounces, condemns, defines, and vomits forth oracles *ex tripode* ; and in short not being able to contain myself, I brandished my weapon and thwacked him with it over the shoulders as you will find, still reserving the right of plunging my grey-goose dagger up to the hilts in his heart, if I should hereafter take him in hand professedly ; for, believe me, the man wants a radical cure.

Perhaps you will say that this is not absolutely displeasing to you, but that you should have been glad he had come more opportunely to my hand ; for that it appears going much out of my way to fetch him from some garden at Rome, where the poor fellow might be diverting himself with hearing a fine serenata, only to sing him another tune which he would not like half so well ; that if he had come before me of his own accord it would have been another thing, but to drag him in, as I do, by the head and shoulders, besides being very violent, seems to be ill breeding. Moreover that it is not very probable that a work so polished, so exquisite, and so

rare (indeed it is not very easy to be found) as “ The true method of Barbadiño,” should be met with in the cell of so slovenly a simpleton, and of so bad a taste, as Friar Gerund is represented. And here you raise yourself in your critical stirrups, telling me, that every improbability in a work of this kind is a crime of the first magnitude, and not to be forgiven in this world or the next.

O commend me to such niceness, my most delicate Sir ! Look ye, I am a sincere man, and though it should make against me, will tell you the truth. It is certain that from the moment I read this same cautious “ Method” (which by the by is as much of a method as the method to cure chilblains composed by that barber, or Latin surgeon, of which mention is made in this work ; the parenthesis grows rather large ; let us close it) It is certain that from the moment I read this same curious Method, I was seized by a most methodical longing, not to be remedied, to give him a hearty drubbing. It is likewise as certain, that in this History of our Friar Gerund, I might have sought and disposed another, better method, to give the drubbing : but pray now, am I obliged always to

to follow the better path? Will the man who is sick at heart and ready to burst from want of vomiting, have the patience, think you, to stand upon a choice of corners and go calmly to that in which he may discharge with the most cleanliness and least incommodity? 'Twould be fine indeed that for your squeamishness, I should have to reform ten or a dozen sheets of this my most elaborate history only to drub this Signior Barbi-castron, this false-bearded wether-goat, more methodically, more tunefully and systematically? Go to, you man you! You don't know what this costs a poor author, especially if he is such a lazy fellow as I am. But if, notwithstanding, you still passionately insist that it is given out of its place, I beg we may settle the difference without law or bloodshed, both which I mortally hate, and I immediately appoint as my ~~arbitrator~~ that alcalde to whom a woman went to complain that her husband had strapped her most unseasonably, "I declare," said the alcalde with great gravity, "I declare this strapping to be null and void, and for the future let the husband take care that it be given in good time and season."

As to the other article you mentioned, that it is not probable that such a man as Friar Gerund should have such a book as "The true Method" in his power, and that improbability is a crime *læse proprietatis*, detestable, unpardonable, irremissible in a work of this kind, I confess you make me shrink by this canonical decision; for in truth, though I am a miserable sinner, I am timorous, and somewhat scrupulous, if I had not the testimony of a good conscience. In the first place I declare to you and before God that I do not see what insurmountable obstacle there should be why my poor Friar Gerund might not have the true method of Barbadiño in his cell just as well as the Rhimes of Calainos, the Song of the seven Children of Lara, and the History of the Twelve Peers. If because it is a contraband book—rather upon that very account might it be found there, as it is known that contraband goods are often hidden in places we little suspect. If because it is polished and exquisite—certainly the writings of this methodist are not either so polished as those of the celebrated Monsieur de Pierese, or so exquisite as those of the Cardinal Antonio Perrenot, otherwise Cardinal Granvela, or so mysterious and

so

## P R E F A C E.

so sought for as those of Antonio Perez; and yet notwithstanding I know that many copies of the first found their way into the knapsacks, and afterwards into the pistols of a company of banditti, who, thinking them something else, had stolen them from a gentleman of Leyden; that a great quantity of the second was redeemed from their captivity in chandlers' and cheese-mongers' shops; and that a volume of the third was ransomed from a little dirty wine-house of Maragateria \* where it served as a cover to a tin pot. If you don't know what a tin pot is †, ask any Maragaterian; for I do not chuse to tell you, that you may not know so much as I. So that it is not only true, as our old proverb says, that, " whence we " least think springs the hare," but also that whence we least think springs the book.

But if, by way of favour, we should grant that there is some little improbability in the case, how can you possibly be so inexorable with *me*, and so complaisantly silent to other offenders? Does it appear to you

\* Part of, or bordering on, Galicia, and remarkable for the rusticity of its inhabitants.

† Which might easily happen, as most of them are sent from England, and they are not known in some parts of Spain.

more probable that Sigismund, in the comedy of the “*Alcazar del secreto*” of the great Don Antonio de Solis, should throw himself into the sea on the coast of Epirus and arrive at that of Cyprus, embarked and sustained only by his shield—unless indeed the shield was of cork, and Sigismund of paper? Is there more probability in the oracles, which at every turn interrupt our players, divining what they are about to say that the event may appear mysterious? Is there more probability in those voices, which rise from the orchestra so opportunely as to express in singing the same thing the player is just about to speak? Is there more probability in those verses, sentiments, and conceits, spouted from two players, who, entering on the stage by different avenues, and without seeing or hearing each other, say each of them exactly the same thing, without any other difference than the tone of their voices? In a word, if you would have more of these improbabilities, you have but to plunge into the poetics of Don Ignacio de Luzan, and you may drown yourself in them.

And think not i’ God’s name, that our Spanish authors alone are guilty of breaches of probability in their compositions, dramatic or not dramatic. There, amongst the French, you have a Moliere, a Racine

éine, and—notwithstanding he wrote as we say with a running pen—a Monsieur de Boissy with his famous comedy of “*Les Déhors Trompeurs, ou l'Homme du Jour* :” read but that piece, and almost all those of the other two authors, and you will find at every turn such strange improbabilities as will make you cross yourself ; for you will think, and with reason, that many of the events could be effected only by enchantment. And that you may not tell me that the first-mentioned of these authors knew it to be thus, and would not correct it designedly, laughing with much pleasantry at the scrupulous rules to which critics would confine comic compositions, and laying it down as an universal maxim that the supreme and only rule was the art of pleasing the public, I will present you, if you urge me too much, with the very Corneille himself, the sovereign Corneille, acknowledged by all, Frenchmen and others, as the great reformer of the theatre, and as the most exalted genius of his own age and many others, to polish a dramatic piece to the last perfection. Nevertheless you know—or if you do not, know it now—that upon this choripheus of tragedy were poured such a sheaf of censures by his own countrymen,

whether from envy or whatever motive, as would have suffocated him, if merit, like oil, did not in the end ever rise over all triumphant. And though he cleared himself fairly of the other small defects, created or exaggerated by his competitors and accusers, yet in the chapter of improbability he seemed to duck his head a little as it were, and fled for defence to the examples of Seneca, Terence, Plautus, and other fathers and masters of the ancient theatre, who were sometimes rather inattentive to this article, and with four drops of lustral water, exorcised according to poetical rites by some priest of Apollo, thought themselves duly purified from the venial crime. Therefore, my good reader—pray observe the courtesy and endearment with which I treat you—I beseech you, with my hat in my hand, that you would not shew yourself so severe with me upon these minutenesses, nicenesses, and delicacies.

It will be a different affair indeed if with a contracted brow and angry tone you should take me in hand upon the general subject and main scope of this work: I confess I almost tremble with even figuring you to myself in the shape of a Minos or Rhadamanthus; for though I may be tolerably free

free of my speech I may still be a pusillanimous and fearful creature. For ought I know you may dispose yourself, with fierce and truculent mein, swearing by the Stygian lake, to rebuke, chastise, detest, and anathematize my boldness, addressing me in this weighty and loud-sounding substance—

“ Well hast thou deserved indeed, thou evil priest, insensate, rash, and inconsiderate as thou art ! Supposing that the pulpit of Spain, and likewise of other parts, be as much corrupted and depraved as this pernicious, detestable, abominable, cursed work suggests—supposing that in our own and other countries there be preaching Gerunds, unworthy to exercise a ministry so sacred—supposing that this corruption, this depravity, this plague (call it so if you please) require the most prompt and efficacious remedy—tell me, wretch, could a more grave and serious subject offer, to be treated by a learned, energetic, vehement, and majestic pen ! Is there a matter more worthy to be handled with the greatest dignity and nervousness, with a rushing torrent of arguments and authorities, and another torrent, as copious and rapid, of the tears of the zealous writer ! And was such a subject to be treated as thou hast treated it,

it, unworthy clergyman ! Was there ever in the world an authority for joining the most serious things with the most burlesque, the most sublime with the most ridiculous, the most important with the most trifling ! There never was, there never was, a judicious pagan loudly informs thee, to fill thee with shame and confusion if thou wert capable to feel it. 'Tis a ridiculous thing, a senseless thing, and, upon the point before me, I must add; 'tis an execrable thing, and verging close upon sacrilegious, to join light jesting with atrocious evils, serpents with doves, and lambs with tigers. The text is common, but not for that the less true.

*Sed non ut placidis coeant immitia, non ut  
Serpentes avibus geminentur, tigribus agni.*

“ Rome burning and Nero fiddling ! The savageness of that monster, that abortion of human nature, could no farther go. Thou resemblest him in thy conduct whilst thy Troy is burning, and thou supposest thy nation on the point of ruin. A choice method truly of extinguishing the flames—to snatch thy flute or Gallician bagpipe and whistle an idle tune !

“ Ever

“ Ever since the Gospel has been preach-  
in the world, there have been preachers  
who abused the office; ever since there  
have been bad preachers there have been  
learned and zealous men who inveighed  
against them. But with what seriousness!  
What weight! What vehemence! This  
was a topic on which to have gone on dis-  
coursing, from age to age, down to our  
own times, of all the fathers, doctors, and  
authors of the holy church, who raised their  
voices and employed their pens against those  
who in their times profaned the Gospel and  
corrupted the word of God—this having  
been undoubtedly the true origin of all the  
errors, heresies and schisms which have in  
all ages afflicted our most holy mother,  
fulling, staining, tearing her fair and seam-  
less garment, as is expressly said and be-  
wailed by St. Augustin in the second book  
of his “Christian Doctrine,” “*Corruptio  
“ verbi Dei viscera ecclesiae disrumpit & tu-  
“ nicam dilacerat*”—to have considered how  
the fathers, doctors, and councils have de-  
claimed against these corruptors of the sa-  
cred scripture in the very chair of truth,  
the especial throne of the Holy Spirit, which  
alone should preside, inspire, excite, move,  
and dictate what is said, in it. It would  
be

be easy for me to set before thee a long catalogue of the vehement invectives which have been made against this shocking profanation in all ages of the church, beginning with the apostle St. Paul, and ending with the most famous authors of the past and present age.—But to what is this Preface of thine to swell? When wilt thou have done with this conversation? Neither thou with thy pen, nor thy readers with their foolish curiosity, will arrive in a twelve-month at thy pernicious history.

“ I shall content myself therefore with drawing to a point what I have to say by asking thee, if thou ever knew that any of the holy fathers, doctors, and sacred writers followed the diabolical *rbumb* which thou followest to correct bad preachers? If thou ever met with any who put on the cap and bells, and the fool’s coat, and took in his hand the stick with bladders to drive this infection out of the world? Arguments, texts, decisions, canons, councils, constitutions, edicts, censures, fulminations, sighs, tears, grief, beseechings, exclamations, threats, promises, these indeed would do something: of these thou wouldest find a great, an infinite, quantity, and all of the choicest sort, in innumerable writers,

ters, who directly or indirectly have treated on this most weighty point. But idle jests! buffoonery! ridicule! where, where hast thou seen them employed upon such a subject, temerarious and ill-advised clerk? I will drag thee, I declare I will drag thee before all the tribunals of the earth, that they may censure, that they may punish, that they may confound thee, and make of thee an example by which all future ages shall terribly be warned."

*Mansuetus te Deus Pater, mansuetus te Deus Filius, mansuetus te Spiritus Sanctus!* In a most untoward humour didst thou rise this morning, my dear angry reader; but it is no fault of mine that you passed a bad night from the indigestion and crudities of your supper. I made a light repast, digested it quickly, slept well, and am as cool and as mild as a lettuce. Therefore hear me with serenity, if you think fit, if not, shut your eyes, which are the ears that authors talk to.

'Tis as you say, and you would have lost nothing by having said it with more temper and a little more civility, if for nothing else at least for this crown \* upon my head, which my barber keeps open for

\* The circle of hair worn by priests, &c.

me from time to time — that barber of mine, who is a very mould to cast Sancho Panzas in.—If you were but to see him!—Oh if you were but to see him! Suffice it to say that his razors do not so much execution as his fingers, cloathed in seal-skin and tipped with wild thistle, tho' in other respects there is not a better man in all Campos. But this digression comes not to the point; and if it serves not to moderate your ire, as to any thing else it is quite beside the purpose. Let us return then to our subject. Why, Sir, I grant that you have great reason in what you say; all those who have treated on the subject on which I treat, have treated on it with the greatest gravity, weight, circumspection, vehemence, and seriousness. Only one Erasmus of Rotterdam, whose name sounds better to the humanist than the theologian, in a Latin book, called *The Praise of Folly*, said an hundred pleasant things against the bad preachers of his time. But as his principal design upon this occasion was to ridicule the religious societies which then flourished, laughing at their habits, their ceremonies, their customs, their manners, confounding unjustly and perversely the whole with a part, the use with the

the abuse, and the exemplary life of thousands of individuals with the licentious life of a handful of defective members, this same Praise of Folly was in general but coolly received, and is not at this day any more than at its first appearance thought much of but by such only as may deserve to be celebrated in it. Except this Signior Desiderius Erasmus, this altar-boy, monk, ex-monk, priest, secular, rector, counsellor, every thing and nothing, except this vagabond, and another very recent, venerable, and circumstantial author, all the rest treated on this point with all that gravity which is of so much weight with your worship, though it weighs but little in itself I assure you, good Mr. Reader, and most circumspect master of mine.

For, pray now, what effect was produced by these most grave authors, with their thunder, and lightning, and flashes, and bolts? Did they frighten the bad preachers? Did they oblige them to quit the field, or to fly for shelter to their cells, apartments, or houses, even while the storm was passing? Were the insufferable disorders of the pulpit corrected, in Spain, Portugal, France, Italy, Germany, and in all the world? If that had been so, writings

would not have been showered against this lamentable corruption in the two last ages. Neither Claudio Aquaviva, nor Juan Paulo Oliva, both generals of the society of Jesus, would have drawn such deep-fetched sighs, sighs from the very bottom of the heart, in sorrow for it; the one in a most grave instruction, and the other in a very sensible and discreet letter. Nor would the elegant Nicolas Causino have expended so much intellectual heat, oratory, and criticism in his vast work of "Sacred Eloquence." Nor would Don Christoval Sorri, abbot of Santa Cruz in the Venetian state (if I am not misinformed) have given to the light that little golden book, "*Ru-*  
*"dimenta oratoris Christiani;*" which at his instance, and for his particular instruction, was written by a certain grave, learned, and religious author. Nor would Antonio Vieyra in his famous Sexagesima sermon upon the Gospel, *exiit qui seminat seminare semen suum*, have declaimed with so much ardour against many preachers who in his days infested the ears and souls of men. Nor would the celebrated archbishop of Cambray have given himself the trouble to compose his admirable "Dialogues upon " Eloquence in general, and upon the Elo-  
" quence

quence of the Pulpit in particular ;" in which not only no quarter is given to what would appear as absurd and extravagant to men of ordinary understandings, but even some sermons which at first sight might seem too many to be models of taste, wisdom, and eloquence, are criticized without mercy. Nor would Father Blas Gisbert have published his excellent book, which is so well received by the world, on "Christian eloquence both speculative and practical, and in which mortal blows are discharged on every species of bad preachers. And observe, for your comfort and for ours, that all the authors whom I have cited, except one, are strangers ; and that all of them declaim against the corruption of the Pulpit in their own and not in foreign countries. From whence you may infer that this pernicious evil is not peculiar to the Spaniards and the Portugueze as many are inclined, ignorantly or enviously, to believe.

And after all, with all these weighty, serious, nervous, majestic, and convincing writings, what have we gained ? Nothing, or next to nothing. The Pseudo-preachers *vont leur train*, as our neighbours say, or, go on in their old track, as we ought to

say ourselves ; the evil spreads, the infection dilates, and the havock continually increases. Then, tell me now, thou be-vinegared mortal of a reader ! (for I am weary of treating thee with urbanity) if the experience of all ages demonstrates that these narcotic, emollient, and dulcific remedies avail not, do not reason and charity demand that we try how the sharp and the corrosive will succeed ? Wouldst thou introduce into the art of intellectual healing, to cure a disease of the mind (and such a disease as we have upon our hands !) that barbarous aphorism which one of our most famous modern critics has justly treated as “ The Exterminating Aphorism ; ” “ *Omnia secundum rationem facienti, si non succedat secundum rationem, non est transendum ad aliud, suppetente quod ab initio probaveris.* ” — If the physician who proceeds upon the principle of reason should not find correspondent success, still he must proceed as he began without having recourse to other remedies — and if the patients die, — they must be buried ; and *Fidelium animæ per misericordiam Dei requiescant in pace ?* Does it appear to thee just that in a matter of such importance I accommodate myself to so barbarous a doctrine ? Thou may’st

go about thy business, 'for I cannot serve thee.

I will rather try my fortune, and see if I shall have the happiness to succeed in this matter, as many renowned authors have in divers others; firmly persuaded of the truth of that maxim of Horace,

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*Ridiculum acri  
Fortius & melius magnas plerumque fecat res.*

That is, that Ridicule hath generally been found more available to the correction of vicious manners than grave argument and reproof. By this mean, says a sensible Academician of Paris, Moliere did more in France with his *Precieuses Ridicules*, his *Tartuffe*, his *Bourgeois Gentilhomme*, his *Ecole des Femmes & des Maris*, and his *Malade imaginaire*, than all the books which had been written, and the declamations which had been thundered against the moral, civil, and intellectual vices satirized in these witty comedies. All the troops of the greatest and best modern philosophers united against the ingenious and specious dreams of Descartes did not make him lose so much ground, as the most witty, sensible, and ingenious "Voyage to the World of Descartes", written in French by Fa-

ther Gabriel Daniel, and very well translated into Spanish. But what need of more than to observe, that, till Cervantes came forth with his admirable *Don Quixote*, the extravagant turn for romantic history and adventure flourished in our own country in all its vigour, detrimentally cheating innumerable readers of both their time and taste for other books which might have instructed them, notwithstanding some of the greatest authorities had declaimed against this gross and silly inclination till they were hoarse? Why then may not I hope that “*The History of Friar Gerund de Campazas*” may be as fortunate as that of *Don Quixote de la Mancha*, especially as the matter is of a higher kind, and the inconveniences we endeavour to remove, of so much greater weight and consequence?

You see too, my good reader (now I begin to fondle you again and stroke your back) that this manner is approved by the anonymous author of a very recent little performance, printed in Utopia, but which steals about here privately, intitled, “*Wisdom and Folly in the Pulpits of Nunneries.*” Towards the end of the preface—which is almost as tiresome as this—the author

author talks of having heard that “*A French bishop, seeing the little utility of a prohibition that had been laid upon fifty or sixty preachers who dishonoured the word of God in the pulpit, thought it expedient to try if the making such preachers ridiculous would not be more successful than the employing severe authority.* He composed a sermon they say, filled with conceits, of which our first-rate preachers would have been happy to be the authors. The text he took was, *Sicut unguentum quod descendit a capite in barbam, barbam Aaron*—like the precious ointment upon the head which ran down unto the beard, even Aaron’s beard. On the very day after this sermon appeared, the bookseller had not a copy left, and above forty re-impressions of it found as quick dispatch. But the best of it is, that it has banished conceits from the pulpit, and if any should be inadvertently admitted by an orator, it is sufficient to say, that he preached in the taste of *Sicut Unguentum*.—This appears to me the most prompt and efficacious remedy.”

Your Reverence is exceedingly in the right of it, my Reverend Father (I am now talking to the author of this pamphlet, whom I know as well as I do my own fingers, and know too that he is as much a

Spaniard as I am a Frenchman, notwithstanding he is pleased to honour us with making himself our countryman, an honour for which we thank him, but of which we are not over and above greedy) I say, your Reverence is as right in this, as in the religious zeal with which you snatched your pen to correct us, as well in the two absurd sermons by Spanish authors, which you compare with two others, really good and solid, by a celebrated French author, as in the first part of your preface ; for however it may be made up of common places and trivial reflections, yet they are very true and lose nothing by having been handled before.

Would that your Reverence had been as right in the little mercy you shew to all Spaniards in general, and the particular severity with which you treat the respectable body of the king's preachers, singularizing amongst them the preachers *del numero* \* ! 'Tis charming to see how your Reverence begins from page 26 to lay about you, on all our preachers, without difference or distinction, cut and thrust, right and left, up and down, fall as it may. 'Tis an age, says

\* Those who are appointed before the number is filled up are *del numero*, the others extra-numerary.

your

your Reverence, since we have had any preachers. Instead of Preachers we have Bawlers, Ranters, Mountebanks, Parrots, and Madmen. This indeed is something like! This is truly to be a valiant man, to attack courageously the Whole, and not go about skirmishing with parties and detachments! Your little war may do well enough for crafty, defensive, pusillanimous generals, but your Alexanders of the quill engage the enemy face to face, and seek the thickest of the army. So then we find, to come to the point at once, that the *Barcias*, the *Castejones*, the *Bermudezas*, the *Gallos*, and a very long list of others, alive and hearty, which I could add, are *Bawlers*, and *Ranters*, and *Mountebanks*, and *Parrots*; and *Madmen*, and may go and learn some other trade, for in short, *it is an age since we have had any preachers!*

We are not to be surprized therefore (proceeds your reverence in the 27th and 28th page of your discreet, civil, and charitable preface) that amongst us there are no preachers who make conversions, for there are none who form the design of making them; and they might themselves well wonder if they should see any one converted, as they never thought of attempting it. We might finish

with this ; and long live your Reverence for opening our eyes, which we have hitherto kept most miserable shut, or at least covered with cataracts ! We were thinking that in this age, and in our own times, the indefatigable *Garceses*, the most austere and zealous *Hernandezes* (Dominicans), the apostolic *Dutaris* and *Calatayudes* (Jesuits), the most illustrious *Goiris*, and the Signiors *Aldaos*, *Gonzaleces*, and *Michelenas* (of the secular clergy) had made and were making many and most wonderful conversions. We imagined that this was the sole design they formed in the continual apostolic excursions with which they unweariedly traverse, some the whole kingdom of Spain ; and others, determinate kingdoms and provinces of the monarchy. We thought that in this they were imitated by other missionaries innumerable, if not of so great name, yet not of inferior zeal and spirit, who are almost perpetually visiting and sanctifying one part or other of our peninsula. At least we had the comfort of thinking that the vast number of Evangelical preachers who in time of Lent declare bloody war against vice and ignorance, seeking to attack them in their very trenches, formed no other design than the conversion of souls ;

souls ; and that so far from wondering themselves if any should be converted, that they would have much more cause to wonder if many were not converted ; for tho', to our misfortune, there may be some, or perhaps many amongst these latter, who either do not propose to themselves this end, or are unskilful in the means to effect it, yet it cannot be denied but that the greater part can neither have any other design nor avail themselves of fitter means to accomplish it, considering the genius of the nation and the circumstances of their auditory. This is what we poor creatures were fancying ; but, thanks to your Reverence who has delivered us from the illusion. Neither the first, nor the second, nor the third, ever formed that design or thought of attempting it, because amongst us there are no preachers who make conversions, or think of making them ! Tell me now ingenuously what medallion of the Emperor Caracalla had your Reverence in contemplation when you stamped so scandalous and injurious a position on our whole nation ? But, what is very pleasant, and perhaps without example, is, that not only the thought, but the phraseology, and almost the whole preface is pilfered from a book written

written in the native language of the author, entitled, “ The true Method of Preaching according to the Spirit of the Gospel;” and to make this gallant exploit credible, behold a sample for proof: “ It ought not to cause surprize, therefore, that there are so few preachers who make conversions, there being so few who form to themselves such an important design; there are rather many who might justly wonder if they saw any converted by their sermons, since they never thought of any such thing.” Literally transcribed from the translation published in Madrid, in 1724. But the most curious part of the knavery is to come; for though there are many passages which speak clearly of the French alone, as, from its author being a Frenchman, the above-quoted sentence and the whole work is confessedly addressed to them, yet his Reverence, with a truly edifying candour, inverts it into an invective against our preachers, and an apology for his own. Can there be more bravery---or rather a baser and more impudent piece of plagiarism !

But presently we see, in page 31, your Reverence softens your tone, when you tacitly confess that some of our missionaries preach

preach with this design, but err miserably in the means they employ, and still more miserably deceive themselves in the signs by which they judge of the effect of their missions. *They are afterwards much satisfied with their fervour*, says your Reverence, *because the people groaned and bawled with them, and like them, in their acts of contrition*; because an old woman was frightened, a pregnant one miscarried, a girl fainted away, and two or three thousand people communicated. But do they observe that of these not two are converted to newness of life? Why? Because the heart, rather terrified than persuaded by their noise, flies to the tribunal of repentance without any settled purpose--and hardening itself still more and more and more in sin, for want of such purpose, they depart still farther and farther from true conversion; which is just what the devil wishes; since from these missions he draws innumerable sacrileges, and renews his hold upon miserable sinners, who go from these howlings without any inward penitence of soul.

My most reverend Father, I do not know that there is any missionary of consideration in Spain, or preacher of good sense, who is not persuaded that neither the groans of the audience, nor the fright of

old woman, nor the miscarriage of the pregnant one (such examples have not been wanting), nor the fainting of the girl, nor the communion of three thousand people, nor even of thirty thousand, which has been seen more than once, are infallible signs of true conversion. They are well aware that they are equivocal signs; yet, after all, they are signs, if not of conversion, yet that the people are moved by what they hear. Motion is not far distant from commotion, according to that sentence of scripture, *Ubi spiritus, ibi commotio*. And indeed St. John Chrysostom was well pleased with these exterior demonstrations in his people of Antioch, when they wept if the Saint wept, groaned if the Saint groaned, and melted into tenderness if the Saint melted. Scarce will your Reverence read any homily of this most eloquent father in which you meet not with expressions of the comfort and holy complacency which this gave him. *At the sermons of St. Vicente Ferrer*, says the historian of his life, *the audience was all tears, groans, exclamations, faintings, and strange symptoms*. And if your Reverence will exclude him for being a Spaniard, hear what the father Croiset, who you know was not one, says, in his life

life of the same saint, as we read for the 5th of April in his celebrated “*Christian Year*.”

*He preached with so much zeal and power that he filled even the most insensible hearts with terror.* Preaching at Tholouse (your Reverence will observe that this was not at Labajos, nor any other town of Spain) upon the day of judgment, all the audience began to be affected with such a trembling, as if they had been seized by a violent ague fit. Frequently was he interrupted by the cries and wailings of his hearers, with whose tears the Saint, obliged to be silent for a considerable space, mixed his own. On many occasions, preaching in the public squares or in the open field, various persons were seen to be struck speechless and immovable, as they had been statues. And now let your Reverence tell me, do you really think that the Saint did not esteem, as happy signs, these exterior demonstrations and involuntary irruptions from the interior commotion of the heart?

O Lord ! That in the missions innumerable sacrileges should be committed ! But let this innumerable pass, though it is difficult to swallow. Does your Reverence think that few are committed at the time of confession and pasqual communion, which every

every Catholic is obliged to observe under pain of excommunication, and something more? Does your Reverence believe truly that many are not committed at the time of the most celebrated jubilees? And would it be well that those zealous pastors should upon this account be deprived of what is their true joy, who rejoice so much in the Lord when they see all their parishioners comply with the rites of the church? Is it well, that your Reverence should laugh at that spiritual comfort which every man, but of ordinary zeal and love for religion, feels, when he sees an innumerable multitude of confessions and communions in fullest jubilee? Is it well that your Reverence should assert so roundly that *this is just what the devil wishes*, that all confess and communicate as well in obedience to the Church at Easter as in the great jubilees? Good Father What's-his-name, another time let your Reverence proceed with a little more caution in propositions so general and so odious, weighing more leisurely the arguments by which you pretend to prove them; and believe me, that because I am in haste, and out of pure pity, I do not detain myself in examining other clauses of this curious paragraph

raph in which I spy foul grossnesses that would never pass the sieve.

But your Reverence cannot expect that I can in conscience connive at the heap of most injurious and general propositions which follow. Page 28. *A doating old woman likewise can talk, a madman can talk, and a parrot can talk.* But are these preachers? Yes, such PREACHERS as OURS, who are only idle talkers and nothing more. Page 32. Then I say, that OUR PANEGYRICAL PREACHERS know not how to, nor cannot, preach, upon St. Joseph, St. Benedict, St. Bernard, &c. without speaking heresy. Page 34. Can there be a more unallowable, or more common liberty, than that which OUR PREACHERS take, in always making the saints whom they celebrate superior to all those of both the Old and New Testament? Page 43. OUR PREACHERS draw together, as Paul formerly in the squares of Athens, an idle audience, who propose to themselves no other end than to hear some new thing. Page 53. Amongst a great number of Spanish books in a library in Holland were some select sermons of OUR GREAT PREACHERS, with a title on the back of each volume, which said in golden letters, ARGUMENTATIVE ELOQUENCE OF THE SAVAGES OF EUROPE.

Enough,

Enough, enough! Will patience bear more, than that OUR PREACHERS are madmen, parrots, talkers, and nothing else! That OUR PREACHERS cannot celebrate the saints without speaking heresy! That OUR PREACHERS are mountebanks, who draw together an idle audience, as Paul formerly in the squares of Athens! Poor apostle! What honour is done thee! That OUR GREAT PREACHERS are the savages of Europe! And that we may buy this curious performance, printed notices are dispatched every where by the post, from the place where it was privately printed, to let us know where we may be treated for our money with this delicate fare. And are there Spaniards who have been eager to buy this charming flattery! And can the author of it, who so honours us, be now eating the bread of Spain.—As the great Brucen de la Martiniere, who in his Geographical Dictionary speaks of us with so much negligence, ignorance, and disesteem, that it is plain he was paid for it by our enemies!

My choler was rising, but I have thrown a cold stone upon it; for these affairs are best managed with patience. Well then, my Reverend Father, it cannot be denied but

but that there are amongst our preachers some, that there are many, who are all that your Reverence says, and even more, if it were possible: But are ALL our preachers so? For this is implied in so general a proposition. And do our preachers ALONE deserve this character? For this your Reverence suggests in page 40, when you propose for our example, *our neighbours the French preachers, who like faithful dogs bark at the wolves, and keep them from their flocks, and constantly wage lively war against vice, &c.* and afterwards your Reverence begins to relate by way of opposition what happens here in Spain---*the preachers, silent against vice, suffer it to take root, to spread, and multiply.*

God defend me! How weak your Reverence's memory must be! Since you seem never to have done with telling that little story (and with enchanting grace) of the French bishop who silenced fifty or sixty preachers, and seeing it had no effect, printed that burlesque sermon, which was reprinted above forty times, upon the text of *Sicut Unguentum*, which, to read the wit which your Reverence relates it, makes us be-slaver our own beards, pray, were these fifty or sixty preachers, *our neighbours*, (of

one diocese, as must necessarily be supposed that they might be subject to the jurisdiction of this Signior bishop) the faithful dogs who barked at the wolves and kept them from their flocks? And are not these also to be numbered amongst the savages of Europe? Let your Reverence calculate then at the rate of no more than fifty or sixty preachers of the beard of Aaron to each of the 106 bishopricks, contained in the kingdom of France, and allow but 100 more, of the same stuff, to each of the 18 archbishopricks in those dominions, and you will find a body of near 8000 savages *our neighbours*—no bad supply for reinforcing the army of *The Savages of Europe*. But what do I talk of reinforcing? It will be well if the auxiliaries do not exceed the principals.

My reverend Father, do not let us mistake. Not one of the vices which your Reverence notes in *our preachers*, are unnoted in *our neighbours* by the archbishop of Cambrai and the Fathers Causino and Gisbert, in the works which they wrote to correct the abuses of the pulpit, in their own countrymen alone, for they did not interfere with others, particularly the first and last. If it were worth while it would be easy for

me.

me to demonstrate it *ad oculum*. But I am tired with being detained so long in your Preface, which has quite sickened me. And should *I* be well received in France, if, feigning myself a Frenchman, and availing myself of what the French themselves declaim against their bad preachers, I should spread abroad a pamphlet, or it may be called a libel, which, striking at once at the root of all decency and common sense, should proclaim that, OUR PREACHERS are bawlers: OUR PREACHERS are mountebanks: OUR PREACHERS are parrots: OUR PREACHERS are madmen: OUR PREACHERS make no conversions: OUR PREACHERS form no such design: and in short, that OUR PREACHERS are the Savages of Europe!

If I should publish a book filled with such stuff in France, taking by my own authority the right of naturalization, would not all the parliaments shower more decrees of fire against this book, and of apprehension against its author, than were showered some years ago against the parish ministers for a business which your Reverence wots of\*? Would they not all, men, women,

\* The demanding always a certificate of their parishioners having performed the duty of confession

and children, pluck me by the beard, with justice, and exclaim, *le Coquin ! le Faquin ! le Maraud !* To do *si criante* an injustice to all the great preachers which France has produced, and is continually producing, only because the pulpit is dishonoured by a handful of fools and blockheads ! Would they not hit me in the teeth with the *Bourdaloues*, with the *Colombieres*, with the *Fleuris*, with the *Flechiers*, with the *Segauts*, with the *Masillons*, with the *Bretoneaus*, and an immense catalogue of truly apostolic orators, and zealous, eloquent, rapid, evangelical, solid, sublime, and original models ? Would they not recriminate also that the nation was not in need of a supposititious Frenchman to come and set himself about correcting the defects of their countrymen, since it had true legitimate sons who might take the charge upon them with much more grace and much more judgment ? Good Father, we are in the same case, and I beseech your Reverence to excuse me the application.

As I am a Christian I would now wish to have done with it ; for I find myself getting

before they would admit them to the communion.---A piece of Jansenistical rigour not requisite in the Gallican church.

into

into a heat, and that is bad for the digestion. But yet I could not answer it to myself, not to say one little word upon a certain digression, the most impertinent in the world for the design, which your Reverence makes in page 50. *And, nevertheless, preaching thus, have many of them come to a mitre!* As if mitres were made for heads stuck in a cowl! Shall we continue to let strangers believe that this happens through any fault of ours? As they are not accustomed to see Friars made bishops except in Spain, when they read in the gazettes that the king of Spain has given a bishoprick to a Friar, they think that for want of episcopal ecclesiastics the king finds himself obliged to confer it on a friar, since there are none who can, or who deserve to be made bishops amongst the graduates or secular clergy.

O let them set me this paragraph with precious stones of but two to the hundred weight, whilst I blow my nose, for I feel a defluxion, and the affair requires it! Look ye, Father, no one can speak with more impartiality than I upon this subject; for your Reverence is to know that I am a poor graduate, I have not my head stuck in a cowl, and I cannot be a bishop. What minister of St. Peter de Villagarcia had

ever a mitre—I will not say set upon his head, but even in his fancy? The most we have had here has been a doctor of the little university of Siguenza, or some such thing, who has come to be a commissary of the holy office; and a vestry was called to give him a *Vitor* \* painted in red ochre, a design which was abandoned because the income of the parish could not pay the expence. As to me, I was graduated in the famous university of Valladolid, and am a phenomenon amongst them. When they hear me say I was a competitor for the *cathedras* or professorships (if at any time I say it) the good people cross themselves, and not a few of them ask if *cathedras* are things to eat. Let your Reverence judge if in this situation and with such a title my ideas must not be humble, and if I can think of a mitre! With a little prebend of seven or eight hundred † ducats a year, I

\* A large piece of paper inscribed with capital letters, or a canvass on which the letters are painted, containing a short eulogy of some person, with his name, for some famous merit, and hung out to public, view: sometimes written on the Church-walls with red ochre; and always beginning with this word VITOR---Conqueror! Hero! From the Latin VICTOR---as an interjection. Hence too a verb is formed, VITOREAR, to celebrate, to extol, to huzza.

† About an hundred pounds sterlinc.

would

would not change conditions with a patriarch; and tell the king and his father confessor so from me: for whatever they two may think, the thing is done, since as to my part, I assure you, the acceptance is already anticipated.

This being premised, tell me what your Reverence was thinking of when you had the hardiness to write the first clause of this pleasant paragraph, *And nevertheless, preaching thus, have many of them come to a mitre!* That is, the mitre has been attained to by various *Bawlers, Ranters, Mountebanks, Parrots, Madmen, Preachers of Heresy, Savages of Europe*, for it is these who *preach thus*. These have been recommended by the Chamber of Castile to be bishops, confirmed by the council of nobles and father confessors, and nominated by the king to the mitre! Let your Reverence draw the consequences which result from this, for I am somewhat in haste, and my attention is called to the clause which follows: *as if mitres were made for heads stuck in a cowl!* Is it so? That mitres are not for heads stuck in cowls, nor heads stuck in cowls for mitres? Then still less will they be for the Red Hat, and still much less for the Tiara. And has your Reverence counted well the heads

which from the coul have attained to the hat, and after the hat have been covered with the Tiara, without taking the many others into the account which have had the Tiara clapped on almost immediately upon the cowl? Has your Reverence read any thing of Ecclesiastical History? I fear you have only heard that there is a thing in the world so called; for if you had but once saluted it, you would know that for almost two hundred years (others say three hundred) the Tiara scarcely departed from the Benedictine cowl of the celebrated Monte Casino. But what cowls were those! But what Tiaras!

And the mitres of France, were they never made for heads stuck in a cowl! Poor intruder in Spain! How little does he know his own history? Is your Reverence ignorant then, that for more than three ages there was scarcely a bishop in France who was not taken from the cowls hid in the celebrated monasteries of Lerins, Pontigni, Tours, Fuente-Jean, Châlis, Mont-martre, Isla-barba, Brou, and innumerable others, as well Benedictines as Cistertians, not to reckon Cluni or Cister, which in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries were called *Les Pepiniers des Evêques*,

*Évêques*,—the Nurseries for Bishops? Did you never read in your history that in the twelfth century it was as it were a settled thing that in the council of the Clergy and People the Abbots of Cister, whose order then flourished with the greatest rigour of most exact observance, were to be proposed for the vacant bishopricks? Have you not met in it with the difficulty the clergy and citizens of Bourges were under at the death of their archbishop Sully, because there then flourished in the Cistercian order so many illustrious members that the very multitude embarrassed them in their choice? These are the words of the history, and imply a necessity that the election should fall upon one of that order. Tell me, thou Spanish Neophyte, were the Martines, the Guillermos, the Luvines, the Eucherios and an innumerable number of French bishops I could name, canonized and not canonized, heads stuck in university-caps or in cowls?

Your Reverence says, that as strangers are not accustomed to see friars made bishops except in Spain, when they read in the gazettes that the king of Spain has given a bishoprick to a friar, they think that for want of episcopal ecclesiastics the king finds himself obliged to confer it on a friar, since there are none who

*who can, or who deserve to be made bishops amongst the graduates or secular clergy. What! Are not strangers accustomed to see friars made bishops, except in Spain? Are there no friars made bishops in Italy? Are there none in Germany? Give it up, Father, for the love of God. Before your Reverence had published this proposition would it not have been better and more easy to have settled the point with yourself, whether or no there were at this time in Germany or Italy friars habited in bishops' robes, than to waste your natural heat in enquiring if two or three thousand years ago the children of the pagans were habited as little gods and goddesses out of devotion, in like manner as the children of Christians are at present out of devotion habited as little nuns or friars? A curious piece of intelligence, which we owe to the indefatigable laboriousness of your Reverence, but of which we were not in so much want (if any) as your Reverence was of knowing that strangers are much accustomed to see friars habited as bishops, and bishops habited as friars, in other places as well as Spain.*

But to cut the matter short, let us go at once to the root of it. It is certain then, my good father, that in the first age of the institution or foundation of Friars, the heads

heads stuck in cowls (if there were cowls for the heads of those first friars to be stuck in) were not only not made for mitres, nor yet even for the clerical crown, or circle of hair, because those primitive monks, by a general rule, neither received nor wished to receive holy orders. They were all as much lay persons as the mothers who bore them, except here and there one, who after having been in orders retired to the monkish life. This was not owing to a want of men amongst them as eminent for wisdom and learning as for virtue, but because their profound humility withheld them from that high state. If your Reverence would be thoroughly instructed in this matter you have but to read Father Mabillon. Thus it was in the first age of the monkish institution and profession.

But afterwards, when about the year 390, Pope Siricius attentively considered the great good of which the church was deprived, and the great advantages it might derive from the promotion of grave, circumspect, exemplary, and wise monks, not only to all the orders but to all the offices and benefices of the church, after he reflected that there was no reason why the particular good, which humility suggested

gested in this kind of life, should prevail over the common good, and finally, after that in consequence of these considerations, in the letter which he wrote to Himerio, bishop of Tarragon, he tells him that he may not only ordain, but advance to all ecclesiastical offices those monks who excelled in gravity, doctrine, purity of faith and holiness, “ *Monachos quoque, quos tam  
en morum gravitas & vitæ ac fidei institutio  
sancta commendat, clericorum officiis aggrega-  
ri,*” it is pleasant to see with what busy zeal the Bishops, the People, the Emperors, and even the Popes disturbed, so to speak, the holy quiet of monasteries and deserts, and drew from them the exstatic Cenobites to be placed in the highest dignities, thinking it just that those who had first sanctified solitudes and cloisters should afterwards sanctify the public and the world. From that time, and for many ages after, scarce were there any other than monks seen in the first seats of the universal church, as well in the East as in the West. Your Reverence sees now *if min-  
tres were made for heads stuck in a cowl.*

To conclude, I beseech your Reverence in all submission that another time, you meddle not with what you do not understand;

stand ; that you shew more justice (since you are not disposed to shew favour) to the Spanish nation ; that when you intend to correct abuses, you speak with less universality ; that you treat with more respect the resolutions of the king, and the counsel of his prudent confessors and wise ministers ; and, lastly that you would not forget this little Spanish proverb, *He that has glass windows in his house should not throw stones at those of his neighbour.*

But that your Reverence may know that I proceed with candour, and do not censure for the sake of censuring, I will tell you ingenuously, that had you been contented with the first part of your coat of mail Preface \*, and contracted the second a little, without meddling with the delicate affair of the bishops (infringing on ancient ecclesiastical history;) without bespattering all the king's preachers and particularly those *del numero*, and with having made the comparison of the two sermons, French and Spanish, though with the parentheses and glosses in bald Spanish, which you add to the latter, we should not

\* In the sense in which the author has styled his own Preface, a Preface *with an Helmet*, i. e. a defence against unjust censure upon the intention of the work.

have quarrelled. I would have given up to your Reverence the two sermons with their two preachers, and even had they been two thousand such, rather than we should have drawn our swords. For indeed your Reverence has much reason in what you say of those two sermons and all others like them ; I perfectly agree with you in this : and in the same cause do I now brandish my pen in this writing, with an endeavour to banish them, not only from Spain, but from the world, since all over the world there are crazy fellows with the name of Preachers. If the ointment of Aaron's beard cured in France so many disordered preachers, as your Reverence says, I am not without hopes that the tallow of the understanding of my Friar Gerund may work equal miracles in Spain. At least I shall have great comfort, if after hearing such a sermon, as there are too many of, in the present day, the audience should cry, *Bravo, Friar Gerund ! Father Gerund has done wonderfully to-day. The Signior Don Gerund himself could not have done more.* \*

In order to this, my good reader, (bless me, what a while it is since we talk'd together ! I beg your pardon, but this fellow in disguise hindered me in my way, and I

was

was obliged to dispute the point with him) in order to this, my good reader, I found it indispensably necessary to quote many texts of Holy Scripture, as they are quoted by the Friar Gerunds, to apply them as they apply them, and to seem to understand them as they understand them. But what! Do not suppose, not even jocularly suppose, that I quote, apply or understand them seriously as they understand them. I have present to my mind as well the heavy decree of the council of Trent, as the Bulls of Pius V. Gregory XIII. Clement VIII. and Alexander VII. against this sacrilegious profanation. I protest that I would sooner burn a thousand Friar Gerunds, than act in opposition, in the slightest manner, to so sacred as well as severe a prohibition. But it was not possible to ridicule the preachers who so miserably and censurably infringe it without ridiculing the manner in which they handle the sacred text, and consequently without quoting it. Therefore, whenever you meet with any part of holy Scripture ridiculously understood, and slovenly applied, think it done with a design to laugh at, correct, and confound these preachers, and, of course, that this impiety is to be laid to their account and not mine. Be sure to observe this,

as it is of great importance ; since though in truth I am no more than a poor priest, as we say, of the mass and the pot \*—and that a very lean one—I have some fear of God before my eyes, I profess myself subjected and obedient to the laws of the church, and, to close all, have a soul in my body which I love as much as his can be loved even by a Patriarch.

“ But if thou art no more than what thou sayest (this is your last reply) what put in thy head to meddle with other people’s matters, and such matters as these ! Is there a great want in Spain of most learned, most zealous, most erudite, and most maturely-wise men, who might take upon them a charge of so much gravity and importance ? Whence art thou on a sudden enriched with the stock of literature, judgment, criticism, knowledge, and wit, necessary for so arduous an undertaking ? To say nothing of the authority, titles, fame and credit which are requisite ? A chaplain of St. Louis, a minister of St. Peter de Vil-lagarcia, a Lobón, stuck up for a reformer of the Spanish pulpit ! A Lobón ! Graci-

\* A secular priest living in a house of his own ; the regular all living in convents and monasteries and eating in common.

bus Heaven ! A Lobòn ! We of his acquaintance know who he was ! A Lobòn, who in three or four sermons which he preached—and some of them on *the rhumb*—left far behind him all the past, present, future, and possible Friar Gerunds ! And this fellow would instruct us ! This fellow would reform us ! This fellow shall take upon him to laugh at his betters ! O Times ! O Manners.

Yet, even so, my good friend and reader ; however it displease you, it is even so. Yes, this very Lobòn, who was all that you say, and all that you have a mind to say, and more too, if you are not contented, is he who will venture upon such an undertaking as this. To convert the world was a much greater, and for that, God did not avail himself of university-professors, but of a handful of poor fishermen : for, after all, my friend, the spirit of the Lord bloweth where, when, and on whom it listeth. That it would have been done much better by almost any one than by me, I cannot deny ; but as I hear multitudes bewail, and no one set about to cure this corruption, great men excusing themselves with this, that, and the other

reason I, who do not torment myself to be greater, and who cannot be less, spat in my hands, gave them a rub, and set them to the work with all that little stock with which the Lord hath blessed me. If I have in any wise hit the happy mean, his be the glory ; if I have altogether missed it, give me credit for the good intention. And with this, farewell ; for faith, I am tired with so long a colloquy.

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THE  
HISTORY  
OF THE  
FAMOUS PREACHER  
FRIAR GERUND.

BOOK I.

CHAP. I.

*The birth, parentage, and first education of  
Friar Gerund.*

CAMPAZAS is a place of which Ptolemy has made no mention in his Geography; probably because he had no knowledge of it, owing to its having been founded twelve hundred years after the death of this illustrious geographer, as appears by an ancient instrument preserved in the famous archives of Cotanes. It is situated in the province of Campos, between the west and the north, looking

G 2 directly

directly towards the east from that part which is opposite to the south \*. Campazas certainly is not one of the most celebrated or most populous towns of Old Castile, but it might be so; and it is not its own fault that it is not as large as Madrid, Paris, London, or Constantinople; it having been clearly proved that it might have been extended ten or a dozen leagues towards any of the four quarters, without any impediment whatever. And if its most renowned founders (whose names are not known) instead of contenting themselves with raising in it twenty or thirty cottages, which by a misnomer they call houses, had been able, and been willing, to build two hundred thousand sumptuous palaces with their domes and turrets, with squares, fountains, obelisks, and other public edifices, without doubt it might have been at this day the greatest city in the world. I know very well that a certain modern critic says this could not have been, because at a league's distance runs the river we call Rio Grande, by which the town in this place must necessarily have been severed. But—though it was an easy thing to have fucked

\* Which, no doubt, will be as clear to the reader as the author intended it should.

up all the water of the river with sponges, as a French traveller informs us is customary in Indostan and at Grand Cairo; or at least to have drawn off by a pneumatic engine all the air and foreign particles which mingle with the water, and then there scarcely would have remained enough to fill a vinegar crewet, as is frequently experienced by the modern philosophers in the Rhine and Rhone—but what inconvenience would it have been that the Rio Grande should have run through the city of Campazas, cutting it in two? Does not the Thames do so with London, the Molda with Prague, the Spree with Berlin, the Elbe with Dresden, and the Tiber with Rome, without these cities' losing any thing upon that account? But in short the illustrious founders of Campazas did not chuse to trouble their heads with these matters, and were contented, for reasons which might be well known to themselves, with raising on that spot such a thing as about thirty cottages (according to the most approved opinion) with their pyramidal roofs and coverings of straw, which make one of the most delicious points of view imaginable.

Concerning the etymology of Campazas there are very different accounts in authors. Some will have it that it was anciently called *Campazos*, to denote the large fields with which it is surrounded, which probably gave the name to the whole province of Campos, whose western point commences in that part; and this opinion is supported by Anthony Shearero, Blas Garlicketo, Domingo Sheepfoldos, and Pasqual Oniono, diligent investigators of the things of this province. Others insist that it was called, and ought at present to be called, *Capazas*, from having given rise to the use of the long *capas* or cloaks, which, till late in this century, were worn instead of the mantelets, by the women of Campos, otherwise called *the aunts*; drawing the hood, cut in a square form, over their heads, and wearing fringes half way up their outer petticoat, which was the great bravery on the day of Corpus\* and St. Roque, or when *the uncle* of the house

\* The day of Corpus, or the day of God, is the day on which the institution of the most holy sacrament is celebrated; the day of St. Roque, that of the birth or martyrdom of a saint of this name, who is highly venerated by the Spaniards, or at least whose festival is highly honoured by them. These are perhaps the two greatest days in all the year. The majordomos are answerable to our stewards of feasts.

served any majordomoship. To this opinion adhere Cesar Cloutycloakon, Hugo Capet, Daniel Coverall, nor is it materially dissented from by Julio Caponi. But however as this affair of etymology is in general an erudition *ad libitum*, and as in the well founded etymologies of St. Isidore no mention is made of that of Campazas, we shall leave the curious reader to follow the opinion he most approves, since the truth of history will not permit us, the writers of it, to take part in what is undetermined and uncertain.

In Campazas then,—for so will we call it, conforming to the custom of the best historians, who with regard to places, after having labouriously pointed out the ancient, make use of the modern name—in Campazas lived, about the middle of the last century, a farmer, who was called the Rich Man \*, or 'squire of the parish, because he had two yoke of labouring oxen, a pyed mare, two carts, a long-legged dapple colt, (but mettlesome and nimble) to carry him to market, a flock of sheep,

\* *Rico hombre*, formerly a title of high dignity and honour, equivalent to the present duke or grandee; *esquire*, therefore, is the least title we would give him. If the reader thinks that the *Rico* should be continued to him he may substitute it for *squire*.

half breeding and half barren, and his house was distinguished from all the rest in being the only one which had a covering of tiles. One approached it by a large court-yard, flanked with piazzas, in the language of that country called ox-stalls, outhouses, &c. covered with thatch ; and over the door of the house projected a coving in the form of an upper eye-lid when it hangs horizontally, well white-washed on the inside, and being streaked at distances with red ochre, it looked like the skirt of a disciplinant on Maundy-Thursday. The entry, or passage, was beautified in the same manner, except the dashes of ochre ; and every Saturday care was taken that its face was washed with ~~water~~ & a fresh cosmetic. Immediately within the entry, <sup>area</sup> on the left hand, in that part of the wall which faced the door when it stood open, was a side-board, which the natives call a ~~shelf~~, whereon directly presented itself to those who were about to enter, the whole treasure of the family ; a dozen plates, as many porringers, three large dishes, all of the best earthen ware, and in the middle two glass decanters with feet, a circle of blue near the mouth, and their handles knobbed or dentellated like a cock's-

cock's comb. On each side of the shelf was a jutting-out from the wall, solid to the ground, about a yard high and a foot over, the fronts and sides smeared with ochre, and the surfaces whitened, on each of which were made four round shallow cavities for the reception of four earthen pitchers, those on one side containing spring water for drinking, and on the other river-water for the occasions of the house.

On the right hand, a little farther on in the entry, was the door of the principal room or parlour, which was good twelve feet square, with its alcove of seven and a half. The furniture of the parlour consisted of six pictures, most choice ones, from the famous St. James's street, (the Harp-alley) of Valladolid, representing a St. George, a St. Barbara, a St. James on horseback, St. Roque, our Lady del Carmen, and St. Anthony the abbot with his little pig by his side; a table with its coarse woollen cloth bordered with tufts and fringes, a poplar bench, two chairs, cross-framed like a pair of open scissars, such as are used for ceremony in the old college of Salamanca; another which seemed to have been of cane, such as are in

in present use, but it had a back only, for where the seat should be, appeared only the frame; a large chest, and near it a lockless portmanteau-trunk, which once had hair upon it. Before the alcove was drawn a gauze curtain, laced with figured ferret of five farthings a yard, its valance filled up with scapularies\* run with red ribbons, and St. Theressas of clay, in their little urns or troughs of paste-board covered with floss silk; all which were distributed and appointed with much grace. For our 'squire of Campazas was a brother † of

\* These scapularies are two little square pieces of cloth or stuff, no bigger than an hand or less, connected by a ribbon, and worn round the neck, hanging before and behind, but out of sight, by lay people out of devotion to the order they are related to, with a badge of which they are sometimes wrought.

The scapulary, which makes a part of various religious habits, is a breadth of cloth or stuff, hanging over every thing else from the neck to the feet, both before and behind, with an hole in the middle to put the head through.

† These brothers are of great use to the religious orders, as will be seen in the sequel, being generally very charitable and hospitable to them; and in return they are intitled to certain indulgences, of great consequence, such as eating flesh on some fast days, &c. which have been granted by the pope to the order; and likewise to the fruit of the prayers and penances of every friar belonging to it. Hence the whimsical proverbial saying, *yo soy el culo del fraile*, I am made a friar's a— of; said by him on whom hardships are imposed for the advantage of others. “It is an unworthy phrase, (says the Madrid dictionary)

many religious societies, whose letters of admission he kept, not out of sight, but stuck against the wall, some with wafers and others with chewed bread, in the spaces between these Harp-alley pictures; and when the reverend fathers, or other friars who had been confessors to nuns, were entertained in his house, some of them gave to the aunt Catanla (so was the squire's wife called) but more to her daughter Petrona, who was a plump girl of no bad appearance, these pious trifles in acknowledgment of their hospitality, recommending devotion to them, and setting forth the benefit of the indulgences granted to their respective societies.

For my sins had I like to have forgotten the most highly valued pieces of furniture in all the room. And these were the *Theses*, printed upon crimson taffety, of a cer-

dictionary) though much used, being taken from the piety with which the religioos undertake to do penance for the sins of their neighbours."

Of such people as this farmer of Campazas are the majordomos, just mentioned, generally made, elected yearly by this kind of lay-brethren of the order. A majordomo is the chief manager of a festival, appoints and pays the preacher, bears the expence of processions, solemn mas with music, dinner, &c.

The conventual lay-brother, which is a distinct kind, differs little from a domestic servant.

that

tain act which had been defended in the college of St. Gregory of Valladolid, by a brother of the squire, who having been the first member of the celebrated college of St. Froylan of Leon, which is related to many of the smaller colleges of Salamanca, was afterwards a pensioner \* in that of St. Gregory; he came in time to be the gymnasiarc or chief tutor, an important post, which he merited by his laborious study; he then obtained by his exercises of competition, the vicarage of *Ajos* and *Cebollas* in the bishoprick of Avila, and died in the flower of his age, having likewise passed the first trials for the rectory of *Verraco*\*. In meinory of this most learned man, the ornament of the family, were the said theses preserved in a deal frame, blackened with printer's ink; and there was a tradition in the family, that having intended to dedicate them first to a bishop, afterwards to a nobleman, and then to a judge, they all excused themselves, because they smelld an expectation of reward;

\* A boarder, one living at his own expence.

\* *Ajos*, *Cebollas*, and *Verraco*: there are places of these names in Spain; but the two first words signify likewise garlick and onions, and the last a boar-pig, which gives a ludicrous equivoque in the original.

upon which the despairing gymnasiarc (my aunt Catanla always called him the *Herefiarc*) dedicated them to the Holy Christ † of Villaquexida, the expence being borne by an uncle of his, a commissary of the inquisition.

His brother the 'squire of Campazas, who had been a student at Villagarcia, and had attained to the fourth class, or that in which the use and construction of the parts of speech are taught, knew by heart the dedication he had prepared for either of the three Mecenases who would have accepted of it; for the gymnasiarc had sent it to him from Valladolid, assuring him that it was the performance of a young friar, one of those who are called \* collegiate fathers, who dealt in dedications, orations, arguments for the schools, &c. as he was one of the most furious and thundering Latinists that were ever known till then, and who had got much money,

† The number of Christs and our Ladies in the church of Rome is almost countless, and may be extended to infinity; as any one who has ability to endow a chapel, found a festival, or erect a statue, may make one with what title he pleases.

\* One of those who has finished his studies of philosophy and divinity, and is waiting for a vacancy of a master's chair to be a candidate for it.

snuff, handkerchiefs, and chocolate in this kind of traffic ; for in short (said the gymnasiarc in his letter) the Latin of this Friar is a very intoxication, and his sonorous phrases are a Babylon : therefore scarce had the iquire read the dedication, crossing himself and astonished at its elegance, but he resolved to get it by heart, which he compassed at the end of three years, retiring every day behind the church which stood out of the village for the space of four hours : and when he had perfectly learned it, he quite frightened the clergy of the neighbourhood who assembled at the feast of the patron saint, and likewise those who went on the pilgrimage of Villaquexida, sometimes pouring it all out, and other times sprinkling the fare with it at the tables of the majordomos. And as the fly rogue never let any one know whose performance it was, they all took it for his own, by which he passed amongst all their reverences on this side the Rio Grande, and even amongst all those of the Desert \*, for the most re-

\* The Desert, *Paramo* : though the strict meaning of this word is desert, it is not to be understood in its most rigorous sense, but as signifying the most open and least cultivated part of the province of Campos, that which lay on the other side the Rio Grande, or great river, from Campazas ; for there are farms and even towns

doubted grammarian that Villagarcia had ever turned out: insomuch that some went so far as to say he knew more Latin than Taranilla himself, that famous *Domine*, whose tempestuous and incomprehensible Latin stunned all the region of Campos; witness that famous piece of it, with which he examined his scholars, beginning thus, *Palentiam meat si quis*, which some of them construed, “If any one pisses in Palencia;” but as this did not sound well, and might give offence to the people of the place \*, and as it was not probable that the *Domine* Taranilla, in every thing modest and circumspect, and much given to posterior application, should speak with indecorum of a city upon so many accounts respectable, other of his scholars construed it in his manner; *si quis mea*, “my little one,” *uge* (understood) “flee,” *Palentiam*, “from Palencia.” On all these did the merciless Taranilla lay incessant whippings; because the first lost all respect to the city, and the

in this desert, though not so numerous as in the other part of the province. However, *el Paramo* seems to be used by the author with an humourous idea, which would be lost in translating it by a term less strong than the Desert.

\* There is a city of this name in Leon.

second he thought bantered him ; besides, that by either construction he must be supposed capable of making Latin filled with solecisms. Till at last, after having puzzled the whole school, as no one gave into the recondite sense of the emphatic clause, the domine, taking out his snuff-box, giving two taps upon the lid, offering the devoted grains intermittedly to his nostrils, by which they were drawn in with the greatest gust, arching his eye-brows, hollowing his voice, and snuffing with much sedate confidence, vouchsafed to construe it in his own way---*Mea*, “go,” *si quis*, “if thou art able,” *Palentiam*, “to Palencia.” The boys were thunderstruck, looking at each other with much astonishment at the profound knowledge of their domine ; for though it is true, the thing rightly considered, that there were in his construction almost as many absurdities as words ; as *meo* does not signify to go any how, but to go round about, meandering, nor *queo* to be able in any manner, but to be able with difficulty ; yet the poor boys did not understand these niceties ; nor indeed is the penetrating into the propriety of the various significations which correspond to verbs and nouns that appear sy-

nonymous, and are not so, a business for beardless grammarians, nor even for their teachers.

Now as the clergy of the Desert were not much initiated into these mysteries, they held Tarranilla for the Cicero of his age ; and when they heard the squire of Campazas repeat the sonorous dedication, they set him two cubits higher than Taranilla himself. And as the greatest part of the historians who have written on the affairs of our Friar Gerund agree that this same dedication had a great share in the formation of his delicate and exquisite taste, it may not be beside the purpose to give it place immediately ; lest in the course of this true history it may be forgotten thro' the heat of the narration.

## C H A P. II.

*In which, without performing the promise of the first, other matters are handled.*

**T**HUS ran, then, the recondite, abstruse, and be-deviled dedication, the titles being omitted which the gymna-  
fiarc did not think proper to transcribe.

*Hactenus me intra vurgam animi litescentis inipitum tua heretudo instar mihi luminis extimandea denormam redubiare compellat sed antistar gerras meas anitas diributa & posartitum nasonem quasi agredula: quibusdam lacunis, baburram stridorem averruncandas oblatero. Vos etiam optimi viri, ne mihi in anginam vestræ hispiditatis arnanticataclum carmen irreptet. At rabiem meam magico-pertit: cicuresque conspicite ut alimones meas carnatoreis quam censianes extetis. Igitur conramo sensu meam returnem quamvis vasculum Pieridem actutum de vobis lamponam comtulam spero. Adjuta namque cupedia presumantis jam non exippitandum sibi esse conjectat. Ergo benepedamus me hac pudori cito cum collocari censete. Quam si hac non treperat extiterint nec fracebunt quæ hallucinari;*

*nari, vel ut vovinator adductus sum voti vobis  
damiumusque ad exodium vitulanti is cohac-  
mentum. Quis enim mesonibum & non mur-  
gissonem fabula autumabit quam mentorem  
exfaballibit altibuans, unde favorem exfre-  
bruate: fellibrem ut applaudam armonie ten-  
sore a me velut ambrone collectam adoreos ve-  
ritatis instruppas.*

This is the famous dedication which the gymnasiarc of St. Gregory's, vicar of Ajos and Cebollas, and in election to the rectory of Verraco, sent from Valladolid to his brother the squire of Campazas: which after having run through the most celebrated universities of Spain with the applause it merited, passed the Pyrenees and penetrated France, where it was received with so much estimation, that they preserve in print a punctual, exact, and minute genealogical account of all the hands through which the MS. descended, with the very moles and marks of its possessors, till it fell into those of the cursed enlarger of the *Menagiana*, who printed it in the first volume of the four which he spoiled with his most impertinent notes, scholia, and additions. It is said then, by this scholiast of my sins, that the first MS. copy that was known to arrive in

France, was possessed by Jean Lacurna, a notable man and bailiff of Arnaidel-Duque; that it went afterwards to the learned Saumaise; and from him was inherited by his eldest son Claude Saumaise, who died at Beaune in the 34th year of his age on the 18th day of April, in the year 1661; that upon the death of Claude it was added to the library of Jean Baptiste Lantin, a counsellor, who was joint legatee with another counsellor to the MSS. of Saumaise: and that Jean Baptiste Lantin bequeathed it to his son the Sieur Lantin, counsellor at Dijon.

All this is very well; punctual, minute, exact; for it is plain that it would have been a great loss to the republic of letters if it had not been known with all individuality, through what hands, from father to son, so important a manuscript had passed: and had all investigators been as diligent and minute as this most learned and exact enlarger, there would not be at this day such disputes and such a to-do amongst our critics about who was the real author of "The Flea" of the Licentiate Burguillios, which some attributed to Lope de Vega; and others to a friar, led into the mistake, undoubtedly, because at the end of

of the MS. from which the first impression was made in Seville, were these letters, Fr. L. d. V. supposing the Fr. stood for Friar, things as different and distinct in themselves as possible, as the very children of Malabar \* can tell you ; nor would there have been those pitched battles fought in England, the beginning of this century, between two wise antiquaries of the university of Oxford upon the origin of spurs and the primitive invention of saddle-bags, both grounding their opinions upon two manuscripts which were in the library of the same university, but without its being known at what time, or by whom they had been introduced into it, which was the decisive point to have resolved the question.

But if thanks are due to the enlarger of the Menagiana upon this account, I cannot give them upon an other account ; because with his chronology upon the manuscript

\* Meaning, the most ignorant of all children ; much of the refuse of Spain, as of every other mother-country, being sent to its settlements abroad. In the same idea we meet further on in the work, with *Malabar* Authors, and *Malabar* Preachers. It is proverbially applied to any character, but was taken probably at first from the missionaries sent thither most curiously qualified to teach religion, enlighten the understanding, and improve the heart.

of the Dedication he embroils me in an historical difficulty, which I do not know how to disengage myself from, without committing an anachronism—an hard Greek word, which signifies a contradiction in the computation of time. Monsieur the Enlarger says, that Claude Saumaise died in the year 1661, and that when the MS. came to him, it had already passed through two other hands, to wit, those of his father, the learned Saumaise, and those of the bailiff Jean Lacurna ; and it is very observable that he does not say it passed from hand to hand as the Gazette, or the Almanac of Torres is wont to pass, but gives it sufficiently to be understood that it was by way of inheritance, and not of donation *inter vivos*. This being supposed, it is as clear as water that the Dedication was known in France so early as the year 1600, it not being much to allow sixty years to the Sieur Lacurna, and twenty or thirty to Saumaise ; for, though it should be said that they were both born at the same time, it is not probable that any private man, however learned he might be, should live so long as a bailiff, even though this bailiffship in France signify little more than the constableship of a parish ; but, in short, in

the sight of God, the bailiff of Arnai was as much a bailiff as that of Lora. And as we have said, or at least suggested, in the beginning of this true history, that the Dedication was composed by a collegiate father who studied in Valladolid when the last century was already pretty much advanced, supposing that no mention is made till the middle of it, of the 'squire of Campazas, in the annals of that possible city, and that it was sent to him by his brother the gymnasiarc, how was it possible that it should be known in France so early as the year 1600?

To solve this difficulty, there is no other way than by saying, that the collegiate father might have read this stupendous piece in some little French Book, and palmed it upon the good gymnasiarc as his own work; for these tricks we see played at every turn in our own times, not a few of those who are called authors, and who appear to be honest men, when their "Life and Miracles" \* are afterwards examined into, being found to be little dirty scribblers, who, stealing from this and that quarter, come out in a night's time in the gazette with the pompous titles of *Mathematician*, *Phi-*

\* *The Life and Miracles of, &c.* is the constant title to their numerous histories of Saints.

*loger, Philosopher, Electrician, Proto-critic, Anti-systematic*, when after all they are no more in reality than true *Panto-mimics*.

But, leaving this point undecided, what cannot before God and in conscience be forgiven in this most impertinent Enlarger, is the unjust and insipid criticism which he makes upon the said Dedication, treating it as the most perverse, ridiculous, and extravagant thing imaginable, and adding that the language, though it seems to sound like Latin, is of a barbarous, monstrous, and savage Latinity. But, with leave of his surliness, I shall tell him flatly to his face, that he does not know what is your true Latin, and that it is plain he never in his life saluted the Christs in genuine Latinity; for, I give him to know that neither Cicero, nor Quintilian, nor Titus Livius, nor Sallust, ever made such a thing, or were ever capable of making it. And as to what he adds with a sneer, that though in this most polished Dedication are to be found some such words as are met with in the glosses of Isodore and Papias, and in the collection of Du Cange, yet that he is much mistaken, or there is not a translator so ingenious as to give the true meaning of the whole, I answer, that, to con-

vince him how much he is indeed mistaken, the same collegiate father who gave the Dedication in Latin to the gymnasiarc, whether it was his own or another's composition, gave it him likewise turned into fine, flowing, natural, clear, perspicuous Spanish, as is seen by an authentic copy found in the book in which the 'squire of Campazas kept account of his labourers' wages and his sheep-skins. But we forbear the transcription of it, as it is to be apprehended the reader will be satisfied with the Latin. But if he should not let him read, which will do as well, the dedication of — to the —, or the dedication of —, to the most noble —, or that of — to the right honourable —, &c. &c. &c.

## C H A P. III.

*In which the promise of the first is prosecuted.*

THIS squire of Campazas, full brother to the gymnasiarc, was called Antony Zotes, a family rooted in Campos, but spread all over the world, and so fruitfully propagated, that there is not to be found a kingdom, province, city, town, village, or even farm-house in which the Zotes, or the family of the *Blunderheads* \*, do not swarm like peas in a porridge-pot. Antony Zotes was a farmer, as we have said, in tolerable circumstances; a man for old ewe-mutton, hung-meat, and household bread, on ordinary days, with a leek or onion for dessert; beef and sausages on feast-days; a rasher usually for breakfast and supper, though for the latter now and then a slice of meat with some oil and vinegar; the meagre stuff made from water passed through the squeezed grapes was his usual beverage, except when he had in his house

\* To which the Spanish word *Zote* (in the singular) is equivalent. Perhaps from the Saxon *zot*, whence our word, *sot*. Johnson.

any of the reverend brotherhood, especially if he was of consideration in his order, for then he would set upon the table wine of Villamañan, or of the Desert, a bountiful disposition in appearance, but at the bottom, rather than not, suspicious, envious, interested, and haggling ; in short, a true legitimate *bonus vir de campis*. His stature middling, but well set and stout ; his head large and round, a narrow forehead, small eyes, unequal, and somewhat subtle ; short locks after the custom of the Desert, and not flowing and consistorial like those of the tax-gatherers of Salamanca ; broad-shouldered, fleshy, fresh-coloured, and wrinkled. Such was the inward and outward man of the uncle Anthony Zotes. Though he had attained in his youth to the fourth class of his school with an intention of taking orders (for it is said that there was a chapelry \* in the family which would have come to him upon the death of an uncle of his, the chief priest of Villaornate) yet a girl of the place put in her plea so successfully, that in the end, my uncle Antony found it necessary to betake himself to the church, not for the service of the choir or the altar, but to be

\* Equivalent to a living.

joined

joined in holy wedlock. Now the thing happened on this wife.

He was studying at Villagarcia, and already in the fourth class, as has been said, in the twenty-fifth year of his age. The fortnight's vacation, for the Holy and Easter weeks arrived, and he went home to his own town, as is the custom for all the students whose home is within distance. The devil, who never sleeps, tempted him to play the penitent on Maunday-Thursday\* : for as our young student was now well shot up and his beard grown, he looked lovingly upon a damsel, who had been a neighbour of his ever since they went to school together to the clerk of the parish, to learn the horn book ; and in order to court her in the most winning manner, he thought it expedient to go forth as a disciplinarian : as this, the reader is to know, is one of the gallantries with which the women of Campos are most pleased, where it is a very old observation, that the greatest part of the marriages are concerted on Maundy-thursday, the day of the Cross of

\* The day before Good-Friday, and the great day of discipline.

the May \*, and the evenings on which there is dancing, some of the women being so very devout and compunctionous that they are more delighted with seeing the instruments of discipline applied than with the rattling of the castinet. Nor, considering the thing dispassionately, is it to be wondered at. For, figure to yourself this disciplinant, with his great cap of five quarters of a yard, starched, upright and pyramidal ; his hood covering the face as well as head, with the eye-holes neatly stitched, and terminating in a point below his chin like the wattle of a turkey-cock ; with his white waistcoat of strong linen nicely smoothed, fitted to the shape, and buttoning very tight over the breast, by which two pieces of dry, firm, elevated flesh, shew themselves out of the two large holes cut in the back of the waistcoat, divided by the seam, and as they are cut in an oval form and nearly in the shape of the hind-quarters of a pair of breeches, it

\* The Invention of the Cross, a festival celebrated on the third of May, in memory of St. Helena the mother of Constantine's finding the true cross of Christ on that day, deep in the earth on Mount Calvary, where she erected a church for the preservation of part of it, the rest being deposited in the church of The Holy Cross of Jerusalem at Rome.

seems no otherwise than as if the nether-cheeks were mounted to the shoulders, especially in those who are plump and fleshy ; and with his full, pompous, puffed-out white skirt or petticoat, to this be added that the gallant or voluntary disciplinants usually wear white shoes with black heels and toes, not so those of the fraternity, for they are permitted no shoes at all, except to the *Penitents of light*, who are the exempt or the *emeriti* of the order : then consider that this disciplinant whom we are describing, takes out his little ball of wax, stuck with points of glass, and hanging, securely fastened, to the end of a small cord, which he measures with much gravity and composure from his hand to his elbow in order to have the just length ; that he takes hold, with his left hand, of the point of his hood hanging below his chin ; that he fixes his right elbow to the hip of the same side (unless indeed he be left-handed, and then, it is necessary to observe, all these postures will be directly contrary) that without moving the elbow, and playing only the lower half of his right arm, he begins to work himself with this ball, swinging it on one side and the other, knowing certainly that in this manner it will

will fall nearly on the centrical points of the two posterior carnosities, by infallible rules of anatomy left in writing by a young surgeon of Villamayor, who had been apprentice to another at Villarramiel : finally, let it be observed how the blood begins to start, so that in some, if not in the greater part, the two shoulders appear as pitchy fountains, charitably oozing matter for the security of the seams of our *borrachas* or leather bottles ; how it sprinkles the petticoat, how it flows in streams down its folds, how it wets it, and how it sops it, till it is choaked up with dust on the legs of the poor disciplinant—let this object I say be contemplated as it deserves, and let the most envious of the glories of Campos tell me serenely if there can be in the world a more gallant and airy spectacle? If there can be any resisting such a witchcraft, and if the girls have not a good taste, who go after these penitents, as the boys do after the giants and the serpent *Tarasca* \* on the day of Corpus.

\* The figures of gigantic men and a large serpent are carried about on this day, by way of shewing the conquest of Christ over the powers of earth and hell.

The Serpent is called *Tarasca*, say the etymologists, from *Tépas*, unde *τὸ τερπτόν*, & in plur. *τὰ τερπτία, monstra, pertenta, miracula*.

The

The rogue of an Anthony was not ignorant of this inclination of the girls of his town, and therefore went out as a disciplinant on Maunday-Thursday, as we have already said. At a league's distance he might have been known by Catanla Rebollo (which was the name of his sweet-heart, neighbour, and old-school-fellow) because that, besides that there was no other cap in the whole procession so spruce or so stiff-standing as his ; he wore as a mark, a black girdle, which she herself had given him upon his taking leave on St. Luke's day to go to Villagarcia. She never took her eyes off from him during the whole solemnity, and he, who knew it well, took great pains, what with crossing his arms, bending his body, and stretching his shoulders, to squeeze out as much blood as he was able, making her by the way, unobserved by others, two little amorous obeisances with his cap, which is one of the tender passes which never fails to penetrate the marriageable girls, who are very attentive to it ; and the bumkin who shall know how to do it with the most grace may pick and chuse amongst them, though at the same time he may not be the most expert at the rural games and exercises of any in the place.

At

At length, as Anthony had made haste to give himself a plentiful bleeding, it happened that he was bid to go home and take care of himself by one of the majordomos who supervised the procession, before it was over. Catanla took herself after him, and being a neighbour, followed him into the house, where there stood ready the wine, rosemary, salt, and tow, which is all the apparatus for these cures: they well washed and pressed his shoulders, lest any particles of the glass might remain, and applied the pledgets; after which he put on his usual cloaths, and wrapped himself up in his grey cloak; all the rest went out again to see the procession, except Catanla, who said she was tired and would stay to keep him company. What passed between these two is not known; only it appears by the annals of that time, that, Anthony being returned to Villagarcia, a malicious whisper began to be circulated about the place; it appears too that his relations intended he should soon be ordained on the title to the chapelry; that he, underhand, set the girl to weaving of impediments to it; and that, to make short of the matter, they were married: and that it might be seen with how little fear of God, and how

much wickedness those evil reports had run round the town, the good creature of a Catanla was not delivered till the competent and legal period.

## C H A P. IV.

*In which the promise is fulfilled.*

THE aunt Catanla Rebollo \* then brought forth a babe as fair as a flower; and his godfather was the Licentiate Quixano de Perote, a chaplain of Campazas, who formerly had a mind to marry his mother, but forbore upon finding that they were kindred in a prohibited degree †. The godfather was very urgent to have the child called Perote, in memory

\* In Spain women retain their maiden names after they are married.

† But he must have been very poor if he could not afford to purchase a dispensation.

“ In Napoli, si dice, che le assoluzioni son così a buon mercato che le puttane, delle quali vene sono venti mila. Allorche mi trovava colà, un uomo di bel tempo aveva infornato il malaguida ad un becco, e dopo compratone l'assoluzione dal confessore reverendissimo, un suo amico gli addomandò il prezzo per cui l'aveva comprata: mene costò, rispose egli, quattro ducati, e per quattro altri avrei ottenuto una Dispensazione per ammigliarme colla bestiaccia.” Lettere Famigliari.

or allusion to his own appellative, or place-name ; for though this name is not in the calendar, neither is there that of Lain, Nuño, Tristan, Tello, nor Peranzules ; yet it is plain that these were esteemed men of great valour and consideration : thus said the licentiate Quixano, alledging in support the histories of Castile ; but as Anthony Zotes had not read them, it made little impression on him ; but when the licentiate happened to add, that, in the calendar, neither were the names of Oliveros, Orlando, Florisnarte, nor that of Turpin, and notwithstanding it did not hinder him from being an archbishop, he cried out, “ Well, or who’s an ass now ! Not I ; since I know all that as perfectly as if I had never studied any thing else all my life.”—For indeed my uncle Anthony was much versed in the history of the twelve peers, which he knew by heart almost as well as the dedication of the *gymnasiarc*—“ Let him be called Perote, and let us have no more words about the matter.” But the parson of the parish, who was present, observed, that *Perote Zotes* did not sound well, adding, not without some slyness, that *Zote* was consonant to *Perote*, and that he had read somewhere, he could not

tell where, that this ought to be avoided when we speak in prose. "Don't let your Reverence trouble yourself about that," said the father of the child, "for neither do Sancho Revancho, Alberto Retuerto, Geromo Palomo, Antonio Bolonio, sound well, and yet we see and hear nothing else in our country. Besides that this is easily remedied by calling him Perote de Campazas, giving him for an appellative, the name of this town of ours in which he was born, as was usual formerly to do with great men according to what the most authentic histories \* inform us, in which we find mention made of the Oliveros de Castilla, of Amadis of Gaul, of Arthur of Algarve, and of Palmerin of Hyrcania, when at the same time it is plain that these were

\* Notwithstanding the efforts of Cervantes it has not been possible to extirpate the rage of the lower Spanish people for romances. It is so rooted in them, that their favourite "History of the Twelve Peers" is in some places called the *Laus perennis de los Zapateros*--the Prayer-book of the shoe makers or mechanics. However necessitous a workman be, he will save money to provide himself with so entertaining and beautiful a romance; and this with others of the same stamp, which Anthony Zotes calls the most authentic histories, are read every day at their idle hours, in their houses, or at their *Solejars* or funning-places, where, in winter time, to save fuel, which is very scarce, they frequently assemble, men, women, and children, in great numbers.

not their true appellatives but the names of the provinces or kingdoms which gave birth to these great knights, who after having honoured them by their exploits would in this manner perpetuate the memory of their country to all posterity. And this was the custom not only with those who professed arms, but those likewise who were men of letters and wrote many famous books as the *Piscator de Sarrabal*, the *Dios Momo*, the *Carantamaula*, the *Lazarillo de Tormes*, the *Picara Justina*\*, and many others which I have read, whose authors, leaving their proper appellatives, took that of the places where they were born in order to make them illustrious: and my heart presages to me that this boy will come to be an extraordinary man, and so at present let him be called *Perry de Campazas*, till with time and age we may call him full out *Perote*.

\* Almanacs, Books of Jests, and Histories of arch Rogues and wanton Jades in a popular style. The *Piscator de Sarrabal* was the title of an annual publication by an ancient astrologer of Milan, and is still continued. There are likewise other *Piscators*, as, *de Andalusia*, *de Salamanca*, &c. These *Piscators* contain, after the manner of our Almanacs and Diaries, great variety of useful and entertaining matter, as Riddles, Anagrams, and Conundrums, with prognostications of many rare and interesting articles, as, when it will rain, unless it be fair weather, and when a corn shall most advantageously be cut, &c.

“ Not whilst I am alive,” cried my aunt Catanla eagerly. “ *Perote* indeed! *Perote* sounds just for all the world like *Percl*, or pipkin; and shall the son of my bowels go about with a name like the pipkins which are tossed about the kitchen!”

“ Silence, good folks! Sew up your mouths! (suddenly exclaimed Antony Zotes) for the most stupendous name has just struck me that was ever given to man born of a woman, and which shall be given to my little one. GERUND is his name, and no other name shall he have, though the holy father of Rome should come a suppliant before me and beseech it on his very knees. First and foremost, because Gerund is a name that is singular, new, and out-of-the-way, and that is what I wish for my son: secondly, because I remember very well, that when I was a student with the Theatines at Villagarcia, I once took six places in my class for a *Gerund*, and it is my last and final will to make the memory of that exploit immortal in my family.”

And Gerund, accordingly, he was named, neither more or less; and very early did the child give great signs of what he would one day be. For before it could be expected from his years, he could already call

his

call his mother a *Sut* [Slut] with much grace, and said, “*don’t mind zoō*” [I don’t mind you] as natural as if he had been a man grown ; insomuch that he gave great diversion to all the neighbours, who all agreed that he would come to be the honour of Campazas. A lay friar passing that way — who was accounted a saint, because he thoued every body, called women, *far-punts*, and the virgin, *the she-lamb*—said that this child would hereafter be a friar, a great litterato, and a stupendous preacher. The event fulfilled the prophecy. For, as to a Friar, that he was as much as any one ; as to a great Litterato, if it was not verefied in his having many letters, yet as to those he had being very fat and bulky, it was completely verified ; and as to his being a stupendous preacher, heart could not wish for more ; for this presently became the most distinguished talent of our little Gerry, as will be seen in the course of this history.

Even before he knew how to read or write, he knew how to preach : for as so many friars, especially those of the begging and messenger kind, the Sabatine preachers, and those who in time of Lent and Advent, went about preaching at the neighbouring

bouring market-towns, called at his father's house, and as these, sometimes asked by my uncle Anthony, and his good woman my aunt Catanla, and at other times (which more frequently happened) without waiting to be asked at all, brought out their papers upon the table, and read their contents, just as if they had been in the pulpit, in an audible and preaching voice, our youngster took great pleasure in hearing and afterwards in imitating them, imprinting most readily on his memory their greatest absurdities; insomuch that these absurdities only seemed retainable by him; and that, if by miracle any good thing dropped from them, he had not a faculty to take it.

Upon a certain occasion there came to the house, in the time of the harvest-quest, a smart little father, with a bit of toupet on his frontispiece, strait-necked, red-bearded, his habit clean, and the folds handsome and regular, a neat shoe, buck-skin breeches, and a great singer of historical songs to the guitar, from whose knee Gerry would never stir, because he gave him sugar-plumbs. The good father was made up of an equal mixture of the coxcomb and the blockhead, and was fond of relating how, when he was a member of a convent

convent in Salamanca, his superior sent him to preach the All-Souls sermon at Cabrerizos, a village in the neighbourhood of that university, and how he had been honoured by having many of the senior fellows, doctors, and professors of it for his hearers, on account of the credit he had got upon the occasion of a rector of a minor college's having taken his degree, who was already in full orders, and of whom there was a public report, that after having obtained the sub-diaconate surreptitiously, he had been confined a year in the ecclesiastical prison in his own part of the country, because three modest young women had laid before the Signior Provisor, three contracts of marriage made by him with the said young women. This affair was made up as well as it could, and, being a lad of genius, he went to prosecute his studies at Salamanca. At the taking his degree, our little Father, who was his countryman, made for him at his desire one of the orations, which began with *Apprehenderunt septem mulieres virum unum*; afterwards he lugged in *Fili tui de longe venient & filiae tue de latere surgent*; nor would he omit, or leave in the inkhorn as we say, so opportune a text as, *Generatio rectorum*

*rectorum benedicetur.* And though texts and passages of Holy Scripture in such compositions, purely rhetorical and profane, are as displaced and impertinent as the verses and fables of heathen poets are when immoderately used in sermons; and notwithstanding the speaker of it ran fairly into the excommunication fulminated by the council of Trent against the abuse of Scripture by ludicrous and satirical application of it, yet this oration had its applause as a wonderful performance, and our said father was dubbed a man of consequence upon it.

As it was known then that he was to preach the All-Souls sermon at Cabretizos, it is true enough that many of the loungers of Salamanca (and there are such of all orders and degrees) who are pleased with whatever is extraordinary, went to hear him: and the good father remained ever after so satisfied with his sermon, that he frequently repeated many clauses of it in all the houses of the brethren in which he was entertained. “Now hear, Gentlemen, “I conjure you, how it began,” said he the first night after supper, to Anthony Zotes, his wife, and the parson of the parish, who had stepped up to my uncle’s when the cloth was taken away, to pay his

com-

compliments to the stranger, and drink a welcome to him, as is the custom in all places where people are well-bred.

“ Fire, fire, fire ! the house is on fire !  
 “ *Domus mea domus orationis vocabitur.*  
 “ Now, Sexton, touch the loud-sounding  
 “ bells : *In cymbalis bene sonantibus.* Do it  
 “ so ; for to toll for the dead, and to toll  
 “ for fire is the same thing, as the judicious  
 “ Picenselus remarks : *Lazarus amicus noster*  
 “ *dormit.* Water, Sirs, water ! for the  
 “ world is burning ; *quis dabit capiti meo*  
 “ *aquam ?* the interlineal, *qui erant in hoc*  
 “  *mundo ;* Pagninus, *et mundus eum non cog-*  
 “ *novit.* But what do I see ! alas, Chris-  
 “ tians, the souls of the faithful are in  
 “ flames ! *Fidelium animæ !* and the vor-  
 “ cious element feeds on flowing pitch ;  
 “ *Requiescant in pace, id est, in pice,* as Va-  
 “ tablus explains it. Fire of God, how it  
 “ burns ! *ignis a Deo illatus.* But now re-  
 “ joice with me, for behold there descends  
 “ the Virgin del Carmen to deliver those  
 “ who have worn her holy scapularies ;  
 “ *scapulis suis.* Let justice be done, says  
 “ Christ ; Mercy defend us ! says the Vir-  
 “ gin. *Ave Maria.”*

Anthony Zotes was astonished ; my aunt Catanla drivelled with delight ; the parson of

the parish, who had been ordained by letters dimissory from a vacant see, and understood the prayers he rehearsed every day as well as any nun would do, looked at him with amazement, and swore by the four Holy Evangelists, that though he had heard the most famous Sabatine preachers of all the country round about preach at Campazas in the Holy Week, yet that none of them could touch the heel of his shoe. He could never enough extol the facetiousness of beginning an All-souls sermon with *Fire, fire, the house is on fire!* And then what an ingenious thought was that of its being the same thing to toll for the dead and to toll for fire! “Ay but, Sir,” interrupted the Father, holding him out his box to take a pinch, “there is more soul in that than appears at first sight. The souls of the defunct are either in heaven, or they are in hell, or they are in purgatory: for the first, there is no occasion to toll, for they want not our prayers or assistance; nor for the second neither, for they will not profit them; we toll then only for the third, that God may deliver them from those flames; now this and the tolling for fire—why, you see, there it all goes together. Now go on, good Sir, with your

your observations, for they please me much, and I see you are a sensible man, and not like a certain senior in our society, who, though he has weight in the order, and is thought to have learning and understanding, told me, (because he has owed me a grudge ever since I refused him my vote for being superior of the convent,) that the sermon was nothing but a heap of absurdities, and such as were cognizable by the inquisition."

" We are all but men (replied the parson) and thus we see even those who profess religion are not exempt from envy. In troth, I believe his Reverence, this senior, never in his life hit upon so clever a thing as that of *Water, water, for the house is on fire*; since, after having tolled the bells for fire, it came in excellently pat to call for water." " Add to this, Sir, (said the Father) that here too, allusion is made to holy water, which, as you know is one of the most powerful assistances to the poor souls in purgatory." " That is clear (answered the parson) because fire is extinguished by water, and so I explain it in the mass to my parishioners," " Ay, Sir, (said my aunt Catanla briskly) and ever since I heard your worship preach, I take care to *sluise* my mother's

mother's grave well with it ; for they say that every drop of holy water that falls upon it, puts out a drop of the fire of *purgatory*." " What I most admire (continues the parson) is, the propriety of the texts ; for it seems no otherwise than as if your paternity carried them in your sleeve, and when you speak of water, directly took out a text that speaks of water ; when of a house, of a house ; and when of the world, of the world ; all so clear, that any one might understand them though he had never studied Latin." That is the nicety of it (answered the Father) : but I will lay a wager you don't know why I brought in the text of *Lazarus amicus noster dormit*, when I said that to toll for the dead, and to toll for fire was the same thing." " I confess, I did not understand it (said the honest parson) and though it seemed to me beside the purpose, yet as I see the great genius of your paternity, I attributed it to my ignorance, and immediately supposed it must undoubtedly conceal some great mystery." " And so it did to be sure (proceeded the Father;) for, pray tell me, when Christ raised Lazarus, was not he dead ? So says St. Augustin, Lyra, Carthagena, and many others ; and there is no

doubt but that this is the most the probable sense; because though the text says he slept, *dormit*, it is because death is called sleep, as is learnedly observed by the most wise, Idiota. Well now, I having talked of *tolling for the dead*, it came in most charmingly, like a pearl, as we say, to set a dead man before you. And why should I chuse Lazarus rather than any other? Here again is the nicety of it; for the majordomo of the Fraternity of All-souls at Cabrerizos was called Lazarus, and was a great friend to our convent, to which he sent every year in charity, a lamb and a couple of gallons of wine; for that reason I said *Lazarus amicus noster*; and at hearing it the Alcalde, the Regidor, and the Notary, who were sitting on the justice-seat, nodded their heads and looked much at one another. The parson could not contain himself, but rising from his seat, and throwing his arms round the father's neck, said almost weeping with joy, "Father, Father, your paternity is a very devil!" And Catanla added, "Blessed are the wombs which bear such sons!"

Little Gerry was very attentive to all this, and never took his eyes off the preacher. But as the conversation grew long,

long, and it was somewhat late, he became sleepy and fell a-crying. His mother put him to bed ; and in the morning, (as he had slept with the stuff he had heard from the father in his head) as soon as his eyes were open he got upon his legs in his little shirt upon the bed, and began preaching the over-night's sermon with much grace, but over and over, without connection, beginning, or end, repeating only the words most easy to be pronounced by his tender tongue, in his own manner, as, *fire, water, benns, sexson, unken Nazarus, Vatabnus, &c.* because he had not yet power to pronounce the *1.* Anthony Zotes and his wife were swallowed up in rapture, gave him a thousand kisses on his divine little mouth, awakened the collegiate father, sent down directly to his house to call the parson, and bid the child repeat the sermon before them, which he did with so much spirit and freedom, that the parson gave him a farthing to buy nuts, the father six carraway comfits, and his mother a bit of plumb-cake which she had brought from a pilgrimage \*: and the pious soul of

\* Pilgrimages, though made from pious motives, to visit the image of a particular saint, make offerings to it, and implore the intercession of him it represents, are generally attended with circumstances of a very different

a Catana relating the prophesy of the blessed lay-brother—so she always called him—they all agreed that this child was appointed to be a great preacher; and that it was necessary without loss of time to send him to school to Villaornate, where there was a very famous master.

## C H A P. V.

*Of the absurdities which he learned in the school of Villaornate.*

THIS master was a lame man; having broken one of his legs when he was ten years old by a fall in climbing after a bird's nest. He had been scholar to a famous master in Leon, who at one striking could make a bird, at another a canopy, and with an A or an M at the beginning of a page filled all the first line with flourishes. He wrote pieces which he dedicated to great personages, who generally paid him well, and though for this he got the name of the master *Huntpenny*, he was not disturbed by the sneerers, nor hindered by them from paying his ridiculous court. Above

complexion; as appears from the common proverb, that “In even a short pilgrimage there is much wine and little wax”—much jollity, and little devotion.

all, he was eminent for designing those pieces of what we call smoaky letters, from their being extravagantly be-flourished ; and in truth he would paint you a motet with letters so smoaky, that if they should come near the flame of a candle they would catch fire. Of this illustrious master had the cripple of Villaornate been a scholar ; and there was a report that he proved at least as tip-top a flourisher as his master himself.

It being an agreed thing that your lame folk are generally, from their more sedentary lives, learned and knowing folk, the Dot-and-go-one of whom we are speaking did not disgrace the maxim, though it must be confessed he was somewhat of a coxcomical and eccentric turn. As he proved so excellent a penman, he immediately thought of turning it to the best account by becoming a school-master ; and to put the finishing stroke to his acquiring a freedom of hand, he hired himself for two or three years as writer to the notary of St. Millan, who was a curious man, and had a parcel of books, all in our own language, some good and some good-for-nothing. Amongst these were three little books of orthography, whose authors fol-

lowed very different and opposite courses; the one insisting that a strict regard should be paid to the etymology or derivation of words; the other that we should write exactly as we pronounce; and the third that all was to be submitted to custom. Each one brought out into the field, rank and file, his arguments, proofs, examples, and authorities, citing academies, dictionaries, lexicons, *ex omni lingua, tribu, populo, et natione*; each one maintained his pretensions with such obstinate valour as if upon this point depended the preservation and essence, or the universal ruin and destruction, of the whole literary world. In one article they all agreed—that orthography was the true *clavis scientiarum*, the foundation of all good knowledge, the principal door to the temple of Minerva, and that if any one entered into it without being a good orthographer, he entered by a false door, since there was not in the world a more lamentable thing than that they should be called writers who did not know how to write. Upon this ground did each author lay about him, and make the devil of a dust in defence of his own particular opinion. As to the Etymologist, his very heart was riven with grief at seeing innumerable Spaniards write

*España* [Spain] without an *H*, in extreme derogation to the honour of their own country, this name being derived from *Hispania*, and that from *Hispaan*, the hero who performed so many valorous exploits in the chace of conies, whence the whole country, remarkable for its number of conies, came in the *Punic* tongue to be called *Hispania*. Or if you will have it derived from *Hesperus*, it has a still more noble origin, since it comes from no other than the bright evening-star, who is lord of the bedchamber to the sun, and gives him his night-cap when he goes to bed, which, as it is very plain to be seen, he always does in the celestial territory of our beloved country : to take from it the *H* with sacrilegious impiety, is to obscure all the splendor of its illustrious descent. And are they who do this to be called Spaniards ! O indignity ! O indecorum !

But where he lost all the stirrups of his patience and his reason too, was, in the base and barbarous, the scandalous custom, or corruption rather, of substituting the Greek *Y*, as the conjunction and in the place of the Latin *I*, which, besides being more neat and trim, has more affinity with the *et* of the same language from which

which we take our *I*. The *Y* moreover, has a most gross and rustic form, since it resembles the great fork with which clowns load hay upon their carts, and was it for no other than this most weighty reason, it ought to be banished from all polished and elegant writing. “Therefore (said this Etymologist) when I see people write *y Peter, y James, y John*, instead of *i Peter, i James, i John*, my bowels *Yearn*, I become *Yond*, and cannot refrain from *Yelping* between my teeth, *Yokes* and *Yellings* be your portion ! And on the contrary I think I can never sufficiently bless the most celebrated authors who know what is their true conjunction, and amongst others the two professors of famous universities, both the immortal honour of present, and the envy of future times, who in their two most important treatises on orthography, have laboured to restore the Latin *I* to the throne of his ancestors with glorious zeal ; for which I do say and will say a thousand times that amongst all the blessed they are most blessed.”

He was not fallen short of by the other author, who, despising etymology and derivation, maintained that in living languages, we ought to write as we speak,

without a single letter's being taken away, that was, or being added that was not pronounced. It was pleasant to see how he warmed, how he mounted, how he grew infuriate, against the introduction of so many *bb*, *nn*, *ss*, and other impertinent letters which are not sounded in our pronunciation. “ In the name of God and the king—said this chap, who could be no other than a Portuguese by his swaggering and arrogance—if we pronounce *onour*, *our*, *eir*, *erbs*, without this aspiration, or perspiration, that there is such a fuss about, why are we to stick to these words the uncalled-for, intruding *b*, which is as much a letter as it is a fool's head, and but a note or aspirative point? Then as to the *nn*, *ss*, *pp*, and other double letters which we waste in the most miserable manner in the world—if *passion* sounds the same with one *s* as with two, and *inocent* as well with a single as a double *n*, *ut quid perditio hæc?* What is this but to waste ink, paper, and time, against all the rules of good economy? I say nothing of the prodigality with which we squander away a prodigious stock of *u's*, which, though they are of no service to us, might be of great assistance to many a poor nation, which has scarcely got an *u* to

to its mouth ; as for example ; *question*, *quality*, *quarter*, and indeed all the words beginning with this letter, which comprehends in itself the pronunciation of the *u* ; they may therefore be written, *qestian*, *qality*, *qarter*, &c. and a great store of *u*'s laid up against a time of need."

On the contrary the orthographist who held custom to be the guide and directress in this matter delivered himself very simply and unaffectedly, and laughing at those who consumed their natural heat on such trifles, said, that to write as our grandfathers had written was a sufficient rule ; especially as in this affair of orthography as yet there were but few certain and generally-admitted principles established, and that in the rest every one framed those which his fancy suggested. Master Martin (so was our hopping pedagogue called, and sometimes Maimed Martin) Master Martin, who, as we have hinted, was rather inclined to follow an eccentric *rhumb*, read all the three treatises ; and as he saw that the thing was for the most part arbitrary, and that every one walked in the paths of his own heart, a most strange idea took possession of his imagination. It seemed to him that he had as good preten-

sions to be the inventor, founder, and patriarch of a new system of orthography, as any jackanapes of them all; and his vanity even flattered him that he might perhaps come out with one, till then never heard or thought of, which should be more just and rational than any hitherto discovered; figuring to himself, that, if he should happily effect this, he should be the most famous master that had ever been in the world from the foundation of schools to the institution of *Esculapiuses*\*, inclusive.

Full of this idea he began thus to reason with himself: "God defend me! Are not words the images of our conceptions, and were not letters invented to represent words, by which, when all is said and done, do not they also come to be representatives of conceptions? Well now, those letters which shall best represent what is conceived, must of course be the most proper and adequate; and thus, when I conceive a small thing, must I not write it with a small letter, and a great conception with a great letter? For instance, can any thing be more impertinent than, speaking of of a Leg of Beef, to write it with

\* A corruption from *Escuelas pías*, schools of charitable foundation.

an *l* as small as if I was speaking of the *leg* of a *lark*; or when treating of a *Mountain*, to make use of such a little scoundrel *m* as if I was talking of a *mouse*? This is not to be borne, and has been a most gross and fatal inadvertency in all who hitherto have written. A pleasant thing indeed, or to speak properly, most ridiculous, to equal *Zaccheus* in the *Z* with *Zabulon* and with *Zorababel*! The first, it is plain from scripture, was a little tiny fellow, almost a dwarf, and the two others any person of judgment conceives to be at least as great and corpulent as the biggest giant on the day of *Corpus*. And to think that they did not fill as much space of air as they fill of the mouth, *proportione servata*, is an idle story. Now behold, let *zaccheus* and *Zabulon* go forth on paper, and being or having been so unequal in their bulk, is it just, is it reasonable, they appear equal in the writing! It can never be; 'tis most highly ridiculous. Item, if one is speaking of a man in whom all things were great, as if one should say a *St. Augustin*, setting forth his *Talents*, his *Genius*, his *Comprehension*, must we write and paint upon paper these gigantic endowments with letters as minute and indivisible as if we were speaking

speaking by comparison of those of the author of *The Epic poem on the life of St. Anthony*, and others of the same stamp? This would be not only ridiculous, but highly offensive to the greatness of an holy father of such magnitude. Besides, what skill can be greater than to enable any reader, with only opening the book, and before he reads a word of it, to know by the size and multitude of the great letters that Grand, Magnificent, and Huge Matter is contained therein; and on the contrary, in seeing that all the letters are of regular and even stature, except here and there one, which by its particular make over-tops the rest, like a few small ensigns in a procession, he may immediately shut the book and not lose his time in reading it, knowing at one cast of his eye that it treats only of very ordinary and common things? I will explain this in an example from a stupendous sermon preached upon this very Saint, the best I ever heard, or expect to hear, in all the days of my life. The preacher was putting a question—to be resolved by himself—why St. Augustin was called *The Great Father of the Church*, and no other holy father or doctor of it had this *Epitext* (so maimed Martin called it) and answered—

“ Because

“ Because my Augustin was not only the Great Father, but the Great Mother, and the Grandfather of the Church. Great Father, because before his conversion He had many sons, though no more than one of them was gained. Great Mother, because He conceived and brought forth many books. Grandfather, because He begot the Hermits of St. Augustin, and the Hermits of St. Augustin afterwards begot all the Mendicant Fraternities, who follow His holy rules and courses, and who are all Grand-daughters of the Great Augustin. And let the Judicious Hearer observe by the way that the Courses destroy the Maternity, and the Courses were what secured the Paternity of my Great Father. MAGNUS PARENTS.”

“ This piece of a sermon—that I heard with these very ears, which the earth has to swallow, and a poor ignorant crazy wretch, though he had the credit of being a scholar and a man of judgment, treated as filthy, stinking, stupid, and worthy of fire; but to me it appeared, and does still at this day appear, the greatest thing in the world—I say that this piece of a sermon, written as it is written, that is, with capital and majestic letters in all that relates to

St.

St. Augustin, calls at first sight the attention of the reader, who seeing it must treat of grand affairs, and not able to contain himself, is carried by an irresistible propensity, regardless of consequences, to read it: whereas on the contrary, had it been written with ordinary letters, he would have very slightly regarded it, and perhaps returned it to its shelf without reading a single word. So that the advantages of my orthography will be, in the first place, the suitableness of the letters to the conceptions which they represent; secondly, the preserving of decorum towards the personages who are treated of; thirdly, a powerful excitement of the attention of the reader; and in the fourth place I may add, an encrease of beauty to the writing itself; since capital letters are upon paper what large trees are in a garden, which at once both dignify and adorn it, and immediately give all beholders to understand that this is the garden of a man of affluence and taste; whilst a book all of equal and small letters looks at best but as a mere kitchen-garden, fit only to lie behind a convent of friars, or furnish cabbages for the market."

With these wise and weighty considerations the extravagant Master Martin became

so enamoured of his new orthography, that he resolved to prosecute, and to teach it. And the school of Villaornate being then vacant, by the promotion of the late master to the Notaryship of Cojezes, he stood candidate for it, and got it with a wet finger, for his fame was already spread abroad by the clients who flocked to the Notary with whom he lived at St. Millan. From the report of so stupendous a master, children tumbled in from all parts of the neighbourhood as thick as hops ; and Anthony Zotes and his wife resolved to send Gerry thither, that his aptitude for learning might be properly cultivated. Master Martin received him with much endearment, and immediately began to distinguish him from amongst the rest of the children. He seated him close by himself ; cut him styles, or little sticks to point out his letters with ; wiped his nose ; gave him nuts and the parings of his apples ; and when the child wanted to go forth, being but lately acquainted with breeches, and not very skilful in the management of them, the master himself let them down for him, and, tucking up his small measure of linen, held him out in a proper posture in the yard 'till his little occasions were performed. All was not gold,

that glittered ; and the sly rogue knew very well that his kindnesses to Gerry would not be lost, or put in a rent sack, as we say, for the good folks at home were delighted beyond measure with them ; and besides paying him very punctually the six-pence a month, the Saturday's cake (and what their son brought was the best and largest) and always accompanied by a couple of turkey eggs as large and fair as the ivory balls used to play with at *Trucos* \*—besides this, I say, when they killed a hog, there were three black-puddings made sure of, with a good piece of the flake, without taking into the account the rectum stuffed with black-pudding, and two good yards of sausages, which were carefully hung by as a regale for the day of the Saint whose name he bore. And when Madam was brought to bed—so the children called the mistress—it was a known thing that the aunt Catana sent her a present of the two fattest fowls of any she had in the yard, and a pound of choice biscuits, which were sent for on purpose from Villamañan. With this Madam and Sir almost vied who should make most of Gerry, insomuch that Madam

\* A game resembling Billiards, but the balls are much larger than those used at Billiards.

cut his nails every Saturday, and once a fortnight dispeopled his head.

## C H A P. VI.

*By which the fifth Chapter is divided, as it grows long.*

NOW with this care which the master took of Gerry, with the application of the child, and with his quickness and good parts, which he really had, he learned easily and expeditiously whatever was taught him. His misfortune was to fall ever into the hands of slovenly and whimsical masters, like the maimed Martin, who, in all the faculties, taught him a thousand follies, forming him from a child to so particular a taste for every thing that was ridiculous, impertinent and extravagant, that he could never leave it; and though he often met with able, wise, and experienced men, who endeavoured to open his eyes that he might distinguish good from evil (as will be seen in the course of this punctual history) it was never possible to dismount him from his hobby-horse—so strong a tincture did his mind retain of the first absurdities that

that were poured into it. Master Martin invented every day greater and greater follies; and having read in a book, intitled *The Master of School-Masters*, that particular care should be taken to teach children their native and mother-tongue with purity and propriety, — because experience shews that the incongruity, barbarisms, and solecisms, with which many natives speak all their lives are owing to the bad manner, improprieties, and wrong phraseology which stick to them in childhood — he was very studious to make them speak the Spanish tongue well. But it happened that he himself could not possibly speak it worse than he did; for as he was so whimsical and strange in his mode of conceiving, in like manner as he had invented a most extravagant orthography, he had also taken it into his head that he could invent a language no less extravagant.

Whilst he was writer to the Notary at St. Milan, he had observed in various processes such expressions as these, *Mary Gavilan, the fourth witness, being examined, &c. Ann Palomo, the eighth witness, &c.* this hurt him infinitely; for, said he within himself, if a man is a witness, a woman must necessarily be a witness, since otherwise,

wise, the sexes are confounded, and instead of Spanish, it seems the barbarous dialect of Biscay. Neither could he suffer that the author of “The Life and Miracles of St. Catherine” should say, *Catherine, the subject of our history*; seeming to him that *Catherine* and *subject* were false concord, since it amounted to the same as to say, *Catherine, the man of our history*, it being a plain case that men only ought to be called *subjects*, and women *subjectesses*. But if he met in a book with such an expression as, *She was not a common woman, but a genius and an elegant writer*, he totally lost his patience, and said to his scholars, all furious and flaming with wrath, “Intolerable! What is there more to be done, but to take off our beards and breeches and put them upon women! Why should it not be said, *She was not a common woman, but a genius and an elegant writrix?*” And by this same rule he taught them that they should never say *el alma* for *la alma*, *el agua* for *la agua*, &c. where the masculine article is joined with a feminine noun to prevent the hiatus of the open vowels; since to comply with custom in this particular was amongst the *ridicularia* of the learned, intolerant, and intolerable Barbadiño.

Above all he was exceedingly disturbed at those words in Spanish which begin with *arre* \*, as *arrepentirse*, *arremangarse*, &c. swearing and forswearing that he would not rest 'till he had banished them from all the dominions of Spain, as it was impossible but that they must have been introduced by some of the carriers who conducted the baggage of the Goths and Arabs. He told the children that to speak in this manner was ill-breeding, and to treat people like mules and asses. And to this purpose he related, that a certain reverend father walking in the streets of Salamanca with a young Irish friar as his companion, who was lately transplanted, and not yet well acquainted with our language, met in River-street with a parcel of water-carriers following their loaded asses, and crying *arre, arre*. The young Irishman asked the father what was the meaning of *are*—pronouncing the *r* softly, as it is customary with strangers—the father answered him that it was intended to make the asses get on. Soon after the father meets an old friend, and stood talking with him in the street so long

\* The *gee ho* of the Spaniards, or expression to quicken the motion of their cattle; two syllables, and the accent strong upon the first *r*.

that

that the Irishman was out of patience, and not knowing how to express himself otherwise, he took hold of his companion's sleeve, and said to him with great pleasantry, “*Are, Father, Are*,” which was celebrated throughout Salamanca with much laughter. “ But now (said Master Martin very much incensed) whether *arre* goes alone, or accompanied by other letters, still it is always *arre*, and it is always a most shameful courtesy to treat rational creatures in this manner: and therefore I give you notice, (and mind you remember it!) that if any of you unhandsomely *arre* my ears, I will handsomely *arre* his a—” and he out with it roundly. Just at this time one of the little ones, who was not yet in breeches, being taken with a necessary call, set himself before the master, and making the usual sign, asked him to go forth with much innocence, but added, that he did not know how to *arremangarse* or tuck up his coats.—“ Then I'll teach thee, thou greatest of all rascals,” said Martin in a rage, snatching the rod; and, no sooner said than done, he threw back his skirts, and laid him on a sound whipping, repeating between whiles, “ There, there, see how you *arre* me again in a hurry!”

All these lessons did our little Gerry take admirably well; and as he likewise learned in a little more than a year to read print, and written hand, and law-processes, and also to make pot-hooks and hangers, and was almost in whole joining, the master thought it incumbent on him to cultivate him more and more, teaching him all the most abstruse and recondite matters he was himself acquainted with, and with which he had shone at more than two meetings of the fraternity he belonged to, in the presence of some of the clergy who were esteemed the most mighty moralists of all the country; one of which, who had all *Larraga*\* at his fingers' ends, and was a man that soared out of sight, was thunderstruck and dumb-founded upon hearing him on such an occasion.

Now it happened, as his evil genius or ill-luck were ever setting before poor Martin all manner of ridiculous things, and as he had the knack of making whatever was the reverse appear to be such in his mouth, that a Spanish comedy, entitled, *El Villano Cavallero*, or, The Clown turned Gentleman, a bad copy of one written in French

\* A book of morality in which candidates for orders are examined.

by the incomparable Moliere, with almost the same title, fell into his hands. In this comedy is a pleasant banter on those pedantic pedagogues who waste their time in teaching children things impertinent and ridiculous, of which the ignorance is of as much importance as the knowledge ; and to exemplify this a master is introduced to the new-made gentleman to teach him how the vowels and consonants are pronounced. Now what does you me this maimed Martin, this *Diable Boiteux* o' my sins, but learn all this pleasant passage by heart, and, being as maimed in his noddle as he was in his supporters, understand it all with the greatest seriousness in the world, figuring to himself what in reality was no other than a most delicate satire as a lesson so important, that without it there could not be a school-master, who, before God and in conscience, ought to be one !

One day then, having corrected the tasks with more haste than usual, he called Gerry to him, made him stand before the table, rung the bell for silence, ordered all the boys to be attentive, and addressing himself to our youngster said, with great gravity, "Tell me, son, how many letters are there?" "I don't know, Sir," an-

swered Gerry readily, " for I have not counted them." " Then you are to know (continued Martin) there are twenty-four, and if you doubt it, count them." The child counted them, and said with intrepidity, " Sir, in my book there are twenty-five." " Thou art a blockhead (replied the master) because the two first A a are but one letter with a different form or figure :" he saw he had hurt his beloved little scholar, and, to reassure him, added, " but I don't wonder that you, being but a child, and not having been above a year at school, should not know the number of the letters, for many men do I know who are full of grey hairs, who are called most learned, and who are seen in high posts and dignities, who yet do not know the letters of the alphabet—but thus goes the world !" And upon saying this he drew a most profound sigh. " The fault of this fatal ignorance is to be laid to the state and magistracy, which admit for school-masters idiots who are not fit to be made altar-boys ; but this is not for you, nor for this place ; the time will come when the king shall know what passes. Let us go on.

" Of these four and twenty letters some are called consonants, others vowels. The vowels

vowels are five, a, e, i, o, u; they are called vowels or *bocales*, because they are pronounced with the mouth or *boca*."

"Then perhaps, Sir, (interrupted Gerry with his natural vivacity) the others are pronounced with the —", making use of a word which set all the boys a laughing very heartily. Martin was a little out of countenance, but taking it as a joke, he contented himself with looking somewhat serious, and bidding him not be so bold, but to let him go on with what he was saying. "I say then that the vowels or *bocales*, are called thus because they are pronounced with the mouth or *boca*, and purely with the voice; but the consonants are pronounced with the addition of vowels. This is better explained by example. *A* the first vowel is pronounced by opening the mouth wide, *A*. As soon as Gerry heard this he opened his little mouth, and looking round on all sides, repeated many times, "a, a, a; our master is in the right of it." Martin proceeded, "the *E* is pronounced by drawing the under jaw nearer to the upper one, *e*." "Let us see, let us see, said the child, "as I do now, Sir, *e, e, e, a, a, a, e*; Jesus, what a clever

thing this is ; " " The I is pronounced by bringing the jaws still closer together, and drawing back, equally, the extremities of the mouth towards \* the ears, i, i." " Stay, Sir, let me see if I do it, i, i, i." " Neither more nor less, my son ; you pronounce the i to perfection. The O is formed by opening the jaws, and then joining the lips at their extremities, their middle parts somewhat protruded and open, of themselves forming a round thing which represents an o." Gerry with his usual intrepidity began immediately to make the experiment, and to bawl o, o, o. The master would know if the rest of the boys had learned this most important lesson, and ordered that they should all at once, in a loud voice, pronounce the letters he had just explained to them. Directly was set up a noise, confusion, and uproar, as of all the infernals. Some bawled a, a, a ; others e, e, e ; others i, i, i, and others o, o, o. Martin hopped about from form to form looking at some, listening to others, and correcting all ; one's jaws he opened, another's he closed, held together the lips of a third, stretched wide those of a fourth,

\* The i in Spanish is pronounced like our double e e.  
and,

and, in short, such the rude noise was and the wild disorder, that, if things religious may be like these trifling, the school seemed neither more nor less than the choir of the holy church of Toledo on the Vespers of the Expectation \*.

With a head chock-full of these impertinences, and most profitably stored with folly and extravagance, reading badly, and writing worse, did our Gerund return home to Campazas ; for the master had told his parents that his conscience would not suffer him to keep him longer at school, as he was a boy who soared out of sight, and charged them not to delay putting him immediately to grammatical learning, for that he would become the honour of the whole country. Our young scholar the very night

\* “ The festival of our lady of O, in expectation of delivery, so called from the seven preceding anthems to the *Magnificat* beginning with O, sung seven days before the birth, *O Sapientia*, &c.---*O Adonai*---*O Radix Jesse*---*O Clavis David*---*O Oriens*---*O Rex Gentium*---*O Emmanuel*.---All these O’s are significant expressions of the vehemence with which the prophets desired the coming of the Messiah ; and to these O’s of the patriarchs are consonant the O’s or desires of the Virgin---O when will that day come---O when will that happy hour arrive, when I shall see with my eyes and hold in my arms the Son of God and me ! O when, O when, &c.. This festival was instituted by a bishop of Toledo.” Bluteau.

he arrived, failed not to make an ostentation of his abilities, and the great matters he had learned at school, before his father and mother, the parson of the parish, and a friar who was upon his journey of going from one convent to be settled at another, for of these sort of gentry the house was scarcely ever clear. "What shall I lay, Sir (says Gerry to the parson) that you don't know how many letters there are in the alphabet?" The parson was surprized by a question he had never heard made before, and answered, "Son, I never counted them." "Then count them (proceeds the boy) and I will lay an halfpenny, that even after having counted them you don't know how many they are." The parson counted five and twenty, after having blundered two or three times in the a, b, c; and Gerry, clapping his hands with great glee, and crowing, said, "Ah, ah! I have caught you! I have won! For you reckon for two letters the two first A a which is but one letter written in different manners." Then he said to the Friar, "I will lay another halfpenny that you don't know how ass should be written, whether with a great A or a little one." "Son, replied

plied the good Religious \*, I have always seen it written with a little one." " No Sir, no Sir, if the ass is a little tiny one indeed and still at school, it is written with a little a ; but if it is a great ass, such an ass as my father, I say, if it is such an ass as my father has, it must be written with a great A ; because my master says that things are to be written as they are, and upon that account that a leg of beef requires a much larger l than a leg of mutton." The reason was convincing to them all, astonished as well at the profound wisdom of the teacher as at the progress of the disciple: and the good Friar confessed, that though he had gone through the courses of the two universities of Salamanca and Valladolid, he had never heard in them any thing like this; and turning to Antony Zotes and his wife, assured them with much weight and consideration " The money was well spent, my good brethren, that was paid to the master of Villaornate, and you have not in the least to *arrepentirse* or repent yourselves of it." As soon as the child heard *arrepentirse*, he began spitting and spawling in abhorrence of it, exclam-

\* When this word is used substantively it means always one of the regulars or professed,

ing,

ing, “ Jesus, Jesus, what a vile phrase! *Arrepentirse!* No Sir, no Sir, *arrepentirse* is never said, nor any thing with *arre*; for that my master says is fit only for mules and asses, and not for Christians, who ought to say *enrepentir enremangar*, &c.” The parson was amazed, the Friar crossed himself, the good Catanla wept for joy, and Anthony Zotes could not contain himself without crying out, “ O ’tis a most sweet folly!” An expression with which a thing never heard or seen before is extolled in Campos:

As Gerry saw the applause with which his wit was celebrated, he would not leave any stop in his intellectual organ untouched, and addressing himself again to the parson, said, “ Sir, ask me something about the vowels and consonants.” The parson, who understood not a syllable of what the child meant, answered, “ of what Bowels, son, the bowels of a man or the bowels of a woman?” “ No Sir, of the letters called vowels and consonants.” The good parson was out of countenance, and confessed that he had never been instructed in such deep things. “ But I have,” continued the child, and directly lugged in the whole ridiculous affair, from ear to tail, without

without missing a jot, which he had heard Maimed Martin descant upon concerning the vowels and consonants ; and when he had done, to see if they understood him, he said to his mother, “ Mamma, how is A pronounced ?” “ How should it be pronounced, son, but thus, A,” opening the mouth ?” “ No, mother ; but how is the mouth opened ?” “ How should it be opened, son, but thus, A ?” “ 'Tis not that, Madam ; but when you open it to pronounce the A, what is it that you do ?” “ Open it, my son,” replied the most good Catanla. “ Open it ! this is saying nothing ; you open it likewise to pronounce the E, and to pronounce the I, O, U ; but you do not thus pronounce the A : look-ye, Madam, to pronounce the A, we lower one jaw and raise the other, in this manner,” and laying hold of his mother's jaws he distended them pretty handsomely, telling her that the more she opened her mouth the better would be the A she pronounced. Then he made his father pronounce the E, the parson the I, the Friar the O, and he himself chose, as the most difficult of all, the pronunciation of the U, charging them, that they should all, at the same time, pronounce the letter fallen to their share, raising

ing their voices as much as they could, and observing the form of each other's mouth, that they might see the punctuality of the rules which he had been taught by Master Martin. The tone of their voices was very different, my aunt Catanla having a rough and masculine, Anthony Zotes a hollow and thin, the parson a snuffling and nasal, the Friar, who had narrowly missed being vicar of the choir, a corpulent and bell-wether, and Gerry a treble and squeaking, voice. Each began to play his part, and to pronounce his letter with all the noise he could make; the room was rent, the house thundered: it was a summer evening, and all the neighbours were taking the air at their street-doors: they all ran to the horrible uproar in Anthony's house, thinking either that it was on fire, or that some terrible misfortune had happened; they entered the parlour: behold the strange figure; hear them continuing their noise and ignorant of what had passed, supposed they had all suddenly run mad. They were preparing to bind them, hand and foot, when a thing, hardly to be credited or imagined, put an instant stop to their bawling, and had well nigh turned their

their merry music into a melancholy dirge. As the good Catanla, in her zeal to pronounce an extraordinary fine A, opened her mouth most extraordinarily wide, and as bountiful nature had provided her with that organ in most abundant measure, being a woman, who could at once take in a pound-pear up to the root of the stalk, it was her mishap to dislocate her jaw so dreadfully, that she stood a fit object for the mask of a puppet-show, all the entrance of the esophagus being discovered, with the salival ducts, so clear and distinctly, that the barber said he perceived even the lymphatic vessels, by which the respiration is sent forth. They were all silent; they were all frightened; every diligence was used to restore the jaw to its place, but without effect, 'till it occurred to the barber to give her a sudden and forcible chuck under the chin, which directly set it in its natural position, though as she was unprepared for it, she bit her tongue a little, and spat red after it. With this the performance ended in laughter; and the neighbours being informed of the motive of it, they were astonished at the knowledge of the child Gerund, and all told his father that

he must be sent to his studies, for that without doubt he would come to be a bishop.

## C H A P. VII.

*He studies Grammar with a Domine, who, with regard to intellect, could not be married to Maimed Martin without a Dispensation.*

THIS was what Anthony Zotes was already thinking of; and all the doubt was whether he should be sent to Villagarcia, or to a certain place not far from Campazas, where there was a Domine who had amazed all the country, and, as some said, was a greater Latinist than the famous Taranilla. But Madam Catana, inspired like a fury, protested that her son should sooner be thrown down the well than be sent to Villagarcia, that the Theatines might kill him; for that her husband had still the marks of a whipping-bout which they had given him only because he had now and then drank two or three quarts of wine more than his stomach would bear, and used to divert himself

self with the girls of the place, which were all but trifling matters and things which the best of young men would do, and that without spoiling their fortune, or omitting to comply with all religious duties like any old and pure-blooded Christian. Upon which, in order to content her, it was finally determined to send the boy to his studies with the Domine; and, as an additional motive, my uncle Anthony asserted with an oath, that he only had construed the elegant dedication of his brother the gymnasiac without the least mistake, a thing, which not the greatest moralists of all the desert, nor any one of all the many learned and reverend brethren whom he had entertained in his house, though some of them were Definers \*, had been capable of doing.

As soon then as St. Luke's day arrived, Anthony himself went with his son to present and recommend him to the Domine. And for a Domine they found a tall, up-

\* A Definer is a kind of Counsellor who gives advice either to a Provincial concerning the businels of a province, or to a general upon affairs relating to the whole order. There is a settled number of these Counsellors; the first are called Definers-Provincial, the second Definers-General. *Ex*-Definer is one who has passed the office; and so of *Ex*-Provincial, &c.

right, dry, old man, with bushy eye-brows luxuriating on each other's territory, hollow eyes, a long and Roman nose, a black beard, a sonorous, grave, deliberate, and imposing voice, a furious snuff-taker, and perpetually inclosed to his heels in an old-fashioned grey cloth cloak, with a cap of marked leather (something between such an one as ties under the chin and a scull-cap) which in its primitive institution had been black, but was now of the same colour with the cloak. His conversation was inlaid work of Latin upon Spanish, quoting at every turn sayings, sentences, hemistics, and whole verses of the ancient and modern Latin poets, orators, historians, and grammarians, in support of any non-sensical position. Anthony Zotes told him that this boy was his son, and that, as a father ought, he was desirous of giving him the best education in his power. "Optimè enimvero," interrupted the Domine directly, "that is the first obligation of parents, maximè when God hath given them sufficient ability; Plutarch says, *Nil antiquius, nil parentibus sanctius quam ut filiorum curam habeant, iis præsertim quos Plutus non omnino insulutatos reliquit.*" Anthony Zotes added, that he had likewise studied his little matters of

of grammar, and was anxious that his son should study it—“*Qualis pater, talis filius,*” replied the Domine, “though it was better said by another, speaking of mothers and daughters.

*De meretrice puta quod sit semper filia puta,  
Nam sequiter leviter filia matris iter.*

Which you see, Sir, may easily be applied to sons in respect to their fathers; and know sir, *obiter*, that these verses by us scholars are called leonine; because, as when the lion (*animal rugibile* the philosopher defines him) turns up his tail, the extremity of it (*cauda caudæ*, the tail of the tail, I called it in a dedication to the city of Leon) falls upon the middle of the back of this roaring animal, so the tail of the verse, which is the last word, if it were turned up, would fall upon the middle of the said verse. Observe it, Sir, in the hexameter; *puta puta*, exactly fitting, and as if born to go together; then in the pentameter *leviter*, of which *iter* is the echo. For though a modern, (*quos Neotericos dicimus cultissimi Latinorum*) chuses to say that this echo or rhyme is a puerile, ridiculous, and very late invention, *pace tanti viri*, I will tell him to his face, that so early as the

time of Martial it was very usual with the Greeks, *juxta illud, nusquam Græcula quod recantat echo.* And if there were need to cite Aristotle, Euripides, Callimachus, or even Gauradas himself, who, though he may not be a poet much known, yet has his good two thousand years of antiquity, I could shew him *luce meridiana clarius* whether this affair of the echo was or was not a modern invention; and I would first ask him if it was probable that a puerile and ridiculous thing should be invented by a man who was called *Gauradas. O furor! O insania maledicendi!*"

" As this child, Sir," proceeded Anthony Zotes, " shews much vivacity, though he is but ten years old"—" *Ætas humanicribus literis aptissima,*" (interrupted the pedant) as Justus Lipsius said; and still with more elegance in another place, *de- cenis Romanæ linguæ elementis maturatus.* For though there have been seen in the world children at that, and even under that age, who were perfect grammarians, orators, and poets, *quos videre sis apud Anium Viterbien- sem de præcocibus mentis partibus;* yet these are with reason called, monsters of nature, *mnstrum horrendum, ingens.* And Quintus Horatius Flaccus, *quem lyricorum antistitem extitisse*

*extitisse mortalium nemo iverit inficias*, was not fond of those anticipated fruits, as it seemed to him that they never came to good, and therefore *solemne erat illi dicere, odi puero præcoces fructus*. “ And the lame master of Villaornate with whom he was” —did the good Anthony endeavour to proceed,—“ Hold, Sir,” cut him off short the be-latinized Domine; “ *Siste gradum, viator*; was this child with the lame master of Villaornate ?” “ Yes, Sir,” answered the father, “ *O fortunate nate!* (exclaimed the most erudite preceptor) O child a thousand times happy ! Many famous cripples did antiquity celebrate, as you may have read, Sir, in the curious treatise *de claudis non claudicantibus*, taking the present for the preterite, according to that rhetorical figure *præsens pro præterito*, which we call *enallage*; a treatise composed by a *prevôt des marchands* at Lyons in France, called *Monsieur Pericon*; for know, Sir, by the way, that in France even the *Pericons* \* are *monsieurs*, and may be *prevôts des marchands*. *Immo potuis*, without recurring to ancient times, *novissimis his temporibus*, in our own days, there was in this very France a most

\* *Perrico*, in Spanish signifies a little dog, which is what the Domine here alludes to.

celebrated cripple, called *Gil Menage*, who, though he was not a cripple *natura sua*, yet, however it be, he was a true and real cripple, that is, a cripple *realiter & a parte rei*, as the philosopher elegantly explains himself; and notwithstanding his being a cripple, he was a most wise man—*Sapientissimus claudorum quotquot fuerunt & erant*, as Pliny the Younger said learnedly. But, *meo videri*, in my poor opinion, all the ancient and modern cripples were sucking cripples in respect to the cripple of Villaornate; I speak *intra suos limites*, in his walk of schoolmaster, and therefore I said that this child had been a thousand times happy in having such a master: *O fortunate nate!*

“ He is not less so (proceeded Anthony Zotes) in having you, Sir, for his preceptor.” “ *Non laudes hominem in vita sua, lauda post mortem*,” said the Domine gravely; “ these are the words of the Holy Spirit, but the Heathen poet hath better said,

*Post fatum landare decet, dum gloria certa.*”

“ Better than the Holy Spirit, Sir!” asked Anthony in a fright. “ What! are you scandalized at this, Sir,” said the Domine, “ how often must you have heard in the

very

very pulpit, from preachers who soar out of sight, Thus says the royal prophet, thus Jeremiah, thus Paul, but *I* say it in another manner? What is this but to tell us, I say it better? *Præterquam quod* I do not assert that the saying is better, but that it is better said, because the words of the Holy Scripture are but little suitable to confirm the rules of grammar, *verba sacræ scripturæ grammaticis exemplis confirmandis parum sunt idonea.*" "That I read in I know not what book (said the good Anthony) when I studied at Villagarcia, and yet I could not help being scandalized at it." "Ay this (said the Domine) the theologists call *scandalum pusillorum*, an offence to the weak-minded; and though they tell us that such are not to be despised, and in this particular I think they have reason, yet they likewise say a thousand other things very contemptible, notwithstanding it is they who say them."

"I do not meddle with such deep things" (said honest Anthony) "and what I beseech of you, Sir, is, that you will take care of my boy, for I will take care to thank you as I ought, and that you will look to him as if you were his father." "Prima magistrorum obligatio", answered the

Domine, “*quos discipulis parentum loco esse  
debet*,” said Sallust to this purpose; it is the  
first obligation of masters to treat their  
scholars as their children, for they are in  
the place of parents. And tell me, son”,  
speaking to our little one, something be-  
tween gravely and kindly, “ have you yet  
studied any grammatical institutes ?” “ No,  
Sir,” answered Gerry readily, as it sounded  
to him (in the language it was put) like a  
question of crow quills, “ No, Sir, the quills  
I have are not crow quills, but goose quills,  
which my mother pulls from a great goose  
we have in our house; i’n’t it so, father ?”  
The preceptor smiled at the quickness and  
intrepidity of the boy, and said, *non quero  
a te hoc*, I do not ask you that; I ask you  
if you have any pocket, any thing yet in  
your little budget ?” “ Sir, I had a pocket  
when I wore petticoats, but when I was  
breeched my mother took it away from  
me.” “ *Non valeo a risu temperare*,” said  
the Domine, and in the midst of his great  
gravity, burst into laughter, adding, “ *in-  
genium errando probat*: son, what I ask you  
is, if you have learned any thing of the Acci-  
dents ?” “ O, yes, Sir; I have already got  
as far as *musæ*, &c.” “ You should not say  
so, my dear, but *musæ musæ*.” “ No, Sir,  
no,

no, Sir; my Accidence does not say *musæ* *musæ*, but *musæ* *æ*." "Ay, ay, according to that I see that thou hast studied the Accidents of Nebrixæ." "No, Sir; in my Accidence there is no picture of a lizard (to which the name of that grammarian has something of a similar sound in the Spanish) but a fine bold lion; look, Sir;" shewing the lion, a device of the printer, in the frontispiece.

The candour of Gerry did not fail to be well received by the rigid severity of the preceptor, who, turning to the father, said, in weighty accent, " *Ecce tibi sebosus*, behold here one of those errors, gross as a tallow candle, which I observe in these Accidents of Nebrixæ, or of la Cerda, though it is that made use of by the fathers of the company of Jesus, with whom also I studied. It is certain that they are most wise men, but yet they are but men, and *hominum est errare*; they are sharp, they are good, wits, and very lively; but very lively and very good was the wit of Homer, and, notwithstanding, *aliquando bonus dormitat Homerus*. To begin grammar with *Musa*, *Musæ*, is to begin where it should end; *cæpisti qua finis erat*; because the Muses, or poetry, is the last thing to be taught

taught to youth, and follows rhetoric. This is an argument with which I have attacked many Jesuits, most famous men, and not one of them could give me an answer; but how indeed should they answer me, when there is no answer to be given? *Deinde*, as to the printing of the Accidents, instead of putting *nominativo musa*, *genitivo musæ*, *dativo musæ*, *accusativus musam*, at full length and due extension, to save paper they abbreviate, *nom. musa*, *gen. æ*, *dat. æ*, *acc. am.* And what follows? Either the poor children pronounce thus, *quod video quam sit ridiculum*, or it will be necessary to mispend our time in teaching them to pronounce properly, & *nihil est tempore pretiosius*. But where the inconveniences of these abbreviations is palpable *ad oculum*, is, in the dictionaries, whether that of Salas or of Requejo. A child goes to book, *exempli causa*, for the Latin for *mother*, and instead of meeting with *mater matris*, he finds *mater tris*; he looks for *to send*, and instead of *mitto mitis*, has *mitto is*; he wants to know what is for *shirt*, and for *subucula subuculæ*, reads only *subucula æ*. He is minded, suppose, like the boy they tell us of, to write his mother a Latin letter, to shew her what a progress

progress he has made, in which he tells her that he has sent her a foul shirt to wash, and brings in such a string of absurdities as this, *mater tris, mitto is, subucula æ, ut lavo as.*—*Quid tibi videtur?* What do you think of it, Signior Anthony Zotes?"

"What I cannot help thinking, which is, that, though I had heard a thousand things of the most stupendous knowledge of your worship, and had indeed had some experience of it, but having heard you know, I am quite astonished, I cannot help thinking, I say, Sir, that, upon my return home I have many thanks to give to my Catanla, because it was she who put the sending my son to Villagarcia out of my head, and consequently to her, under God, it is owing that he has the great happiness of having so very learned a preceptor." With this he took leave of the Domine, placed Gerry at a Dame's or boarding-house in the town, and returned to Campazas; where, as soon as he arrived, he told his wife and the parson of the parish, who were standing waiting for him at the door, that if Gerry had been lucky in meeting with Master Martin, of Villaornate, yet that his fortune was still greater in lighting upon such a preceptor as the Domine, with whom he had left him,

who

who could dumbfound the devil himself with Latin, and that all the Theatins of Villagarcia together, did not come to the heel of the shoe of his knowledge. "Lord, Lord, it was a very Gabilon! [Babylon] More than one full hour were we at it, hand to hand; and to every word I said, he produced, directly, such heaps of proofs and quotations, all in Latin, that it seemed for all the world as if he carried them in the breast-pocket of his large cloak. In short, the cripple of Villaornate may well be the paragon of what we call school-masters, those who have children only under them, but in the line of preceptor, the Domine of Villamandos is the man *per omnia sœcula sœculorum*, nor, while Campos is Campos, will there be one who shall eclipse him."

In truth the parallel could not have been more just; for, if the most polished Martin had an innate propensity to whatever is extravagant, as to the orthography and propriety of the Spanish language, the Latinissime Domine could not have a more slovenly taste in all that pertained to Latinity, beginning with Latin orthography, and ending with poetry. He certainly understood the writers in that language tolerably well, and had read many of them;

but he was most pleased with the least excellent ; and, above all, those were his greatest favourites who were most bombastical and unintelligible. He preferred the affected pomposity of Ammianus and Pliny the Younger, to the grave majesty of Cicero ; the obscurity and asperity of Valerius Maximus, to the sweet elegance of Livy ; the enthusiasm of Statius, to the sublime and judicious elevation of Virgil ; he said that Martial was insulce, in respect to Catullus\* ; and that all the graces of the imitable Horace were not worthy to unloose the shoe-latchets of the jokes of Plautus. The conceits of Seneca gave him great delight ; but what he was most furiously enamoured of, was, the jingling and clattering and rattling of the style of Cassiodorus, though he had never read any of it but in the approbations prefixed to books, which he was always eager to peruse, assured that he should find few but what were ornamented with his most polished fragments, for an approbation without Cassiodore is the same (as we say proverbially) as a sermon without St. Austin, and an olla podrida without bacon.

\* Martial was a native of Spain.

To

To his taste nothing was more grateful than a book with a sonorous, pompous, high-sounding title, especially if it was allegorical, and the allegory well pursued. On this account he made a supreme estimation of the famous work intitled, *Pentacontarchus, sive quinquaginta militum ductor, stipendiis Ramirezi de Prado conductus, cuius auspiciis varia in omni literarum ditione monstra profligantur, abdita panduntur, latebræ & tenebræ pervestigantur & illustrantur*; that is, “The Pentacontarch, or captain of fifty soldiers in the pay of Ramirez de Prado, under whose auspices are put to flight various monsters in all the dominions of literature, hidden things laid open, and darknesses and lurking holes penetrated and illustrated.” Now, though there could not in reality be a more ridiculous title, especially when we find that after all the parade, the whole business of the Signior Pentacontarch is to attack fifty errors, which the good Ramirez de Prado thought he had discovered, in various faculties, and, notwithstanding the allegory is presently destroyed, since we never heard of regiments or companies of soldiers being raised in order to give chace to monsters and

and wild beasts, and much less that it is incumbent on the soldiery to examine dark holes and corners, performing the office of candles, which are the chief foes to darkness, yet the blessed Domine did not boggle at these minutenesses, but ravished with the streperosity of pentacontarch, captain, soldiers, and stipendiary, told his scholars that never was there title of a book like this invented, and that this was the way to baptize a work with elegance and sonorosity. Upon the same principle he had much favour for the Latin parentation, made on the death of a certain personage, called Fol de Cardona, a pious man and blessed with many heavenly comforts, to which were given this most suitable title, *Follis spiritualis, ventro consolatorio turgidus, acrophytio Sacrae Scripturæ armatus, manuque Samaritani applicatus*, that is, “The spiritual bellows, inflated by the spirit of consolation, applied to the organ of the Holy Scripture, and blowed by the Samaritan.” “Who has ever yet excogitated,” said the most pedantic preceptor, “such an elegant and judicious thing? If any thing can come into competition with it, it is the incomparable title of that most eloquent book, printed in Italy in the close of the

last century, with this harmonious inscription, *Fratrum Roseæ Crucis fama scancia redux, buccina jubilæi ultimi, Eve hyperboleæ prænuntia, montium Europæ cacumina suo clangore feriens, inter colles & valles Arabiæ resonans*—The declining fame of the brothers of the red cross recovered, the trumpet of the last jubilee, the forerunner of the hyperbolic Eve, striking with its clangour the tops of the European mountains, and resounding amongst the hills and vallies of Arabia.—This is to elevate and surprize; every thing else is but crawling on the ground. The affecters indeed of criticism and polite learning have now given into the custom of putting such simple, clear, and natural titles to books, that any old woman may understand the subjects of which they treat at the first cast of her eye, endeavouring to persuade us that this ought to be done, and that the rest is all pedantry—a filthy word and of very bad sound," and in saying this the Domine was possessed by furious wrath. “ All the reason they alledge for so low and vulgar a taste, is, that neither Cicero, nor Livy, nor Cornelius Nepos, nor any other author of the Augustan age ever used sounding titles, but always simple and

and natural ones—*Ciceronis Epistolæ, Cicero de Officiis, Historia Titi Livii, Annales Cornelii Taciti*—and then they are for ever harping upon the age of Augustus, the age of Augustus for ever, till they be-age and be-Augustus our very senses; as if in all ages it was not a common thing to have men of bad taste, and who committed a thousand errors, as the Holy Church herself says expressly in a prayer which begins, *Deus qui errantibus*, and ends, *per omnia sœcula sœculorum*. Let Cicero, let Titus Livius, let Tacitus, and let a hundred Tacitus, a hundred Livies, and a hundred Ciceros, say what they will, all that they ever did never came near the heel of that most stupendous work intitled, *Amphitheatrum sapientiae eternæ, solius, veræ, Christiano-cabalisticum, divino-magicum, nec non physico-chymicum, ter-tri-unum-catholicum; instructore Henrico Conrath.*—“ The Amphitheatre of wisdom eternal, sole, true, christiano-cabalistical, divino-magical, physico-chymical, three-in-one Catholicon ; constructed or fabricated by Henry Conrath.—Let them shew me in all antiquity, though their Augustan age be in it, a thing to equal this. I omit the beauty of the

concatinated adjectives, each with its flippery dactyle, denotative of the matters treated in the work. After having called this work an *Amphitheatre*, what could be more acute, more suitable, or more to the purpose than to say *constructed* or *fabri-cated*, and not *written* or *composed* by Henry Conrath, pursuing the allegory to the very last morsel. If this be not elegance, may I be bereft of the chrism of true Latinity!"

## C H A P. VIII.

*Gerund leaves the school of the Domine, being become a furious Latinist.*

AFTER the Preceptor had uttered so terrible a malediction upon himself, which, if for our sins it had been effectual, would have defrauded the preceptorial Latinity of one of its most ridiculous ornaments, he went on to instruct his disciples in the chief parts, which a good Latin book comprises. After the title of the book, he told them, followed the names and titles of the author; and as the strepitous, magnificent, and intricate resonance of the title, naturally excited the curiosity of the reader, so the titles, honours, and employments of the author, give all the world to know at once the merit of the work. “ For it is clear, seeing a book composed by a Doctor of divinity, by a Regius-professor, and particularly if he is a fellow of a college, by an Abbot, by a Prior, by a Definer; but what if an *Ex* be added to many of the titles, as *Ex*-Definer,

Ex-Provincial, &c. and, moreover, it be said that he is a Divine of the Nunciature, of the Council of the Conception, Counsellor of the Supreme, a King's Chaplain ; above all, if in the titles are seen half a dozen *Protos*, with a few *Arches*, as Proto-physician, Proto-philo-mathematician, Arch-historiographer ; it is indubitably the greatest recommendation of the work ; and any one who has his understanding rightly placed, and his judgment where it should be, wants nothing more to be persuaded that an author so decorated cannot produce a thing which is not exquisite in its kind, and falls to the book with so high a conception of the wisdom of the author as amazes him. Blessings attend our countrymen, the Spaniards, and the Germans likewise, who in this respect have set a most laudable example to the republic of letters ; since, if they print but a pamphlet, whether in Latin or their own language, a sermon, an oration, or even a moral advice, they set in the front of it all that they are, all they were, and even all that they might have been, that the reader may not be misinformed, but may know certainly who it is that speaketh ; for what but this is meant by, Past-lecturer, *olim socius*, Ex-provincial,

Secretary-general, Visitor, and one who was thought of for a bishop, by having been mentioned in the council? And thus it ought to be; for besides what this conduces in recommendation of the book, another advantage is gained by it, which few have worthily considered. It is now the custom every where to have catalogues or accounts of the writers of all nations, in which it is necessary to express at least the country, the age, the possession, and the works which each writer has given to the world. Now by this method of the writer's setting forth all his titles, and particularly if he takes care to declare the country in which he was born, as many are laudably accustomed to do, that it may not be defrauded of its due honour, saying, *N. N. Gen'rosus Valentinus, nobilis Cœsaraugustanus, clarissimus Cordubiensis & reliqua*, the industrious composer of such catalogue or account is spared much trouble, enquiry, and expence, because, immediately upon opening any work, he finds, before every thing else, the life of the author written by himself.

“ And upon this principle I not only do not condemn, but I greatly praise certain modern writers, who, if a good occasion of-

fer, let fall, in any little performance, an information of all the other works they have before published, as well that the curious reader may there see them all together, as to prevent any evil-minded person from fathering an offspring that is not his own, lest we should not be able to judge conclusively by the difference of style of a supposititious child. From this most important motive was an individual notice thought requisite to be given of all, or almost all, the productions with which hitherto the republic of letters hath been enriched, by a certain neoteric writer, a polished, terse, elegant, exact orthographer, even to prolixity, even to scrupulosity : a *columbine* and *serpentine* author, both in one, as to shew his wisdom and his harmlessness, he called himself *Fr. Columbo Serpiente*, and published a little treatise, intitled, *The Rout of the Alans*, against the most learned, most eloquent, and most modest M. Soto-Marne, thus I call him ; for though the king and council may be of a different opinion, and deny him licence to write or print any thing against that poor man, Signor Feyjoo, yet we are not to be deprived of the liberty of judging as we see fit. It was suspected and said in a certain community, that

that this routed or routing paper, was written by Doctor ——. Now what an atrocious injury was this suspicion ! What a public affront ! the discourse of three or four friends in the cell of a convent ! The irritated Doctor flies into a rage, sets his grey-goose lance in its rest, and writes a letter to a certain brother of his, who was almost lecturer, or lecturer as-it-were, of the said community, prints it, and disperses it over Spain, that all men might know the injury he had received, and the satisfaction he had taken, which, without doubt, was very great. And after having treated this *Rout* as it deserved, calling it *The Rout of Conscience and Urbanity, the Rout of the Spanish Language, the Rout of Erudition, the Rout of Wit, the Rout of Method, the Rout of Orthography*; and, in short, the Rout of all the Routs followed by the most noble pens in the sea of criticism and literature; he adds, not one thing is there in it which can be called mine : neither the phrase, nor contexture, nor transitions, nor the manner of conveying knowlege, nor the want of elegance, nor the impropriety of the words, nor the grossness of the raillery, nor the lowness of some of the jests, nor the extravagance of others, nor, to say it in one word, that total absence of a most subtile

spirit, which distinguishes authors in their writings, and is perceived but by those understandings which have open pores. Which is the same as to say, brother, if your friars were not of such closed pores and constipated understandings, they might smell at a thousand leagues distance, that *The Rout* was not, and could not be, my work ; because in all my works the phrase is terse and polished, the contexture natural, the transitions unforced, the manner of conveying knowlege as if it came in a sedan chair, the words most proper, the raillery delicate, and the jests, instead of low, with a heel-piece above four fingers high. Though it should be only by the orthography, any one, who had not a cold might smell, that if the *Rout* were mine I should never permit it to be printed as it is printed, though I should be degraded, and lose my doctor's cap for it. Would I permit that the conjunction be expressed by the Greek *y*, and not by the Latin *i* ! Would I suffer, that in my works appear *de el padre*, *de la agua*, and not with the apostrophe, giving so much salt and savour to them, *de l'agua*, *d'el padre* ! No, no ; 'tis to be grossly wanting in judgement, and not to have the olfactory faculty for that most subtile spirit which distinguishes

guishes authors in their writings ; and he who sees not that my writings are full of this spirit, can be no genuine dog ; I declare him a cur. Let the peremptory proof of what I say be my productions.

“ Now comes what I was telling you before, (continued the Domine, speaking to his scholars) of the care taken by writers of the most note, not only to authorize their works with all their titles, but to let fall in some of them the important information of all the preceding ones. *And not to speak here*, proceeds our author, *of my Latin works*, which, at the time when this letter was written, it was well known, might be such a thing as half a dozen harangues, and such another sample of dedications, *of those I have written in Spanish, in prose and verse, some keep close quarters in the retirement of my cell ; others go about modestly cloaked in an enigma, and ornamented with an anagram* ; and, others again, bear all the train of my names, appellatives, and bells. And you are to know, my sons, (here interrupted the wag of a Domine) that as to this affair of the bells, many are the authors who wear them. *Of this cast (that is, of the cast of the bells) are the approbation I gave to a sermon of the father M. — that which I made*

I made for the sermon of —— that which is in the book of festivals of —— an oration which I pronounced in a chapter of my order —— another which I spoke at the funeral of —— the book of festivals of —— and I know not what besides. You see here a curious, individual, and minute information of certain works of the greatest importance, which any author who would tomorrow continue *The Spanish Library* of Don Nicolas Antonio, finds ready to his hand, in this letter, or at least may know punctually, as far up as to the year 1750, all the works published by our most weighty writer, *with his names, appellatives, and bells.*

“I am well aware that some modern critics turn this method into ridicule, treating it as quackery and title-madness, with other words dissonant, offensive, and the abhorrence *piarum aurium*, pretending that it is a vain ostentation, and wholly useless as to the recommendation of the work; the merit of which, they say, is to be constituted, not by the titles of the author, but by what is well or ill said in it. They bring us the example of the French and the Italians, who ordinarily put no more than the name, or at most the profession of the author with it, even in works most celebrated,

brated, and of the longest breath, (a phrase I am much pleased with) as, *Historia Romana*, by *M. Rollin*; *Mabillon Benedictinus*, of the congregation of *St. Maur de re diplomatica*. *Historia Ecclesiastica*, by the *Abbé Fleuri*, *Specimen Orientalis Ecclesiæ Authore Joan. Bapt. Salerno*, *Societatis Jesu*. And though they are pleased to tell us that the titles, as well magnificent as ridiculous, which some academies, particularly of Italy, have adopted, are no other than a pleasant satire upon the titles with which some conceited authors come forth into public view, and that upon this account some academies call themselves *The Seraphic*, *the Elevated*, *the Inflamed*, *the Olympic*, *the Parthenic*, *the Enthroned*; and others, on the contrary, *the Obscure*, *the Barren*, *the Obstinate*, *the Dark*, *the Idle*, *the Sleepy*, *the Aukward*, and *the Fantastical*; yet let these barbarous destroyers of laudable customs, usages, and rights, say what they will, these greatest of buffoons, and indecent mockers at things the most serious, the most established, and most received of grave, learned, and pious men. I shall always attach myself to a book whose author walks majestically amidst his accompaniment of a dozen titles, rather than

to

to another, whose author comes forth upon the public stage as he came out of his mother's womb, without so much as a rag to cover his nakedness. This might do very well for a writer in the state of innocence, but we are not in that state now. *The Works of Friar Luis of Granada, of the Order of Preachers*—How insulce! *The Works of Father de la Puente, of the Society of Jesus*—A fit companion! and how do we know who this Friar was? And whence does it appear that this Father was not perhaps a bailiff of some little convent, or steward of a cottage?

And, since we are talking of this society, I must say, that, though as to other matters I have a great veneration for it, yet in this affair of the titles of books and authors, I cannot help being disgusted at it; those of the former are generally quite plain and simple, and the latter come forth with hardly any covering but their skin—their name, appellative, and profession, and now and then, their country, that they may not be confounded with others of the same name, and—good night to ye. Their most grave authors, those of the first magnitude, seem to study to intitle their books in such a manner as if they were but a Life

a Life of Lazarillo de Tormes, and to present themselves to us in no better a guise than might be done by a paltry lay-brother. *De Religione, Tomus primus, Authore Francisco Suarez Granatensi, Societatis Jesu. De Concordia Gratiae & liberi arbitrii; Authore Ludovico de Molina Soc. Jesu. De Controversiis, Tom. I. Auth. Roberto Bellarmino Soc. Jesu.* And if any one adds *Presbyter*, it seems to him to be as complete as possible. I cannot praise this method, or rather madness; and, however, they may think to persuade me that it is modesty, judgment, prudence, decency, and even in some degree, greater authority and gravity, yet all that dig and plough will never convince me of it; and these seem to be the most persuasive orators hitherto discovered. For, pray tell me, are all pretensions to modesty, decency, prudence and gravity, given up by those Jesuit-authors (they are not many) who give magnificent and sonorous titles to their works, such as *Theopompus, Ars magna lucis & umbræ, Pherus Scientiarum, &c.*? And the others who omit not to say if they are, or were Doctors of Divinity, Professors, Rectors, &c.? And tell me farther, do not we see that even kings put all their titles and dominations in their

their royal edicts, to give them more authority ; and that the same is done by arch-bishops, bishops, provisors, and all who have any thing at all to put, though it be but titles *in partibus*, or of the calendar, which give rank alone, without the charge of residence ? The Pope, indeed, only contents himself with saying, *Benedictus XIV. Servus Servorum Dei*, and there was an end of the matter ; but that is a humility for the head of the church, which makes not a consequence for others, and ought not to be brought into comparison." These last arguments, though so ridiculous, were of great weight with our illustrious preceptor, who endeavoured to imprint them strongly on the minds of his disciples, that they might know how to chuse and estimate books properly.

From the title, both of books and their authors, he passed to the dedication. In the first place he highly extolled the useful and polite invention of introducing this kind of urbanity into the literary world ; since, besides that, sometimes a poor author, who has no other income than what his pen produces, may live handsomely by such lawful and honest means ; he is furnished by it with a fair opportunity of praising three

three or four friends, and making his court to half a dozen great personages, who, if they should not be all that it is said they are in the dedications, will at least know what they ought to be. In the second place, he was furiously irritated against the author of the *Observationes Halenses*, and a few others of the same stamp, who, at the instigation of the devil, and not having the fear of God before their eyes, say that this dedicating of books is a kind of beggary, *Dedicatio librorum est species mendicandi*; and one of them, I don't know which, goes so far as to assert that the first inventor of dedications was a mendicant friar. "Blasphemy!!" exclaimed the Domine, "Malignity! Most supine ignorance! For, do we not know that Cicero dedicated his works to his relations and friends? And was Cicero a medicant friar? Do we not know that Virgil dedicated, or at least intended to dedicate, his Eneid to Augustus? And was Publius Virgilius Maro a mendicant friar? Lastly, is it not known, even by the authors of Malabar, that Horace dedicated all he wrote to Mecenas, and that hence whoever a book is dedicated to is called Mecenas, *Mecenati meo plurimum colendo*, though his real name may be Pedro

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Fernandez ? \* And in what order of mendicant friars ranked the reverend father Quintus Horatius Flaccus ? So that, my sons, this custom of dedications is very ancient and very laudable, and practised not only by the for-god's-taking and begging authors as these buffoons assert, but by popes, emperors and kings ; since we see that St. Gregory the Great dedicated his book of Morals to St. Leander, archbishop of Seville ; Charles the Great composed a treatise against a certain heretical conspiracy in Greece to destroy the holy images, and dedicated it to his secretary Enginardus ; and Henry the eighth of England dedicated to the pope and the holy catholic church, from which he afterwards separated, the book he wrote in defence of the faith against Luther."

" And how, Sir," asked one of the boys, " are dedications to be made ? " " In the easiest manner in the world," replied the preceptor, " let a certain modern half-author say what he will, who is ever and anon translating French trumpery, and would make us believe he is somebody, only because he does with the French what

\* As if we should say, John of Nokes, or Thomas Stile.

any boy in the fourth form would do with the Latin ; for hitherto we have seen nothing of his own stock but a miserable *Acclamation of the kingdom of Navarre*, on the coronation of our king Ferdinand the sixth, whom God preserve ;—by the same token, this acclamation had its jacket well trimmed by a pamphlet that came out slap upon it, intitled, *A Collyrium for the short-sighted*, which, though many said it did not hurt the work in the least, nor even the hem of its garment ; and, that after all, it was but reprinting it by scraps, and discharging with each scrap a volley of all manner of offensive rubbish against the author and those whom he had praised ; and though it is likewise true that it was immediately prohibited by the inquisition, yet, in short, this same pamphlet so banged his authorship, that it left him as black as his cassock—this worthy wight, then, towards the end of a dedication he has lately made to a great minister, would persuade us, only because he has taken it into his head, that *there is not in all the kingdom of eloquence so difficult a province as a well-written dedication.*

“ But now I say there is nothing more easy, provided a man is inclined to follow

the true taste and true air of dedications. For first of all you take of substantives and adjectives, sonorous and metaphorical, half a dozen, (or if a dozen, still better) which are to be put in the front of the book, thesis, or print (for even prints are dedicated) before the name of the Mecenas, and to be so appropriate to his character and profession, as if they were cast in a mould for them. For example, if the dedication be in Latin, and addressed to a bishop, the superscription, direction, or epigraph, is to be in this manner, *Sapientiæ Oceano, Virtutum omnium Abysso, Charismatum Encyclopediæ, Prudentiæ Miraculo, Charitatis Portento, Miserationum Thaumaturgo, Spiranti Polyantheæ, Bibliothecæ deambulanti, Ecclesiæ Tytani, Infularum Mitræ, Hesperiæque totius fulgentissimo Phosphoro, Illustrissimo Dño Domino meo Don Caio aut Titio.* If the work be dedicated to an holy image, as, we may say, to our Lady of Solitude, or our Lady of Griefs, there are a thousand good things to lay our hands upon ; as *Mari Amaro, Soli Bis-Soli, Orbis Orbatae Parenti, Ancillæ Liberrimæ absque Libero, Theotoco sine Filio, Confidetæ non fletæ, Puerperæ, inquam, diris mucronibus confosæ sub Iconico Archetypo of so and so.* But if the dedication be in Spanish,

Spanish, and made to a military man, though no more than a captain of horse, then we are to follow another course, and before all things must be said, *To the Spanish Xerxes, the Andalusian Alexander, the Bethic Cesar, The Cyrus of Genil, the European Tamerlain, the Cis-montain Khuli-Kan, the not fabulous Mars, Don such an one, Captain of Light Horse, in such or such a regiment*—and not lug in the name of the *Me-cenas* by the head and shoulders, like some ridiculous moderns, saying drily, *To Don such an one, or, To the Duchess of such a thing*, which seems no other than the direction of a letter to go by the post.

“ Dedications have I seen, much extolled by some poor, ignorant, credulous souls, addressed to the very king of Spain himself, which said in the front only, TO THE KING, in great capital letters, without any other beginnings, or endings, or additions, or ornaments. I cannot express how much I was moved at it, giving me such a nausica, that I am even now ready to reach at the very thought of it. TO THE KING! But to what king, blockhead? Since we know not if it is to king Stork, or king Log, or the unkinged king that was sent a grazing. TO THE KING! Can

there be greater rudeness? TO THE KING! Tell me, insolent, barefaced, rash wretch, is it to the king of Clubs or the king of Spades? The critics, indeed, would palm this upon us for the greater respect, the greater veneration, and also more profound acknowledgement, as no Spaniard can, or ought to understand by the general name of King, any other than the king of Spain; and as other nations ought to understand the same, since there is not a king in the discovered world who possesses such extensive dominions by many millions of leagues. Trifles, mere trifles! For this very reason, before coming to his august name, should he have been suggested by at least fifty titles, or allegorical inscriptions, which should have gone on by degrees, exciting expectation and astonishment, somewhat to this effect, *To the powerful Emperor of two Worlds, the Emulator of the Sun, the Sublunary Pkebus in what he governs, as the Celestial in what he enlightens, the Arch-Monarch of the Earth*; and afterwards, to shew his personal virtues, to add, *The Royal Depository of Clemency, the Crowned Archive of Justice, the sacred august Treasure of Piety, the imperial Shield of Religion, the pacific, beneficent, magnetic, magnificent, Catholic*

tholic King of the Spains, Ferdinand the Sixth, pious, happy, always Augustus, King of Castile, of Leon, of Navarre, of Arragon, &c. and to go on, proceeding thus, to the very last of his royal titles. The other method is to treat the king like some bare-footed gentleman, or Don Dowlas, bringing him out so lonely upon the paper, as if he were one of those ancient Majesties who wandered up and down the good fields of God, feeding sheep, and drove the oxen to water in their own royal and proper persons.

“ Neither can I relish, that after the inscription, the king should be spoken to with sticking to him a *Sir* as stiff as a stake, for there wants only the addition to make it *Dear Sir*, as if it was a familiar letter from a superior. Our forefathers were more respectful men, and truly circumspect, since they never spoke to the king without beginning in this manner, *May it please your Sacred, Catholic, Royal Majesty*, a thing which filled the mouth with veneration; and besides, made a majestic line. I have heard that the other manner of our treating the king was caught, like a thousand other things, by infection from the French, who, when they speak to their

most Christian king let fly a *Sire* at him, *in puris naturalibus*, and away they go. The deuce take you Frenchmen, how contagious you are! What if they should take it into their fantastical heads to call their queen *Sirena*, must we likewise currently call ours so? To be sure her majesty would be finely flattered! They treat their's with *Madame*, and, truly, should any Spaniard be so frolicsome as to treat his queen so, I would not be in his coat for something, unless indeed it should happen to be some lay-brother, one of those who are saints and affectedly simple, for such gentry have a licence to thou the very pope—and there is all the beauty of their saintship. Therefore, my sons, observe well what has been said, and fix in your memories these most important lessons.

“Never print any thing, though it should be but some sorry quodlibets or school-questions, without its dedication by its side; for by this you will not only lose nothing, but it will be very hard if you do not save at least the cost of the impression; since it is to be hoped that all Mecenases are not to be like that fly, niggardly pope, (God forgive me) Leo the tenth, to whom a famous alchemist dedicated a very important book, in

in which, as he himself assured him, were contained the most recondite secrets of the Crysopee, that is, a very easy method of converting all the metals in the world into gold ; and this good Signor Pontiff (God forgive me) gave him, for the whole of his acknowledgement, a cart load of bags to contain the gold which he was about to make : a thing, much laughed at by evil-minded persons, but which the erudite and truly learned took for a piece of pitifulness, and bewailed with tears of indignation. Your dedication once resolved upon, charge it and stuff it with allegorical, symbolical, and altisonant appellations ; and, if it should be to any royal person, be careful to treat him with due respect, and that he come not into public without his company of guards de corps, and his band of halberdeers, that is, of epithets well laced and mounted, preceded by titles with mustachos, who may go opening a passage, and crying, " Clear the way."

" And though the lecture grows rather long, yet, that we may conclude in it all that relates to the substance of dedications, I will instruct you in two other points, which are of the greatest importance. There are some authors who write in Latin, yet so very Spa-

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nish, that when they come to put the true titles of the persons to whom they dedicate their works, as the duke of that, and the marquis of the other, &c. put them in a Latin so plain, natural, and low, that an old beggar-woman can understand them, though she can neither write nor read, merely by hearing them pronounced ; for in this plain way they say, *Duci de Medina-Celi, Comiti de Altamira, Marchioni de Astorga, Domino de los Cameros, Consiliario Regio, &c.* How ridiculous ! It would be better, than to say it thus, to put it in downright Dunstable. How much more elegant and more Latin would it be to say, *Cælico-Metimnensi, Ductori-Satrapæ, a Comitiis de Cacuminato-conspectu, Mænium Asturicensum a Markis, Lecti-Fabrorum Dynastæ, a Penetralibus Regiis, &c.* and if the readers do not understand it, let them learn some other trade, for that is no fault of the writer, who, when he sets himself to compose in Latin, is not to employ a Latin that may be understood by any *Reminimista* \*.

“ It is another thing, indeed, when the titles are not true ones, but purely allegorical or symbolical, invented by the genius

\* A dealer in *re miniana literaria*.

of the author; for then, that all the grace and reason of the invention should be displayed, it is highly necessary to give them plain and simple. I will explain myself by an example. In the year 1704 a certain German author published a Latin work, intitled, *Geographia Sacra seu Ecclesiastica*, which he dedicated to the Three Sole, Sovereign, Hereditary Princes in Heaven and on Earth, *Tribus Summis atque Unicis Principibus hæreditariis in Cælo & in Terra*, that is, to Jesus Christ, Frederic Augustus, Electoral-Prince of Saxony, and Maurice William, Hereditary Prince of the province of Saxe-Ceitz, *Christo, nempe, Frederico Augusto Principi-Electorali Saxoniam, & Mauritio Wilhelmo, Provinciarum Saxon-Cizensium hæredi*. A great thing! Yet you are about to hear it still greater. Now what titles should our incomparable author invent to express the states of which Jesus Christ is hereditary prince? Be attentive, my sons, for never in your lives, perhaps, will you read a diviner thing; and as to myself, had I been the inventor of it, I would not change with Aristotle or Plato.

“ He calls Jesus Christ, then, in clear and simple Latin, as it was necessary he should use on this important occasion, *Imperator coronatus cœlestium Exercituum; electus Rex Sionis*,

*Sionis, semper Augustus, Christianæ Ecclesiæ Pontifex Maximus, & Archi-Episcopus Animarum; Elector Veritatis, Archi-Dux Gloriæ; Dux Vitæ; Princeps Pacis; Eques Portæ Inferni; Triumphantor Mortis; Dominus heridatarius Gentium; Dominus Justitiæ, & Patris cœlestis à Sanctioribus Consiliis, &c. &c. &c.* That is to say, because it is of great importance, that every one should understand it, Christ is *The crowned Emperor of the celestial armies, Elected King of Sion, always Augustus, High-Priest of the Christian church, Archbishop of Souls, Elector of Truth, Arch-Duke of Glory, Duke of Life, Prince of Peace, Knight of Hell-gates, Triumpher over Death, hereditary Lord of Nations, Lord of Justice, and Counsellor of State and of the Cabinet to his Celestial Father.* And the author adds, very opportunely, three &c. &c. &c's, by way of shewing that he had yet to spare many other titles which were at his fingers' ends, and which he might be writing from hence to to-morrow morning, if those given were not sufficient to shew those he could have added. Commit this, my boys, to memory, learn it well, and let it ever be at hand; for a thousand occasions will offer to you, in which you may avail yourselves of it as a model,

model, and by that means do a credit to yourselves and me.

“Three words only are wanting concerning the body and soul of the dedication. It is supposed that the Latin is always to be roaring, altisonant, intricate, and not to be construed, neither more nor less than the Latin of a famous dedication which some years ago Gerund Zotes’s father gave me to construe, and construe it I did truly without the smallest error, in the presence of all the chief priesthood of St. Millan in the pilgrimage of the Christ of Villa-Quixida. It is supposed likewise, that whoever a work is dedicated to, be he who he will, is to be engrafted on the stock of our most ancient king Bamba, or at least on that of Don Veremundo the deacon, whether in a right or transverse line, for that is of no consequence, and it is an affair of very little trouble, since there is Jacob William Imhoff, a Dane or Swede (I do not exactly remember) the famous genealogist of the illustrious houses of Spain and Italy, who will directly make an affinity for any one with whoever will turn to most account. Besides these suppositions, it is well known that the beginning of every dedication is always to set forth the impulsive cause which

which irresistibly compelled the author to the liberty which he takes, which cause is never to be any other than that of seeking a powerful protector against emulation, a shield against malignity, a shade against the burning ardours of envy, assuring him, with a steady face, that with such a Mecenas he fears not either the Aristarchuses or the Zoiluses, since, terrified at his name, they either will not dare to shew their heads out of their lurking holes, or if they should have the boldness to do it, will become the Icaruses of their temerity, their waxen wings desolving at the inflamed and sparkling rays of so fulgorous and respondent a defender; for, in truth, let a book be dedicated even to the most Holy Sacrament, yet if it be a bad one, there are men so insolent and mordacious that at the same time they adore the divine object of the dedication, they will tear the book to shatters, and sometimes not leave a whole bone in the dedication itself: and more than two books in folio have I seen called in by the inquisition, though dedicated to kings, to emperors, and even to the very pope, without the Mecenases being at all concerned or caring a jot about the matter; no account being

being to be found in history that there ever was a war between Christian princes, in defence of a book that had been dedicated to them, though it has often raged tremendously for as a weighty a concern as a feather or a straw ; yet I say, though the affair be thus, by the just judgments of God and for the sins of the world, we ought ever to hold with that proverb which says, He that leans against a good tree, has a good shade over him ; and that at all adventures, every well-written dedication should open with this suitable, delicate, and true thought."

## C H A P. IX.

*In which an account is given of the just motive our Gerund had, not yet to leave his grammatical studies, as the last chapter promised.*

THE curious reader will doubtless be surprised that as we had said in the title of the preceding chapter, that the ingenious and industrious Gerund leaves the school, he should still be found in it, receiving with attention the skilful instructions of the very learned preceptor, against the faith of history, or at least against the inviolable fidelity of our honest word. But if he will be so kind as to have a little patience and lend a benign ear to our most weighty reasons, he may happen to repent of the rashness and precipitation with which he has already in the interior of his heart condemned us without a hearing.

First of all, it is an intolerable slavery, not to say a ridiculous servility, that a poor author should be obliged to fulfil what he promises, not only in the title of a chapter but

but in the title of a book. What written obligation does the author give the reader to oblige him to that, either in form of recognition or of simple note \*? And thus we see authors of great fame put what titles they please to their books, though they have no relation to the matter treated of in them, and nobody has said a word about it, nor have they spoiled their fortune by it. For example, at reading the title *Margarita Antoniana*, or *Antoniana Margarita*, with which the famous Spaniard *Gomez Pereyra* baptised his work, who was the true patriarch of the Descarteses, the Newtons, the Boyles, and the Leibnitzes, who would not think that he was about to entertain us with some very curious treatise upon that margarite or pearl, worth I don't know how many thousands, in a dissolution of which with wine or water (for that point is not perfectly cleared up) Cleopatra drank Anthony's health, or of which she made a little innocent repast for him on a fast day, for it is related both ways by the historians? No Sir, nothing at all like it, I

\* Hence it is to be supposed that the custom for authors or their booksellers to give a promissory note, so laudably practised in our metropolis, in the first numbers of weekly publications, does not prevail in Spain

assure you. The *Antoniana Margarita* is no other than a most delicate treatise of philosophy, to prove that the brutes have no sensitive soul, and to arraign on this occasion many other opinions of Aristotle, which for a long series of ages were in full and quiet possession of the veneration of the schools, not only as the opinions of this author, but as indisputable principles, so indisputable, that even to doubt of them would be a kind of heretical delinquency ; and nevertheless, this cross-grained, subtle, and litigious Gallician had the hardiness to contest their title to this veneration, though he should not be able to deprive them of possession. But why did he give his work a title so foreign to the subject ? Why ? for a reason as pious as it was strong, and which no one can quarrel with ; because his father was called *Anthony* and his mother *Margaret* ; and as he had not sufficient means to found an anniversary for their souls, he would at least found this dutiful remembrance of them. Well then ! Let them now come and upbraid me that I do not fulfil what I promise in the title of a chapter.

Besides this, however important the chapter of a book may be, will it ever be  
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so important as the chapter of a religious community? And yet how often do we see that the result \* of a chapter is very different from what was proposed in the beginning? And what chapter was ever yet declared null and void merely upon this account? In short, if a poor author begins to write a chapter with a good and sound intention of bringing it out of a proper length and just proportion, and honestly fulfill what he promised in the beginning, and afterwards a thousand things come across him which never entered his head before, of which he would be much grieved to forego the mention, is it possible that this favour may not be granted him, or this weakness be not connived at, when in conversations we see at every turn things intervene which break the thread of the principal subject for an hour or two, when instead of our testifying any great disgust, we rather bear patiently with the adversity and with the weakness of our neighbour and go quietly on? Then why shall not the same charity and the same pity and forbearance be exercised towards authors and their books? Besides, would it not have

\* Chapters of election; in which of course much policy and stratagem is exerted.

been lamentable, that merely to comply with what the chapter had inconsiderately promised, we should have taken our Gerund from school before his time, and without having heard other lessons, not less curious than necessary, with which his scholars were enriched by the pedantic master?

He told them, then, that in their Latin compositions, of whatever kind, they should guard carefully against imitating the stile of Cicero, or any of those other stiles, which, though proper, chaste, and elegant, were yet so clear and so natural that any reader, however dull, might comprehend at the first view what they meant to say: and this for many reasons, which vied with each other for powerfulness; the first, because in holy scripture much praise is given to that hero, as valourous as wise, who treated on the sciences magnificently, *magnifice etenim scientiam tractabat*; and certainly nothing can be treated on magnificently when we make use of obvious, trivial, and common words, though ever so pure and proper. The second, because if we do not endeavour to hold fast the attention of readers and hearers by obscurity, or at least by that

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the meaning of the phrase be not immediately intelligible, experience shews us that some will fall a-snoring, and others be thinking of things a thousand miles off; because the imagination of mortals is very volatile. The third; because whilst the reader is turning over Dictionaries and Lexicons to understand a word, its signification remains afterwards impressed upon his memory, and together with that the doctrine and thought of the author. The fourth, and most powerful of all, that those gentlemen strangers who are pleased to take upon them to brand the Latin of the Spaniards as disordered, incurious, and dishevelled, may know that here also we know how to write *à la papillotte*, and bring out a Latin, with as many buckles, as if it had been combed in the *Rue St. Honorè à Paris*; which is impossible to be done, unless we go upon the hunt for choice phrases and such as are crisp and have a natural curl.

“ There you have the Englishman or Scotchman, John Barclay (for I do not pledge myself, whether he was of London or Edinburgh) who would not say *exhortatio*, though they burnt him, but *parænisis* which signifies the same, but is a

little more of the Greek ; nor *obedire* for obey, which any lay-brother says, but *decidere*, which, besides being of a better sound, is of more abstruse signification, and is equivocal into the bargain. To call the preface *præfatio* ! what layman would not understand that Latin ? To call it *Proœmium* has a smack of the logical porch : *Prologus* sounds farcical ; let it be called *Alloquium, Antelogium Præloquium, Prælocutio*, and I will answer for it. Let the doctrinal style be always called in Latin, *Stylus didascalicus*, and let who will fall upon the right interpretation thereof or not. When you would remark upon any Latin author, (though he should be one of the most famous) that he has not caught the true air of the Roman tongue, and that some national or provincial peculiarities are discoverable in him, say, “ God help him, he cannot write otherwise, *redolet patavinitatem* ;” for though in fact the grammarians are not agreed upon the true signification of this word, yet whoever uses it, is at once, *ipso facto*, stamped for a Latinist elegant, polished, terse, and soaring out of sight. Above all, I charge you strictly that you never call me or any other teacher by the very vulgar names of

*Doctor,*

*Doctor, Magister, Præceptor.*—Jesus, what littleness ! What clownishness ! Always call him who teaches any faculty, *Mystagogus* ; for though it is certain it is not to the purpose, yet he who knows it will thank you for it, as it is a word which presents a mysterious and extraordinary idea. The best admonition had like to have slipped me. It is of the greatest importance, when you read any Latin work, of those which are most in vogue (a phrase with which I am much pleased) to say every now and then *hic est Thrasonisimus*, and never mind whether you yourselves, and those who hear you understand rightly what you mean by it, for I will pawn my word for it, you will leave them amazed and arching their eye-brows with admiration. With this, and with being very cautious not to write the diphthongs of *a* and *e*, and *o* and *e*, in one letter, as some honest people who have written in Latin have hitherto done, but with the letters separate, writing, for example, *faeminae*, instead of *fæminæ*, and *Phoebus*, instead of *Phæbus* ; with not putting the dates of time in days of the month, but in *Kalends*, *Ides*, and *Nones* ; with observing not to call the months of *July* and *August* by

their known and regular names, but by those of *Quintilis* and *Sextilis*, as they were called, *in diebus illis*; and finally with banishing the Arabic numbers from all your Latin compositions, using always Roman letters instead of figures, and those devised after the ancient mode, for example, for *anno millefimo septingentissimo quinquagesimo quarto*, put not, as a 'counting-house man would do, 1754, but *AN. C<sup>IO</sup>DCCLIV*; I say, my sons, that, with observing these articles, you may strut, busked gloriously with Latin, throughout the world; *et peream ego nisi cultissimi omnium Latinissimorum hominum audieritis!*"

Very attentive was our Gerund to the lessons of the Domine, hearing them with singular complacency, for as he had sufficient quickness he immediately comprehended them, and as at the same time they were so conformable to the extravagant taste with which he had been hitherto educated, they were marvellously grateful to him. But as he saw that the Domine insisted so strenuously that the Latin should always go upon stilts and be as obscure as possible, and as on account of the strong inclination he had from his infancy shewn for

for preaching, his godfather, the licentiate Quixano, had sent him the four volumes of sermons of the famous John Raulin, a Parisian doctor, who died in 1514, which as they were written in very plain and home-spun Latin, were perfectly understood by Gerry, he said very disconsolately to the Domine, speaking in Latin, (as there was a forfeit for speaking Spanish in the school) *Domine, secundum ipsum, quidam sermones Latini quos ego habeo in paucatione mea non valebunt nihil, quia sunt plani & clari sicut aqua.*—According to that, Sir, some Latin sermons which I have at my lodging or *posada* are good for nothing, because they are as plain and clear as water. *Qui sunt hi sermones*, asked the Domine, what sermons are those? *Sunt cuiusdam predictoris qui vocatur Joannes de — non me recorder, quia habet appellatum multum enrevesatum.*—They are of a preacher called John de—— I can't remember as he has a very intricate or *enrevesado* appellation. *De quo agunt*, demanded the Domine, of what do they treat? *Domine*, answered the boy, *de multis rebus quæ faciunt ridere*—Sir, of many things which make one laugh. Go and fetch them, said the Preceptor, and we will see what

things they are, and what sort of stuff the Latin is. Away flew the obedient Gerund, and brought the books. The Domine opened a volume in the sermon *de viduitate*, from which he read aloud the following admirable passage.

*Dicitur de quadam vidua quod venit ad curatum suum quærens ab eo consilium, si deberet iterum maritari, & allegabat quod erat sine adjutorio, & quod habebat servum optimum & peritum in arti mariti sui. Tunc curatus dixit, Bene, accipite eum. E contrario illa dicebat, sed periculum sit accipere illum, ne de servo meo faciam dominum. Tunc curatus dixit, Bene, nolite eum accipere. Ait illa, quomodo ergo faciam? Non possum sustinere pondus illud quod sustinebat maritus meus nisi unum habeam. Tunc curatus dixit, Bene, habeatis eum. At illa, sed si malus esset & vellet me disperdere & usurpare? Tunc curatus, Non accipiatis ergo eum. Et sic curatus semper juxta argumenta sua concedebat ei. Videns autem curatus, quia vellet illum habere, & haberet devotionem ad eum, dixit ei, ut bene distinctè intelligeret quid campanæ ecclesiæ ei dicerent, & secundum consilium campanarum quod ipsa faceret. Campanis autem pulsantibus intellexit juxta voluntatem suam quod dicerent, prens ton*

varlet, prens ton varlet. *Quo accepto, egre-  
giè verberavit eam, & fuit ancilla quæ prius  
fuerat domina. Tunc ad curatum suum con-  
quæsta est de consilio maledicendo horam, qua  
crediderat ei. Cui ille, non satis audistis  
quid dicant campanæ. Tunc curatus pulsa-  
vet campanas, & tunc intellexit quod cam-  
panæ dicebant, ne le prens pas, ne le prens  
pas; tunc enim vexatio dederat ei intel-  
lætum.*

Notwithstanding the innate and connate seriousness of the Preceptor, it is affirmed by a coetaneous, syneronous, and faithful author, that upon reading this pleasant piece of a sermon he could not refrain from laughter: and that it might be understood by the very children who had but that year began their grammar he ordered Gerund to construe it. Gerund told him, that by only reading it he had got it imprinted on his memory, and that without construing it, if his worship pleased, he would relate it all regularly, and even preach it as if he was the very preacher himself. The proposition was approved by the Preceptor, and silence commanded by him, giving three slaps on the table with the ferule. Gerund placed himself with a graceful air in the middle  
of

of the school, wiped his nose with a corner of his cloak, made a bow with his hat in his hand, round to all his school-fellows, and a reverence with his right foot as if he would have scraped up the floor, fixed his hat upon his head as a preacher would do his cap, cleared his pipes, and began to hold forth in this manner, following word for word the sermon of John Raulin.

“ It is related of a certain widow that  
“ she went to the minister of her parish to  
“ ask his advice if she should marry again,  
“ alledging, that she could not be without  
“ some one to help her, and that she had  
“ an excellent servant, a stout young man,  
“ well skilled in the business of her late  
“ husband. Well then, said the minister,  
“ marry him. But she said, there  
“ is danger if I marry him, lest he may  
“ take upon him, and from my servant  
“ become my master. Well then, said  
“ the minister, don’t marry him. She  
“ replied, I do not know what to do; I  
“ cannot sustain the weight of business  
“ my husband carried on, unless I take an  
“ other to assist me. Well, said the minister,  
“ marry this young man. But,  
“ says she, what if he turn out bad, and

“ abuse me, and waste my property?  
“ Well, then, says again the minister,  
“ don’t marry him: and thus he continued always answering according to the propositions and replies which the widow made; but in short, seeing she had a great mind to this young man and was very fond of him, he told her she should observe well what the bells of the church would say upon the affair, and act according to their counsel. The bells were rung, and seemed to say to her, by the interpretation of her heart, *The stur-dy rogue be wed, the stur-dy rogue be wed.* She married him accordingly, and he in return banged her sides handsomely, and converted the mistress to an hand-maid. Then she came complaining to the minister of the advice he had given her, and cursing the hour in which she had listened to him. Then the minister said, without doubt you did not observe well what the bells said. They were rung again, and then they seem to her to say clearly and distinctly, *The sur-ly rogue be fled, the sur-ly rogue be fled;* for then her affliction had brought her to her understanding.”

The

The Domine greatly applauded the exactness with which Gerund had understood what he had read, and the grace with which he had recited it, foreseeing that he would have great talents for preaching ; and his schoolfellows huzzaed and extolled him much, and laughed exceedingly at the story. But the Preceptor, resuming his tone of instruction, began with making some serious and judicious reflections, and ended with others as ridiculous as possible. As to the Latin, he told his disciples, it was indeed very home-spun, and that even those who were for clear and running Latin would not approve it, because this was not so much clear and natural as clownish and dirty ; in which he had great reason. “ But you are to observe one thing, says he, which is the little reason some gentlemen Frenchmen have to cut their jokes upon the Latin of the Spaniards, treating us as barbarians in point of Latinity, and saying that we have always spoken this tongue as the Goths and Vandals might have spoken it : and this, because there may have been here and there an author of ours, who in truth wrote a rustic and tangled Latin, or like the Latin of an apothecary or a parish-clerk. Come, come, Monsieurs, they ought all to be allowed good

by

by you ; for if we have had our Garcias, our Cruzes, and our I don't know who besides, your worships have likewise had your Raulins, your Maillards, your Barletas, your Menots ; and, what is worth remarking, your author, the celebrated Monsieur du Cange, in the Dictionary he composed of low or bastard Latin, went not from home to look for the greatest part of the examples which he gives. And pray observe, gentlemen, by the way, that at the time when such elegant Latin as this of John Raulin was the mode even in your *Bonne Ville de Paris*, we had here, in the very same age, the Montanos, the Brocenses, the Pereyras, the Leones, and many others, who could have played their part in the politest Roman circle, and have talked face to face with the Tullies and the Livies, whom your worships so much praise, tho' they are not of my parish, nor of my greatest devotion.

" So far as to the Latin," said the Domine ; " but with regard to the substance of the sermon", continued he, soon tired of speaking with tolerable judgment, or suffering himself to be carried away by his slovenly mode of conception, " but with regard to the substance of the sermon, tho'

I have read but this scrap of it, I immediately pronounce the author of it to have been one of the greatest preachers there ever were in the world, and I myself would go to the end of it merely to have the happiness of hearing him. I am so delighted with these little tales, jests, and pleasantries in such compositions, that I would not give two-pence for a sermon, and should be ready to fall a-sleep at it, in which the audience did not laugh, at least half a dozen times, ready to split their sides. I thought that this had been an exclusive merit of some Spanish preachers, and that this method of preaching, and of diverting people, had not been practised in other parts; but now I see that all the world is country, as we say, that this is not a peculiar custom; and though on one hand I lament that some of our celebrated orators have not the sole claim to this glory, yet on the other I am not sorry that other nations participate it, as the contrary would be envy and a vicious ambition \*." Not a syllable of this lecture

\* From one of the sermons of *Menot*, whom the Domine names last of the French authors, Mr. Helvetius gives the following extract, which the reader perhaps may not think inferior to the widow and her bells; and lest it should suffer by a translation he shall have in the language in which it is met with. " Dieu avoit de toute éternité déterminé l'incarnation & le salut du genre humain;

was lost upon our Gerund ; for as he had from a child shewn so strong an inclination to preaching, he took in, with particular attention and gust, whatever might tend to render him famous in that line,

humain ; mais il vouloit que de grands personages, tels que les saints peres, le demandassent. Adam, Enos, Methusalem, Lamech, Noë, après l'avoir inutilement sollicité, s'aviserent de lui envoyer des ambassadeurs. Le premier fut Moïse, le second David, le troisième Isaïe, & le dernier l'église. Ces ambassadeurs n'ayant pas mieux réussi que les patriarches eux-mêmes, ils crurent devoir députer des femmes. Madame Eve se présenta la première, à laquelle Dieu fit réponse, " Eve, tu as péché ; tu n'es pas digne de mon fils." Ensuite Madame Sara qui di, " O Dieu, aide-nous." Dieu lui dit, " Tu t'en as rendue indigne par l'incrédulité que tu marquas lorsque je t'assurai que tu serois mere d'Isaac." La troisième fut Madame Rebecca : Dieu lui dit, " Tu as fait en faveur de Jacob, trop de tort à Esau." La quatrième, Madame Judith, à qui Dieu dit, " Tu as été trop coquette, tu perdoies trop de tems à t'attiffrer pour plaire à Ahasuerus." Ensin fut envoyée la chambrière, de l'age de quatorze ans, laquelle, tenant la vue baissé & toute honteuse, s'agenouilla puis vint a dire, " Que non bien-aimé vienne dans mon jardin, afin qu'il y mange du fruit de ses pommes," --- & le jardin étoit le ventre virginal. Or, le fils ayant oui ces paroles, il dit à son pere, " Mon pere, j'ai aimé celle-ci dès ma jeunesse, & je veux l'avoir pour mere." A l'instant Dieu appelle Gabriel, & lui dit, " Hola, Gabriel, va-t-en vite en Nazareth, a Marie, & lui présente de ma part ces lettres." Et le fils y ajouta, " Dis-lui de la mienne que je la choisis pour ma mere." " Assure-la," dit ensuite le Saint-Esprit, " Que je habiterai en elle, qu'elle fera mon temple ; & remets lui ces lettres de ma part."

All the other sermons of Menot, says the quoter of this extract, are nearly in the same taste.

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and he immediately resolved in his heart that if he should ever come to be a preacher, no sermon would he preach, be it upon what subject or occasion it would, which should not be crammed full of jests and stories.

Finally, the good Domine instructed his disciples in all the other parts relative to to perfect Latinity, or the perfect use of the Latin tongue, with exactly the same taste as he had instructed them in style. He told them that rhetoric was not the art of persuading, but the art of speaking, and that the going to seek after solid reasons and conclusive arguments to prove a thing and to convince the understanding, was a mechanical busines, fit only for logicians and mathematicians, who go a demonstration-hunting with great parade, and when they had seized their game it was good for nothing ; that the perfect rhetorician was he, who attacked and overcame the understanding with three or four nothing, and that to this end figures had been invented, which were useless to give weight to what had weight in itself, and that all their merit consisted in bewildering reason, and making it believe that glass was diamond, and tinsel gold. He taught them that

that they should not waste their time nor puzzle their brains about introduction, proposition, division, confirmation, peroration, &c. for that this was to give heed to old women's tales, and to set about composing a Latin oration with the same symmetry as one builds an house. He did not conceal from them that Aristotle, Demosthenes, Cicero, Longinus, and Quintilian had said that this was indispensable, not only that an oration should be perfect, but that it should even merit the name of an oration; but he added that these was poor creatures, and that because they themselves knew not how to speak in public in any other manner, they took it for granted that all were to speak thus, who were to speak well. A clear proof that they had no reason in what they said were thousands and thousands of sermons which went up and down this good world of God even in print, with all the necessary licences, and with the approbations of the most scientific and discreet men, and which had been received with astonishing applause; and as all mankind knows that a sermon is not, nor ought to be any thing else than an artificial and well-constructed composition of eloquence or rhetoric, yet in the

said sermons was there not the least trace of all that nonsense and hurly-burly of introduction, proposition, division, &c. but certain brilliant, frisky, suitable, specious thoughts, striving each which should be falsest, scattered here and there at the pleasure of the preacher, without conviction persuasion, or any thing like it ; and nevertheless they were applauded as pieces of inimitable eloquence, and committed to print to perpetuate their memory. From all which, he legitimately and peremptorily concluded that true rhetoric and true eloquence had nothing at all to do with all that stuff, but consisted principally in having the rhetorical figures well decorated with the sounding Greek names with which each had been baptised, the orator being ready, when properly called upon, to give their proper and adequate definition.

“ Give me the man, said he, who knows *quid est Epanorthosis, Elipsis, Hyperbaton, Paralipsis, Pleonasmus, Synonomia, Hypotyposis, Epiphonema, Apostrophe, Prolepsis, Upobolia, Epitrophe, Periphrasis, and Prosopeia* ; and who in whatever composition, whether Latin or Spanish, uses these figures as he shall think fit, whether he has a call for them or not, and I will maintain him

to

to be more rhetorical and more eloquent than an hundred Ciceros and two hundred Demostheneses passed by the alembic." All the endeavour therefore of the learned Preceptor was, that his boys should know these trifles by heart ; and to those whom he saw most instructed and expert in them he would say, full of vanity and satisfaction, " Go, my sons, for you may now shew yourselves courageously as rhetoricians thro' all the good studies of God and all the seminaries of Christ." In reality the rhetoricians of the Domine *Zangas-largas*, or Long-Shanks, that was his true name, were very remarkable upon all the banks of the Orbigo and those which are bathed by the famous Rio Tuerto, or Crooked River.

Finally, the lessons which he gave them upon the Latin poetry, the last part of all which it was his province to teach, were full brothers to those relating to the other parts of Latinity. He contented himself with making them learn by heart the prosody, the quantity of the syllables, the Greek names of the feet, *dactyle*, *spondee*, *iambus*, *trocbee*, *pyrrichius*, &c. those which expressed the uniformity or variety of the strophes, *monocolos*, *monostrophos*, *di-*

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colos, *distrophos*, *tetraphos*, and that they  
should commit to memory a great number  
of verses of the Latin poets solely to prove  
by them the quantity of syllables long or  
short by position, without adverting that  
this rule is not absolutely infallible, because  
the best Latin poets made, not infrequently,  
long syllables short, or short ones long, ei-  
ther using poetical licence, or because, tho'  
they were poets, as they were but men  
they might forget themselves; since, some-  
times, even Homer himself will nod. This  
being done, if the boys composed verses  
which would scan, however languid, poor,  
and prosaic they might be, and though  
they were more stuffed with trash than a  
master-wall with rubbish, there was need  
of nothing more for crowning them with  
the laurel of Apollo. Once were proposed,  
as a subject of a Latin distich, or a quar-  
tilla (a stanza of four lines) in Spanish,  
these words, *Then it was seen with how much  
reason God chastised the world with the deluge,  
and Noah's ark was constructed*, and a dis-  
ciple of Zancas-largas comprised them in  
a single Latin verse which said

*Diluviumque, Arcamque Noe; tum qua ratione.*

For this admirable verse only the Domine,  
not

not able to contain himself, gave him an embrace and two *parces*, or licence to commit two faults without punishment. As another subject was proposed the proverbial sentence, *what can't be cur'd must be endur'd*, and one of the boys dressed it in this sweet pentameter,

*Quæ non mutari, sunt toleranda, queunt;*

which was worth him twelve places in his form and an afternoon's holiday. He ordered them to put the following invitation into a stanza of Sapphic verses; *Andrew Corvinus desires Peter Paganus to come and take a bit with him on Wednesday afternoon, as he shall that day kill an hog.* A boy who passed for a miraculous genius the next day brought this stanza.

*Domine Petre, Domine Pagane,  
Corvius rogat, velis ut, Andreas,  
Vesperi quarta maëtabimus suem,  
Ad se venire.*

The preceptor wanted little of running mad with joy, and immediately on the spot declared him perpetual emperor of the Roman band \*, made him take posses-

\* The scholars are usually divided into two bands, the Roman and Carthaginian, or the Greek and Trojan. Their Saturday's business is a pitched battle of knowledge in the different parts of grammar. A judge

sion of the chief seat, or imperial throne, commanded that for the present he should be crowned with a wreath of marsh-mallows and other herbs, since there was nothing else at hand in what was called the Domine's Garden, but was a little dirty close to fodder an ass in, till a branch of laurel could be procured from the mountain ; and decreed that from that time forth to all succeeding ages, even to the end of the world, he should be held, had, and accounted the Arch-poet of the Desert (that was the country which produced this thunderbolt of a boy) to distinguish him from, and prevent his ever being confounded with, Camillo Cuerno the Arch-poet de la Pulla.

That the Domine should set about explaining to his disciples, in what the soul

or umpire is appointed, who declares the victory from the superior number of hits ; and to the custody of some boy of the conquering party, who has most distinguished himself, is committed by the master a small flag or ensign, with which he marches home very triumphantly to his parents, who are much delighted with the honourable testimony of his merit, if they are in good circumstances ; but if they are poor, they curse the compliment and the maker of it, as this flag must be sent home the next Saturday, with a piece of good ribbon tied to its tail, which the Domine either sells, or gives to the fair one of whose good graces he is most ambitious.

and

and the divine furor of poetry consisted, to desire him to make them observe the character and difference of the best poets, to hope that he would teach them to know, and distinguish, and judge of them, to expect that he should instruct them not to be pleased with verbosity and ridiculous puerility—think not of it, Sir, I beseech you; 'twas not to be done; the Domine did not know to do it; and, besides, verbosity and puerility were the delight of his heart. He was naturally inclined to the worst of whatever he met with in the poets, especially if it had a thundering sound or ridiculous jingle or iteration. As to the first chapter, he extolled to the skies these two windy mouthfuls, or poetical ventosities of Ovid,

*Semi-bovemque virum, semi-virumque bovem.  
Egelidum boream, egelidumque notum.*

And said, with great satisfaction, he found nothing else in this poet that he could praise. As to the second, there was not in the world, according to him, a thing equal to that play of words, so ridiculous and so silly, in the verse of Cicero, which has for ever marked him for as poor a crea-

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ture amongst the poets, as he was great  
amongst the orators,

*O fortunatam natam, me consule, Romam!*

But nothing astonished him so much as the divine genius of that unknown poet, who in two words only composed an hexameter verse, complete and adjusted to all the rules of prosody, but in so occult a manner, that it is scarcely to be known for a verse, unless by a revelation; for without it who would take this for one,

*Confaternabatur Constantinopolitanus?*

And yet no syllable is wanting. Thus all his chief cares, and his most earnest endeavours, were to teach his boys in poetry just what they ought to be ignorant of, or to know only in order to abominate, or to make a solemn jest of, as is done by all the notable men who deserve to have a mustacho curled upon Parnassus. For his sins did there fall into his hands a certain work of a writer of this age, intitled, *De Poetis Germanorum Symbolica*, Of the Symbolical Poetry of the Germans, in which was handled and celebrated the prodigious variety of so many kinds of verse, Leonine, Alexandrine, Acrostic, Chronologic, Hieroglyphic,

roglyphic, Cancrine, Cross-formed, Labyrinthic, Pyramidal, and a thousand other follies as have been invented by that nation, otherwise learned, ingenious, and judicious, but in this particular of so extravagant a taste, that it has caused much admiration and not a little laughter to other nations; though it will be difficult to find one to which the contagion has not reached: just like the small-pox, which in general infects only children and young persons, this ridiculous pest is caught ordinarily by boy-poets only, who have not yet the use of poetical reason; and if at any time it seizes an adult, the disease is incurable, or little less than desperate.

To all the other kinds of verse Zancas-largas of course preferred the worst, that is, the Leonine or jingling, which in all probability introduced into the poetical world the perverse sect of rhimes, which, like the dragon in the Revelation, with its tail drew the third part of the stars of Heaven, and did cast them to the earth, I mean, which has destroyed so many noble geniuses who might have enriched posterity with a thousand divine things, and who, through these cursed rhimes, (God forgive me) happily unknown to all anti-

quity have bequeathed it an inexhaustible fund of poorness, impropriety, and rubbish. But our Domine, besotted to his ill-advised opinion, swore by the immortal Gods, that all the Iliad of Homer, all the Eneid of Virgil, and all the Pharsalia of Lucan, were not worth the single distich with which Muretus laughed at Gambarra, a poet of Antwerp, saving the dirtiness and ill favour, for these were not to be laid to the charge of the poetry.

*Credite, vectratum merdosa volumina vatum  
Non sunt nostriates tergere digna nates.*

As the end and close of all, he instructed them in what he called the *Divina Scientia* of equivoques and anagrams, and of this last, especially, he was furiously enamoured. A perfect anagram, he said, was the art of arts, the science of sciences, the delicacy of delicacies, the elevation of elevations, in a word, the lydius lapis, or the touch-stone of good, true, pure, legal, unalloyed genius. Where is there again in the world such another thing as to call a *wolf* a *fowl*, and a *fowl* a *wolf*; to say *puss* to a man taking broth, and *sup* to a cat? But if in a perfect sentence or motto was concealed not less than a name and a pair of appellatives, without a syl-

a syllable, letter, or leg of a letter wanting or abounding—as, for example, the beautiful disguise, under which the author of a certain modern work hid himself, and yet came forth into public with his name and additions, saying, in the front of the work, *Homo impugnat lites*, and concluding with a *pinguet olim*—it is worth a Potosi, as it is a perfect anagram of both his names, and both the sentences have a meaning proper, elegant, and soaring out of sight. Yet there are imperfect anagrams, which, notwithstanding, are inestimable, and have in their very imperfection more grace than can be found in the so-much-extolled insipidities of Martial and Owen. For example, did not he who made an anagram of the name of *Osma*, and said, *Afno, with one leg to spare*\*, deserve to have a statue erected for him in the capitol of Minerva? And did the other deserve less who put the name and appellatives of a certain bishop in this anagram, *Thou shalt be Cardinal*, and, as there were two *I*'s abounding, which he did not know how to accommodate, added, *with two l's to spare, for the Leather Lash of*

\* *Afno* is an ass. One leg to spare means one stroke of the *m*, which being taken away leaves an *n*.

the post-boy who shall bring the news? Let us be undeceived; this affair of anagrams is a divine affair, whatever may be said by half a dozen buffoons, who account it children's play, and would persuade us that Martial's assertion, *Turpe est difficiles habere nugas, & stultus est labor ineptiarum*, is well applied to Anagrammatists. And less weight with me has the other satire of the crude Adrian de Valois, who, because he did not know what is your right anagram, sung us this smart touch as he thought,

*Citharædus esse qui nequit, sit Aulædus;  
Anagrammatista, qui Poeta non sperat.*

Bravo! Give the pretty fellow a sugar-plum for his pretty thing. But I will tell him, that he who shall not know how to make anagrams, must never hope to be a poet on this side the grave; and that he who shall make good ones, is already advanced above half way towards being a mighty poet, a poet in folio: for if poetry be no other than a noble transposition of words, anagrams are but a beautiful transposition of letters. And evil betide that Colletet, or Coletillo, who, without the fear of God before his eyes, said,

Letters in anagrams to twist and strain,  
Is the poor province of a twisted brain.

## C H A P. X.

*In which is treated of what itself will tell.*

FIVE years, four months, twenty days, three hours, and seven minutes did our Gerund spend in learning these and other impertinences of the same stamp, (according to a most punctual ancient legend, which gives us exactly marked even the very tittles of chronology) and fraught, to the entire satisfaction of the Domine, with figures, rules, verses, hymns, and lessons of the Breviary (for this he made his scholars construe and get by heart, as being an admirable preparation for an examination for holy orders) he returned to Campazas upon a day of the month of May, which day the abovesaid chronicle remarks broke cloudy, and afterwards continued rainy. All the most weighty authors who have written upon the affairs of this extraordinary man, agree, that though the Domine was a great flogger, and especially if a boy mistook in a particle of an hymn, the quantity of a syllable, the formation of an anagram, and things of this tenour,

tenour, he was sure to be horsed without remission though he might have a hat-full of *parces*, yet that, notwithstanding, our Gerund was so exact in every thing, and knew so well how to keep his breeches up, that in all the aforesaid time which he spent in his grammatical studies, he was flogged but four hundred and ten times, which by a faithful calculation scarcely amounts to three times a week : a thing which surprised those who knew the rigour and severity of Zancas-largas. Nor was it less matter of surprize, that in all this course of time Gerund should not have played truant but twelve times; according to one author, or thirteen according to another, and this always for the most legitimate and urgent causes; for one time he did it to go to see the bulls at Baneza, another to go to the pilgrimage of the Christ of Villa-quexida, two others to go a bird-catching with limed twigs at a hedge-row near a spring which was three leagues from the place where he studied; and thus of all the rest; which his application and the great love he had for learning corroborates. The same authors likewise assure us, that there was not in all the school a more quiet and peaceable boy. Never was any other tendency

dency to mischief observed in him than the great pleasure he took in playing tricks, which they call *laying on the cat*, upon the fresh-men who came to his boarding-house. His most usual and beloved one was to let them fall a-sleep after they were in bed, and making a slip-knot in the end of a piece of strong packthread to put it with the greatest softness and gentleness in the world over one of the great toes of the poor sleeper; then he stole to his own chamber with the other end of the packthread in his hand, which being at first gently and afterwards more strongly drawn, accordingly as the knot went on tightening, the pain went on awakening the patient, who went on screaming in proportion to the pain, which likewise went on increasing in proportion as Gerry went on drawing the packthread; and as the unhappy sufferer could not see or guess at his tormentor, as all his companions in the same room at that time snored excellently, feigning a most profound sleep, he bellowed stoutly against the witches and goblins who wear tearing off his toe. And though it is certain that two or three boys had like to have lost their toes, yet it was always thought a very innocent trick, especially

as

as Gerund would say in the morning that he did it only out of fun and out of a mere joke. As to every thing else he was the quietest creature that could be ; for there was a whole week in which he scarcely broke half a dozen boys heads ; and in the full five years that he was in one and the same boarding-house he never once broke a single plate or porringer ; all that he did in this way, was upon four occasions to dash every piece of crockery-ware in the whole house to atoms ; but for this he had a strong and just motive, because the red cat which his dame was very fond of, had eat a lusty rasher he had laid by for his supper. His behaviour at the parish church, where all the students went to hear mass, was exemplary and edifying. Do not suppose that our Gerund was wont to stand turning his head idly from side to side like a weather-cock ; or to be pulling the boy who stood before him by the cloak, or moistening the end of a straw to lay it gently in the ear of the said boy, or to tickle his neck with it as if it had been a fly ; nor much less to be entertaining himself in making a sort of chain-work with the remaining part of the lace with which his waistcoat was drawn together before, and when it

was

was all involved in this chain-work, giving it a pull by the end, and undoing it at once ; all these tricks, with which boys usually beguile their time at church, he was much scandalized at, and consequently shunned the practice of. No ; motionless did our Gerund always stand, with his face reverently towards the altar, and his eyes nailed on an *Æsop's Fables* in his hand, which he construed over and over with the greatest devotion.

Being returned to Campazas, who can relate the demonstrations of joy, and the endearments with which he was received by Anthony and Catanla, the parson of the parish, and his godfather, the licentiate Quixano, who were continual mess-mates with my uncle Anthony, and had scarcely left the house after they knew the ass had been sent for Gerry, for that is the phrase used in Campos, when a boy is to be fetched from school. After the first embraces which they all gave him, they were astonished at the gushes of Latin, which burst so copiously from that mouth of his, that it was wonderful to behold. They presently began, as it was natural, to talk of the Preceptor, when his scholar instantly exclaimed, *Prob Dii immortales !*

*Mystagogus meus est homo qui amittitur de conspectu*—O immortal Gods ! my Mystagogue is a man who soars out of sight. They asked him if he had many boys ? And he directly answered, *Qui numeret stellas poterit numerare puellas*—He who can count the stars may count the number of the boys. The licentiate Quixano, who was less confined to his native language than any of the others, said to him, “ You mistake, my man, for *puellas* does not signify *boys*, but *girls*.” *Pace tua dixerim, Domine Gro-fat-hed*, replied his godson, *puella puellæ* is epicene, *juxta illud, uno epicena vocant Graii, promiscua nostri*. The Licentiate had nothing to answer, and only asked him why he called him *Gro-fat-hed*, as it sounded like laughing at him, and he thought it rather impertinent. *Neutiquam per medium-fidum !* answered Gerund, smiling, *Gro-fat-hed* is the anagram of *Godfather*, and an anagram is a figure by which the letters of one or more words are transposed or inverted ; and so, Sir Godfather, with your leave, if I should call my mother Catanla *an all-cat*, I should be so far from miscalling her or departing from the duty I owe her, that I should compliment her by applying

plying to her name one of the most delicate and ingenious figures in all rhetoric.

With these, and other follies of the same kind, Gerund passed away the time, shewing signs of his great progress in Latinity, and waiting for the arrival of St. Luke's day to begin his *sumulas*, or introduction to logic; when, about the middle of summer, the Provincial \* of a certain order, a religious and learned man, came to the house, and was entertained in it some days. His train was composed, as is usual, of another Father, his companion and secretary in one, and a lay-brother, a plump, airy, brisk, handy, crafty knave, who was of especial service in the miserable inns upon the road, and employed in domestic offices in the convents. He was a good-humoured fellow, not at all hypocritical, nor in any degree, nor any point, scrupulous. He gave Gerund some cakes and comfits, which had been presented to him by the Nuns

\* The governor of a province of friars, by whom he is elected. His office, which continues three years, is to visit every convent once a year, to see that the regular discipline be kept up, to send friars from one convent to another, &c. He may reside afterwards in what convent of the order he pleases. The Superiors or Priors, &c. of convents are also elected, and remain in the office three years.

whose convent they had lately visited. By this he made the boy very fond of him, and likewise by the stories and jests he told in the family whilst his paternity and the secretary were taking their fiesta or afternoon's nap, (for the lay-brother did not relish sleeping in the day-time) and they say he told his stories with grace. After the fathers had refreshed themselves, (till when he waited to see if they had any commands for him) he went to take a walk with Gerund, who carried him some times to the areas on which the corn was rubbed from the ear \*, at others to the little chapel by the road side, and again at others to his father's vineyard, which bordered on the copse. Upon these occasions the boy poured out all the absurdities which he had learned with the Domine ; and, as the lay-brother heard him talk so much Latin, to him the same as Greek, and as at the same time he saw he was a lively clever lad, he thought

\*These areas are certain square spots (in different fields) well troden or beaten, and sometimes nicely paved, to make them hard, on which an instrument made of three great planks, studded with small sharp flints, is drawn backwards and forwards over the corn, bruising the ear and thrusting out the grain. It is said to be more expeditious than threshing, or the ancient way of treading it out with oxen.

he would be very fit for their order, and therefore began to catechize him.

He told him that there was no better life in the world than that of a friar, for that the dullest was always sure of his commons, and after assisting in the choir, it was all holiday ; that he who had a moderate genius might go upon the line of lecturer or master, or upon that of preacher ; and that though the line of lecturer was more shining, yet that of the pulpit was more easy and more lucrative ; since he knew, that he did, general preachers\*, who had never in their lives furnished a sermon out of their own heads, and, notwithstanding, were such preachers as soared out of sight and had gained a great deal of money ; and that, in short, in becoming jubilated, or exempt (of the *emeriti*) on either line, they lived like very bishops. Then as to life of Collegiates ! (as they are called when they are entered upon their studies after the expiration of their noviciate,) neither the king nor the pope lives a better, at least not more happy. They run the gauntlet, indeed, a little now and then, with the lecturers and masters of

\* *Predicadores generales*, those who have a licence from the General of the order, and are of the first rank.

the faculties, if their gravities are troublesome and ridiculous about making them mind their studies; but what does that signify if they play them a hundred tricks and cheat them finely? They never eat better than when they are confined to bread and water for neglecting their lessons or lying a-bed; for then their companions save in their sleeves the best part of their commons for them, and they feast like abbots. Then the rout, and the racket, and the roaring, that they make when they are by themselves! The merry mad tricks that they play with one another! And sometimes some precious things have happened. It is certain if they are caught they pay for it; and there are flogging-bouts laid on wonderfully close; but *datus sunt, passatus sunt*. As to the life of a Novice we say little: it is well known that they must be always assisting in the choir, helping at Masses, never miss Matins, have much meditation, or mental prayer, enjoined them, and much discipline, go with down-cast eyes and a head hung like a ripe fig. But this is a thing of nothing; when their master has turned his back, or in those times of liberty and holiday which come every now and then, there are such doings as are ready to

to bring the house down, playing at blind-man's buff, leap-frog, and fulling-mills \*, with all the glee in the world.

It cannot be conceived with what pleasure our Gerund listened to this description of the religious life, given with more imprudence than truth, discovering only the defects of the imperfect members, and concealing the severity with which they were reprehended and chastised, and the regularity which is exacted by every order, however mild, from its individuals. But the good lay-brother thought that if he could but once set our youngster agog for the vocation, he should do a good deed, and as to the rest, he would see it fast enough when it was embraced. And in truth he set him so effectually agog, that he immediately told his Catechist, that he would be a Friar of his order, though they should hang him, and that he would that very evening desire to have the habit from the hands of the Provincial Father before his parents. The lay-brother gave him an

\* A noisy sport, in which some of the boys lie upon their backs on the ground, lifting up their legs alternately, whilst the others are to strike on their breech, the ground, and their own hands, with a shoe, or some such thing, to measured time, under forfeiture of taking their places.

embrace, two heart-cakes, and a scapulary with red ribbons, and its badge embroidered with gold thread, with which his eagerness for the vocation became so great, that he would not have abandoned the thoughts of being a Friar, even for the living of his own parish. Moreover, the lay-brother instructed him in what manner he was to apply to the Provincial, and that having procured his consent, he should beseech him to be himself his habit-father, as in this manner he would secure his fortune, because the party of his Paternity was the governing one, and in all probability would be the governing one for some years, since there was scarcely a Definer, an Exempt, or Chief of a convent in the order, who was not a son or a grandson of his Reverence, that is, either his own disciple, or his disciples' disciple; and thus he easily managed the chapters, and disposed of every thing in them at his pleasure.

Ages did the hours till supper-time appear to Gerund, and when it arrived, he sat himself down to table with the Provincial, the Secretary, and his father and mother, as usual. But instead of diverting them with anagrams, verses, and nonsense, which

which he bolted out at other times, that evening, according to the instruction of the fly lay-brother, he shewed himself very serious, pensive, and void of appetite. They would have excited him, but scarce a word was to be drawn from him. When the cloth was taken away, the Provincial and the Secretary made him sit between them, began to caress him much, and asked him what was the matter with him? After suffering himself to be entreated some time, and the tears, whether in jest or earnest, appearing in his eyes, he said, at last, that he had a great desire to be a Friar of their order, and that he would follow them, so he would, whithersoever they went, though it should be on foot, till they had given him the habit. On hearing this, the good creature of a Catanla, turning to her husband, her hands clasped, or crossed upon her breast, said to him with all the goodness in the world, "Did not I tell thee, my Tony, that in the end the boy would be a Friar? Dost thou not see how the porphecy of the blessed lay-brother is fulfilling, who pernosticated that this child would one day be a great preacher?" And turning to Gerund, "Go, blessed of God, with the benediction of

his Divine Majesty and with mine ; for though a chapelry would have come to thee by inheritance, and thy godfather the licentiate Quixano would resign to thee the sinecure of Upper Berrocal, I would rather see thee in a pulpit converting of souls, than see thee become the arch-pest of all the country \*." Anthony Zotes, who was as good as good bread, answered only, " As for my part, so as he be but a good Fliar, let him do what he will ; for parents should not thwart the inclinations of their children."

The Provincial, seeing the little there was left to be done on the side of the father and mother, and knowing that the boy had in reality parts and quickness, and that the absurdities he had picked up, were the effects of his bad education, which there was reason to hope he might be sensible of, and rectify in time, with proper instruction, immediately promised that he would receive him, and that he himself would give him the habit, and always be his father and godfather. But as he was a learned and religious man, and as

\* That is, that she would rather see him a regular Priest, than a secular one, as in the former, according to the ideas of the vulgar, there is much more merit.

it was a serious affair, he feared lest it might be some light fancy in the boy, or, however, lest he might embrace that state heedlessly, and without a right comprehension of what he embraced ; and, therefore, that he might at once comply with his conscience, his duty, and his great understanding, he spoke to him in the following manner :

“ Know’st thou, my son, what the religious state is ? It is a cross to which the soul is nailed by the three religious vows\* from the moment it makes them, and from which it is released only with the last breath. It is a continual martyrdom, which commences with its being embraced, and finishes indeed when it is left ; but, observe, that it can be left only by loss of life, or loss of honour, and at the same time with that the loss of thy eternal soul. It is a state all of humility, all of mortification, all of obedience. He who despises not himself, is the most despised of all ; no one is more mortified, than he who least mortifies, with the discomfort of suffering more and deserving less. He

\* Poverty, chastity, and obedience.

“ who

“ who is not willingly obedient, is constrained to be the most miserable of slaves. See’st thou these hoary locks which whiten my head? (at saying this, he took off his scull-cap) Know, then, that these twenty years, have they covered, have they disfigured me, and belied my age, for I have not yet attained to my fiftieth year; and by nothing is this usually-late-falling snow upon these natural plants so much hastened, as by troubles and anxieties of mind; and scarcely are there any of us, thou mayest observe, but who are grey upon account of our profession, many years sooner than we should be upon account of age. Certainly this violence which is done to nature, cannot ordinarily arise from any other cause than the violence, voluntary or involuntary, which is done to natural inclination.

“ As thou hast never been conversant with any other of the Religious than those which the charity of our brethren, thy good parents, hath with true Christian piety entertained, I fear lest some imprudent person (for we cannot deny that there are such in all parts) may have delineated our state to thee like that

“ that painter, who, to conceal the deformity of Philip, the father of Alexander, to whom one eye was wanting, drew his picture in profile, representing only the fair side, and hiding the defective in the canvass. It is true, my son, there are in the religious state certain grave men, justly rewarded for their merit, with privileges and exemptions ; but there are not, nor can there be, privileges against obedience and observance, nor were there ever yet discovered in the world, exemptions from anxiety and trouble. Of what avail is it, that the cells of these grave fathers should abound with all their natural wants require, if, by default of a proper government of their passions, there is wanting to them what they have more need of in their hearts ? Neither will I deny, that in the most rigorous profession may be found some inobservant, and even, sometimes, scandalous members. But, in like manner, there were in Heaven apostate angels, in paradise disobedient men, and in the apostolic college a traitor, a presumptuous, an inconstant, an incredulous man, and many cowards : yet doth not Heaven cease to be Heaven

“ ven

“ ven, paradise paradise, nor the aposto-  
“ lic college to be the most holy commu-  
“ nity that ever was or will be in the  
“ world. A state is not called perfect,  
“ because there are not in it some defec-  
“ tive members, but because those who  
“ are so, are endeavoured to be reclaimed,  
“ and those who are not to be reclaimed  
“ are not tolerated; for they are either  
“ cut off as rotten members that they may  
“ not infect the sound, or are conjured like  
“ tempests \*, that they may discharge  
“ where they may not destroy: I mean,  
“ that confined within the walls of their  
“ convent for life, either punishment  
“ brings them to themselves, and then  
“ they are truly happy, or, if they  
“ complete their wretchedness by de-  
“ spair, they prejudice themselves alone,  
“ and only pass *from one hell to another*,  
“ *from the temporal to the eternal*.

\* The bells are rung usually against an approaching storm. “ The bells are blessed, that the sound of them may incite the faithful to their heavenly reward, and that the devotion of faith may increase in them;—they are rung that the enemies’ armies may run away—that the sound of hail, the whirlwinds, the rains, the rushing of the storms, may be moderated—that the winds, thunders, and lightnings may be suspended—the storming spirits of hell confined,” &c. Bluteau.

There-

“ Therefore, my son, if thou thinkest of  
“ embracing the religious state, thou art  
“ to know, that if thou shalt be good,  
“ thou wilt live and die upon a perpetual  
“ cross ; if thou shalt be bad, thou wilt  
“ be still more tormented, and that on ei-  
“ ther side a martyrdom, to be finished  
“ only with thy life, awaits thee. I have  
“ fulfilled my duty ; thou wilt now re-  
“ solve according to thy judgment ; with  
“ the assurance, that if, notwithstanding  
“ the clearness with which I speak to  
“ thee, thou shalt be determined to take  
“ this cross upon thee, I, as thy father  
“ and thy godfather, for which I imme-  
“ diately appoint myself, will do every  
“ thing in my power, though I cannot  
“ take it from thy shoulders, to make it  
“ as light and easy as it can be consisten-  
“ ly with the observances of religion.”

Anthony Zotes and the good Catanla were very attentive to the discreet harangue of the prudent and pious Provincial, and were indeed rather tenderly affected by it, insomuch that the latter found it necessary to wipe her eyes and her nose ; this with the corner of her apron, and those with the lappets of her hood. But Gerund heard it with the greatest serenity imaginable, and without

without any attention at all, thinking only how he was to play at leap-frog, when he should be a novice, to cheat the butler, and filch at least two allowances a-week, and figuring himself in his imagination the greatest preacher of all that region ; as he afterwards confessed that whilst the Provincial was holding forth, he was framing in his mind a disciplinarian-exhortation against the time when he should be appointed to preach at Campazas in the Holy Week. Another cause of his inattention proceeded from the rogue of a lay-brother, who, standing behind the Provincial, but in full view of Gerund, kept winking his eyes, and nodding his head at whatever the holy father laid a stress on ; as much as to say, that it was nothing but cant, and not worth his notice. With which, as soon as the Provincial had concluded, the boy remained resolute in his desire of being a friar, and said, that if others had passed through those things, he also would pass through them, without giving any other reason, small or great. As they all saw him so resolved, it was determined that what was thought of being done at some future time, should be done immediately, for as he was now fifteen years old he was of the best age

age to enter the profession: and thus within two days the Provincial and his followers, accompanied by Gerund, his father, mother, and the licentiate Quixano, his godfather, who would be at the expence of his entrance, went to a convent of the order not far from Campazas, where the Provincial invested him with the habit by his own hands in great solemnity, and left him strongly recommended both to the Prior of the convent, and the Master of the Novices, as his own particular and beloved charge.

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T H E  
H I S T O R Y  
O F T H E  
F A M O U S P R E A C H E R  
F R I A R G E R U N D.

B O O K II.

C H A P. I.

*His Noviciate concluded, he begins studying arts.*

**N**OW have we our Friar Gerund fairly in the field, like a bull in the lists, a novice good and true as the best of them, without suffering himself to be outdone either in the punctual performance of the exercises of the community, as he was very attentive to his duty, or in the tricks which the lay-brother had described to him, when he could execute them undetected, for he was clever, cunning, and of wonderful dexterity of hand and

and lightness of foot. Yet, as he lost no opportunity of whipping a loaf or a commons into his sleeve, and transfused the contents of a Jesus, or wine-cup, into his stomach in a trice, whenever he helped the butler to put in order the refectory, or hall of refreshment, where the community took their meals, it came to be suspected that he was not altogether so innocent as he looked, and both the butler and the clerk laid a complaint before the master of the novices, that when Friar Gerund assisted in the refectory or at mass, the wine unaccountably vanished, and that in turning their heads they found empty one or two Jesuses which they swore by God and the holy cross they particularly remembered to have filled ; and that though they had never caught him in the fact, yet that the thread leads to the ball, as we say, that they could guess by a little what a great deal meant ; and that, before God and in their consciences, they believed it could be no other owl \* which sucked the oil of these lamps.

\* There is a kind of owl in Spain and Portugal which is very fond of oil, and will suck dry any lamp it can get at.

The master of the novices was a good soul, devout and pious to the last degree, and equally candid and simple. If he saw a novice go with downcast eyes, with his hood pulled over his head, his hands under his Scapulary, of a sneaking gait and creeping always under the wall, punctual in all the acts of the community, silent, devout, and even in his recreations speaking always of God and Christ—but what if he was naturally modest and ingenuous? If he asked his leave to inflict upon himself extraordinary penances and mortifications, though he never did them? If he was for ever running to him to communicate his spiritual concerns, and give him account of his feelings and experiences in the mental prayer or meditation that was enjoined him, especially if there was any thing which smelt of imaginary vision? if, above all, he came with a tone of charity, scrupulousness, and zeal, to tell him of the faults he had remarked, which perhaps his malice only had the ingenuity to discover, in his companions—'Twas enough, 'twas abundant; the good master could require no more; he would believe no ill of such a novice, though declared to him by the barefooted

footed friars themselves \* ; and if any one accused him of any little trespass, he would place it to the account of envy or emulation, saying, with almost tears in his eyes, that virtue, divine virtue, was persecuted in the very cloisters. The rogues of novices, though for the most part but mere boys, were cunning enough to see this weakness or goodness of their master, and of course the most artful cheated him into the belief of their being the greatest saints. Our Gerund was not behind-hand with the slyest fox of them all, but rather exceeded them in playing his part in this farce ; and it was known that he was the master's favourite, especially as, besides his good appearance, disimulation, and affected sanctity and composedness, he was adopted and so strongly recommended by the provincial father ; for though our master of the novices was a spiritual and mystic man, nevertheless, to the greater glory of God, and the greater good of religion, he paid his court very devoutly to the ruling powers upon earth,

\* A common expression to exaggerate the incredibility of a thing—that it is not to be believed, though it should be asserted by men of such approved truth and virtue as the friars of the severest orders, who go bare-footed.

and would not have disgusted a grave father for all the world.

With this disposition of the master it may well be supposed how ill the accusations of the clerk and the butler were received. The blessed man told them that little truly did they know of brother Gerund, and that he could not conceive with what conscience they could form such rash judgments, and raise such false testimonies against the angelic youth ; that if they did but know his real character, they would think themselves happy in being permitted to kiss the ground he trod on ; and that, if it was true that their wine was missing, without doubt it must have been the devil who personated him, and drank it in order to discredit him ; concluding with telling them, that if the order had in it half a dozen Friar Gerunds, this half dozen of saints would in time become additional objects of adoration on the altars.

Now it happened that whilst the good master was giving this lecture to the accusing brethren, the *angelic youth* passed (it is not known whether by accident or from any notice he had) by the buttery-door which was standing open, and seeing a basket of eggs, which lay lovely white and suiting to be touched, he clapped half a dozen

zen of them into the bosom of his cassock, and with the greatest modesty in the world pursued his way towards the novice-apartments, and went directly to the master's cell to give him an account of what he had experienced in the meditation of the day. He entered, as usual, with his eyes nailed upon the floor, his hood drawn a hand's breath over his forehead, his hands in his sleeves under the scapulary, and conjuring up a kind of smiling blush, (befriended excellently by the petty theft he had just committed) which might seem to be the effect of his spiritual experiences. As soon as the master saw him he renewed his wonted caresses, and made him sit down close by him; then began the account of his meditation, and then began the lies of his visions and communications, stringing together as many as he could invent, but all so well concerted and with so much grace and composure, that the master, good easy man, not able to contain himself, rose from his seat, and more and more to encourage this novice, favoured of heaven as well as him, gave him a most strict embrace. In an evil hour did he give it; for as he squeezed him so tightly in the Lord, he bróke all the eggs which the angelic youth had deposited in

his bosom, from whence a broad unbroken stream of yolks and white laced his garment to the hem. The master, astonished and confused, cried, "How now, Friar Gerund, what is this?" The devout young man, who had much serenity, and an imagination ready as a woman's to bring himself off with flying colours on a sudden pinch, answered without the least emotion, "Father, I will tell your Reverence. As it is now two months since your Reverence permitted me to take discipline on my shoulders, not being any longer able to take it on another part, wounds have ensued; for which I had procured these eggs to make a dressing, and I dared not tell your Reverence of it, lest your Reverence should deprive me of the comfort of this slight mortification." The gudgeon of a master swallowed the hook, and, admiring at the stupendous penances of his novice, embraced him again, but less closely than before, that he might not grieve the wounds upon his shoulders, or daub himself with their intended dressing; and contenting himself with mildly admonishing him that "mercy is better than sacrifice," he dismissed him with an order to go and change his habit.

With

With such contrivances did our Gerund pass his noviciate, and make his profession *inoffensō pede*, without a dissentient voice; and as his habit-father was still in the provincialship, he sent him at once to study arts in one of the most respectable convents of the province, overleaping the usual form of his being first a choirester for two or three years, which others, not so powerfully befriended, are obliged to pass through.

The lecturer or tutor at this convent was a young man, scarcely thirty, of a middling genius, sufficient comprehension, and happy memory, an hard student, a furious Aristotelian, (from never having read any other philosophy, and therefore never suffering any other to be mentioned,) and an eternal disputer; to which last quality assisted a great volubility of speech, a clear and strong voice, an admirable consistency of breast, and a marvellous strength of lungs; in fine, a scholastic so essentially made up of professional phrases that he neither used, nor knew, any others to express himself with on the most trivial occasions. If he were asked how he did, he would answer, *materialiter* well, *formaliter*, *subdistinguo*, *reduplicative ut homo*, nothing ails <sup>andiv</sup> me,

me, *reduplicative ut religiosus*, I am not without my troubles. His mother complained once that he said nothing in his letters of his state of health, to which he replied,

“ My good mother and lady,

“ It is certain I did not tell you *signatè*  
“ that I was well, but *exercitè*, I said it.  
“ I must now inform you, that I am ex-  
“ plaining to my disciples, the *transcen-*  
“ *dency*, or *intranscendency* of the being;  
“ I affirm the *analogy*, and deny the *tran-*  
“ *scendency*. Be so good as to tell my  
“ sister Rose, that I rejoice she is well,  
“ both *ut quo* and *ut quod*; and that as to  
“ the under-stockings she was so kind as  
“ to make for me, the *materia ex quâ ap-*  
“ *peared* rather coarse, but the *artificial*  
“ *form* has all its constitutives. With re-  
“ gard to the four pounds of chocolate you  
“ were pleased to send me, I must say *in.*  
“ *rei veritate*, that the *intrinsic qualities*  
“ are good, but that the *accidental* have  
“ ruined it, by its having been too long  
“ acted upon by the *combustive virtue* of  
“ *igneous nature*. I kiss your hands, and  
“ am

“ am *inadæquatè* & *partialiter* your son,  
“ but *totaliter* & *adæquate*,

Your affectionate humble servant,

FR. TORIBIO,  
Lecturer of Arts.”

Hence we may collect the character of the father lecturer, Friar Toribio, who in argument beat every one out of the pit, for with his loud voice, ready tongue, and abundance of terms, there was no one who could resist him; and, therefore, he was called The Scourge of the Schools. His head was stuffed with *appellations, ampliations, alienations, equipollences, reductions*, and all the most idle and ridiculous part of what is taught in the *Sumulas*, serving only to waste time in learning a thousand useless things.

With the same exquisite taste and good choice, he gave his instructions in logic. Though he knew very well, that this was no other than an art to help natural reason to discover the essence of things, yet the devil a thing did he teach his scholars conducive to this end, but of the nine months allotted for the course, spent seven in filling their poor heads with confused ideas, impertinent representations, and imaginary figures:

figures: in making them enquire if it consisted in a sole habit, quality, or scientific facility, or in a complex of many corresponding to the variety of the logical acts? Whether it is a practical or speculative science? If instruction in the rules is to be distinguished from the use of them? If its object be a mere *ens rationis*, a thing entirely feigned by the understanding; or a true and real being, though purely intellectual? If artificial logic be so necessary to other sciences that none can be attained, well or ill, without it? And thus of other pre-mial questions, which could serve no other purpose than to puzzle the boys' heads in the most useles manner in the world.

Now this is, by way of comparison, as if a shoe-maker should spend a month in teaching his apprentice, who was desirous of learning his trade, whether the foot-furnishing faculty were an art or a science, and, if an art, whether it were mechanical or liberal; another month in instructing him, if it was the same thing to know how to cut as to sew, or if, for each of these operations, there were need of an habit or scientific instruction which might direct them. "Sir, I want to learn to make shoes." "Peace, simpleton! How should'st

thou learn to make them, unless thou know if the object of the art be the real shoe which is drawn on the foot, or that which is represented in the imagination as the idea of what is afterwards to be made?" "Sir, I want not to make imaginary shoes, but such as are seen, felt, and worn." "Thou art a blockhead! Can'st thou ever be able to make them, without knowing whether the rules which are given for the operation are, or are not, different from the use and practice of them?" "Sir, what is it to me whether they are or are not? Do but give me these rules; for it is now four months I have been in your house, without learning so much as one of them." "Well, idiot; and how should I give them to thee, or how should'st thou learn them, till thou art fully instructed that the art is partly practical, and partly speculative? Practical, because its end is to make well-shaped and durable shoes; speculative, because it is necessary that the rules given for it must first direct reason, which is afterwards to direct the hands." "By my faith, Sir, you are enough to provoke a saint; what does it signify, in order to my learning these rules, whether the art be

Platical,

270 The HISTORY of  
Platical, or Peculative, or the Punk that  
pupped me?"

A pleasant thing which happened with our most scholastic father lecturer must not be omitted. A certain father master of the same order, a man of great erudition, and equally skilled in solid and ornamental literature, seeing Friar Toribio so scholasticated with these vain sophistries, and not able to beat reason into that thick scull of his, said to him one day in a banter, " Then, according to you, Father Lecturer, there could not be in the world a more important question, than that which was defended in Germany, *Utrum chimæra bombycina in vacuo possit comedere secundas intentiones?*" With wonder and amaze was our most metaphysical Friar struck at hearing it; and though there was not, as he thought, any system, of Thomist, Scotist, Suarist, Okamist, Nominalist, or Baconist, but what he had turned over, he did not remember ever to have read that question *in terminis*. He desired the father master to repeat it; and remained suspended for some time, revolving the terms in his mind thoroughly to understand them, and after muttering to himself two or three times, *Utrum chimæra bombi-*

*bombilians in vacuo possit comedere secundas intentiones? Utrum chimæra, &c.* he gave a vehement stamp upon the ground, and burst out with, “ By the holy habit which I wear, I had rather have been the author of this question, than immediately be made a Presentado \* , and may I be confounded in the next hall-exercises † , if I do not maintain the affirmative in a public act !” The rogue of a master heartily enjoyed the extravagance of the fanatic lecturer, and to complete the joke he was making of him, said, “ You will do well, Father Lecturer, you will do well ; and may you die with the comfort of being intitled to the epitaph made for one of like taste and genius to your paternity !

*Hic jacet Magister noster  
Qui disputavit bis aut ter  
In Barbara & Celarent,  
Ita ut omnes admirarent,  
In Fapesmo & Trisessonorum—  
Orate pro animis eorum.*

\* A Friar is sometimes admitted to a degree in divinity in the universities, and it is a great honour ; being never done but upon their being *presented* by their order as qualified for or deserving such degree. Afterwards they are called *Maestro presentado*--presented master.

† In the original *Sabatinas*, the Saturday disputations, at home, only in the common course of instruction ; in contradistinction to a public exercise before the community.

## C H A P. II.

*Friar Gerund continues studying philosophy without understanding a word of it.*

THE truth—and nothing but the truth will I say (for what benefit would it be to the curious reader, that I should damn my poor soul?) The truth is, that the more strenuously the incomparable Friar Toribio endeavoured to inculcate these useless subtleties to his disciples, the less did our Friar Gerund understand of them; not that sufficient capacity and quickness was wanting in him, but, as his genius and inclination drew him so strongly towards the pulpit, which appeared to him the most pleasing and lucrative path, as well as most likely to gain him fame, scholastic matters were irksome to him, and he could not for his life apply to the study of them. Upon this account it was pleasant to hear the confused and ridiculous ideas he conceived of the technical terms. The Lecturer explained to them the metaphysical degrees of being, substance,

substance, creature, body, &c. and though he bawled till he was hoarse in shewing them that every thing which exists is a being ; if visible and palpable, a real, physical, and corporeal being ; if invisible and impalpable, as the soul, a true and real, but spiritual, immaterial, and incorporeal being ; if it has no other existence than what the imagination or understanding gives it, an intellectual, ideal, and imaginary being ; yet, plain as the thing was, it was all Algebra to Friar Gerund ; for having often heard it said in the convent, that “ such an one is a strange *being*,” he could never conceive by *being*, any thing else than some out-of-the-way and ridiculous fellow : and thus, from the explanation of the properties of *being* by those rules, whose initial letters form this barbarous word REUBAU, when he saw any one of an extravagant turn, he would say, not without some vanity of his scholastic comprehension, “ Ay, he is a *Reubau*, as my master explains it.”

By the word *substance*, he never in his life understood any thing but strong chicken-broth ; [all strong broths are in Spain called Substances] because he had always heard his mother say, when she

had a sick person in the house, “ I must give him a substance;” and, therefore, he found himself the most confused mortal in the world, the year that he studied Natural Philosophy. Falling to his lot to argue this question, *Whether substance is immediately operative?* the Lecturer maintained the negative, which made poor Gerund lose the stirrups of his reason and his patience too, thinking it the greatest absurdity that could be maintained, and clearly against experience; and an argument had offered itself to him, according to his ideas, demonstrable and conclusive for the contrary. He came then to the school, or disputing-hall, most confidently armed with his arguments, which he proposed in this manner. “ *Chicken-broth is a true substance; but chicken-broth is immediately operative; therefore substance is immediately operative.*” The Minor was denied, which he proved thus, “ *That which, administered in a clyster, has an immediate effect, is immediately operative; but chicken-broth administered in a clyster, has an immediate effect; therefore chicken-broth is immediately operative.*” The whole musquetry of the school let fly a volley of loud laughter; the minor of this second syllogism was denied,

and poor Gerund, enraged, what with the laughter, and what with having a proposition which he thought as clear as the sun at noon-day denied, flies precipitately and blindly, beyond all power of restraint, from the school to his cell, calls for the Infirmary-brother, or him who has care of the sick, and desires to have immediately a clyster of chicken-broth, if by good fortune he had any prepared for the sick: the Infirmary-brother, who saw him so disturbed, agitated, and inflamed, thinking, without doubt, that he had been seized by a sudden and violent cholic, for which he had heard it said that chicken-broth was an admirable specific, and judging that the intention might be answered, though it were made of an old hen, of which he had luckily some by him, runs with all speed to the kitchen appropriated to him, and presently prepares and administers the clyster: it has directly a prodigious effect upon Friar Gerund; he fills one of those large pans which are destined to such uses, and without delay returning to the hall, says to his opponent and the by-standers, with an air between triumph and anger, "Now let them who have a mind to see whether chicken-broth has or

has not an immediate effect go to my cell, and there they will find the proof, and then let them defend that substance is not immediately operative!"

This affair put the finishing stroke to his disgust at every thing called Scholastic Learning. And though some grave and truly learned fathers, who loved him well, endeavoured to persuade him to dedicate some time to the study of it, at least of those matters, as well physical as metaphysical, which were not only conducive, but almost absolutely necessary, to the understanding the most important questions of divinity in all their parts, scholastic, expulsive, dogmatic, and moral, without the knowledge of which it was impossible to make a sermon without hazarding many absurdities and heresies, it was not possible to convince him: nor, though he was sometimes confined to bread and water, and had even half-a-dozen flogging-bouts, could he be brought to apply to what his inclination did nor carry him, and especially as there was in the house one who assisted him in his error and perverseness.

It happened, that, for his sins, our Friar Gerund was favoured with the notice, and afterwards with the intimacy of

a *Predicador Mayor* \* of the convent, a coxcomb of about the same standing with the Lecturer, but of very different ideas, taste, and character. This Father *Predicador Mayor* was in the flower of his age, just turned of three-and-thirty; tall, robust, and corpulent, his limbs well set and well proportioned, with somewhat of a prominent belly, strait neck, and erect gait; with his bit of foretop to his circle of hair, which was studiously and exactly rounded; his habit always clean, and the folds long and regular, a neat shoe, and, above all, his silken scull-cap adorned with much and beautiful needle-work, an airy tassel raising itself in the centre, all the happy labour of certain blessed Nuns, who

\* Greater Preacher. *Predicador Mayor* & *Predicador Sabatino*, are two orders of preachers; the former signifying, as the word expresses, the Superior, and the latter (the *Saturday Preacher*) consequently the inferior, as those, who, on account of their age or abilities, are not fit to be produced upon great and very public occasions, but may serve for a *Saturday*, or unimportant day, when few people attend.

As the *Predicador Mayor* here mentioned is a distinguished personage, and has a considerable share in the remaining part of this history, his resonant Spanish title, the accent being upon the last syllable of each word, shall be preserved to him, as it is more expressive of the greatness of the man than any English term which could with propriety be applied.

were dying for their Father Predicador Mayor. In short, he was a most gallant spark; and, adding to all this a clear and sonorous voice, something of a lisp, a particular grace in telling a story, a known talent at mimickry, easy and free action, a particular and taking manner, a roaring style, and boldness of thought, without ever forgetting to well sprinkle his sermons with tales, jests, proverbs, and fire-side phrases, most gracefully brought in, he not only drew multitudes after him, but bore the bell in all conversations of the ladies.

He was one of those polite preachers who never cite the holy fathers, nor even the sacred Evangelists, by their proper names, thinking that this is vulgar. St. Matthew he called *The Historian Angel*; St. Mark, *The Evangelic Bull*; St. Luke, *The most divine Brush*; St. John, *The Eagle of Patmos*; St. Jerom *The Purple of Belen*; St. Ambrose; *The Honey-comb of Doctors*; and St. Gregory, *The Allegorical Tiara*. It is not to be supposed that in naming a text he would tell you simply and naturally the Gospel and chapter from whence he took it; no, that he thought was enough to brand him for a Sabatine preacher;

preacher ; it was well known that he would always say, *Ex Evangelica lectione Matthæi vel Johannis capite quarto-decimo*, and sometimes, for a more sonorous collocation of words, *quarto-decimo ex capite*. But, to fail putting the two first fingers of his right-hand, with a foppish air, between his neck and the collar of his habit, as if to ease his respiration, to fail making a couple of affected tosses of the head, whilst he was proposing his subject, and at finishing the proposing it to give two or three little jumps as it were, or risings upon his toes, and puffing out both his cheeks, in consequence of a deep-fetched breath, by way of clearing the passage, and looking disdain on little folks below, to break forth in a certain guttural noise between a sneeze and a neigh ; to be most nicely trimmed and spruced up whenever he had to preach, flattening his circle of hair and raising the foretop, and directly after making, or not making, his private short ejaculation as soon as he entered the pulpit, to draw airily out of his left sleeve a yard-wide silk handkerchief of a vivid colour, and shake it at full length, to blow loudly the trumpet of his nose, though nothing should come from it but wind, and return the

handkerchief to his sleeve with regular harmonious pauses, to cast around him a haughty glance, heightened with a little frown, and make a beginning with “*Before all things blessed, praised, glorified be the holy sacrament,*” &c. and conclude with “*In the primitive instantaneous being of his natural animation*”.—No! The Reverend Father Predicador Mayor would not have omitted a tittle of all these things, though St. Paul himself had strenuously maintained that they were all, to say the least of them, so many evidences of his not having a grain of gravity, a drop of devotion, a crumb of conscience, a morsel of marrow, or a pinch of penetration.—Yes; persuade him to it if you could! When he saw as plain as the nose in your face, that with this preliminary apparatus alone he drew large concourses, gained loud applause, won hearts for himself, and that there was not a circle, visit, or party, in which the last sermon he had preached did not become the topic.

It was well known to be a favourite maxim with him to begin his sermon always with some jest, or some proverb, or some wine-house witticism, or some emphatic or divided clause, which at first sight

ught should seem blasphemy, impiety, or madness; and after having kept the audience for a while in expectation, he would finish the clause, or come out with an explanation, which terminated in a miserable insipidity. Preaching one day upon the mystery of the Trinity, he began with this period, “ *I deny that there is in God unity of essence and trinity of persons;*” and there he stopped. The hearers began to look at one another as if scandalized, or at least suspended, waiting for the issue of that blasphemous heresy. And when our preacher thought he had caught them, he proceeded with the poorness of adding, “ *Thus says the Arian, the Manichean, the Socinian; but I shall prove it against them by scripture, by councils, by fathers.*”

In another sermon upon the Incarnation, he began in this manner, “ *To your healths, gentlemen!*” And as all the audience laughed ready to split their sides (for he said it as a merry Andrew would) he added, “ There is nothing to laugh at; for, to your healths, and mine, and the healths of all, did Jesus Christ come down from Heaven, and was incarnate in the bowels of the Virgin Mary. It is an article of faith. I prove it; *propter nos homines &*

*propter nostram salutem descendit de cœlis & incarnatus est.*" At hearing this they were all struck with pleasing surprize, and such a murmur of applause, with complacent noddings, ran round the church as wanted but little of breaking out into public acclamation.

There was in the place a shoemaker, an eternal wit, and a buffoon by profession, whom the people called "The Scourge of Preachers," because in the affair of sermons his voice was decisive. If he said of a preacher, "*A brave Cock! A famous Cock! An excellent Crower!*" the father might talk what nonsense he would, for he was sure of having the preaching of the principal sermons in the place pressed upon him, including that of the Feast of Shepherds, and that of St. Roque, at which there were steers to be tilted at, and a bull to be killed \*. But if the shoemaker

\* So great is the attachment of the Spaniards to their favourite sport of bull-fighting, that upon occasions of festivity in places where they cannot get bulls to be fought, or to be run, as their phrase is, (*correr toros*) they are content, rather than not have something that may bear a resemblance to a bull-fight, to run poor innocent steers. Sometimes too, when they can rise to the having a bull to run, they cannot afford to sacrifice the bull to the sport; they entertain themselves, therefore, with him for a while and spare his life, that he may

turned up his nose, and at the end of the sermon, said, “*A Chick! A mere Embryo! He may do in time;*” though the preacher should have been the great Vieyra himself, in his very identical identity, he was not to hope to preach in that parish again, not even the poor sermon of St. Sebastian, which was worth only a cake, a quart of hypocras \*, and two quarter-of-a-pound rolls of small wax-candle. This formidable Censor of sermons, then, was so pleased with those of the father Friar Blas, which was the name of the Predicador Mayor, that he could scarcely find expressions strong enough for the praise he merited; he called him “*The Cock of Cocks, The numb plush sultry of Pulpits;* and, in short, *The Orator by Anthony Mesia!*” [*non plus ultra, Antonomasia.*] And as this Shoemaker had much deference paid to his opinion in his own town, and even all the neighbourhood around, he inconceivably credited Friar Blas by his applause, and

may be run another time. But in the present case, to shew the magnificence of this festival of St. Roque, it is said that there were not only steers to be run, which would diversify and prolong the entertainment, but there was likewise to be a *Toro de muerte*, a bull to be run, and run till he was killed.

\* Wine with sugar and spices.

was

was a grand means of rendering incurable his folly, vanity, and madness.

A grave, religious, learned, and judicious father, who had been Provincial of the order, and afterwards retired to that convent, pitying equally the deplorable error of the preacher, and the prejudicial simplicity of the applauder, charitably undertook, if he could, to cure them both. And as the day after the famous sermon on the Incarnation, the shoemaker (who worked for the convent) brought him home a pair of shoes, and as he was fitting them on, began, with his usual impertinent prattle, to extol the yesterday's sermon, thinking at the same time to flatter his Reverence by praising a Friar of his order, the good father Ex-provincial laid hold of the opportunity, and taking out his snuff-box, and giving Martin (as the shoemaker was called) a pinch, bad him sit down by him, and looking him in the face, said, with the greatest goodness in the world, "Come, come, Martin, what do'st thou understand of sermons? Why do'st thou speak of that thou do'st not understand, nor art capable of understanding? If thou knowest not how to write or read, or scarcely to spell, how should'st thou know who

who preaches well or ill? Tell me, if I were to say to thee that thou didst not know how to cut or to sew a shoe, and that any one of thy trade would do it better, wouldst thou not reply with reason, " Father, let this alone, for you do not understand it; mind your books and leave us with our awls and our ends? Now, whether a shoe be ill or well cut or sewed, any one may know who is not blind. If then a scholar and preacher would do ill in censuring, and much worse in giving rules for, the performance of a shoemaker, is it sufferable that a shoemaker should take upon him to censure, and give rules for the performance of a preacher? Look ye, Martin, the utmost that thou canst know and judge of is, whether the preacher be tall or short, strait or crooked, a regular or secular, fat or lean, fearful or bold, of much or little action, or a loud or a low voice, for in order to this there is need only of eyes and ears; but in going farther thou not only exposest thyself to say a thousand absurdities, but also to praise as many heresies."

" Bravo! bravo! Most Reverend Father; (cried the shoemaking buffoon) and why does not your Reverence add your

" Grace

“ Grace and Glory,” your *Doxy Rology*; that your sermon may have its due and legitimate ending? According to this your Reverence must account that gallant entrance which the Father Predicador Mayor gave to his sermon on the Most Holy Trinity, “ *I deny that there is in God Unity of Essence and Trinity of Persons, an Heresy.*” “ And one of the most scandalous heresies that could be heard in a Catholic pulpit,” answered the grave and learned Religious. “ But if the Father Friar Blas presently added (replied Martin) that it was not he who denied it, but the *Harry-Ann*, the *Macchabean*, and the *Sus-Onion*, or some such thing, who we know were all a pack of heretic dogs, what Heresy o’ my sins did the good Father Predicador say, but merely relate that said by these Jews, Turks, and Infidels?” The Reverend Ex-provincial smiled, and, without changing his tone, replied mildly, “ Tell me, Martin, if any one should roundly come out with a *Voto-a-Christo* \*, and after a pause should add *Valillo*, will he

\* *I vnu to Christ*; one of the most common oaths amongst the Spaniards, to which *Valillo* serves as a sort of salvo, like “ I was going to say,” “ I had like to have said,” “ God forgive me,” &c.

not nevertheless still have sworn an oath?" "Certainly, (answered the shoemaker) for so I have heard the Theatines say an hundred times when they come to mission \* our souls for us. And 'ifaith they are in the right of it; for the *Valillo* which follows comes too late; 'tis, as the proverb says, like breaking a man's head and giving him a plaster." "This then is literally the case (proceeded the good Father) with regard to this scandalous proposition and others like it, blurted out by many addlepated preachers: flap comes the heresy or absurdity and breaks the heads of their poor hearers, which is what they aim at, thinking it wit, and afterwards come the lint, plaster, and bandages to bind them up. So that the whole jut of the business consists in advancing boldly a proposition that may alarm and offend (and the more shocking it is so much the better) and then giving an explanation which makes it turn out a most wretched futility. Dost

\* In the time of Lent many preachers go about from town to town, inveighing vehemently against sin, and strenuously exhorting to repentance, which is called going upon a Mission: hence any sermon of more than ordinary Zeal and Fervour is commonly termed a Mission; and the shoemaker here ludicrously makes a verb of it.

thou not think, Martin,—even supposing that the heresy may be thus excused—that at least there can be no excuse for the folly and the madness?"

" I don't understand Tology," answered the shoemaker ; " what I know, is, that as to the beautiful entrance of the sermon of yesterday, " *To your healths, Gentlemen,*" neither your Reverence nor all the whole Turpentine or Tridentine Council shall ever make me believe that there was any heresy in that, for he proved it clearly by the Creed, *propt-her no-straw salute-him as-sent-it d'ye seal-us*, which put us all in amazement." " In this (replied his Reverence) there was certainly no heresy : but pray tell me, Martin, in what consisted the point or the acuteness which so much amazed you ?" " In what ! (said Martin) why can there be greater acuteness in the world than to begin a sermon as if one was going to drink an health ; and when all the audience were laughing, thinking he was going to lug out a flagon of wine for us to pledge him, to throw a pail of cold water on us all with a text that fitted so finely that it could not be more pat, an 'twere painted for the purpose." " Hearkee, Martin, (said the good Father

Father calmly) when a sot begins preaching at the tavern what is it usual to say of him?" "Why, such an one (replied Martin) we brothers of the bottle call an Accomplished Sot, one past all hopes of recovery; for it is well known that your drunkenness which comes in the mystical or apostolical way, your religious drunkenness, is incurable." "Well now, look'ye, my good man; if the strongest mark of the inveterate folly and drunkenness of a sot is to talk at the tavern as preachers talk in the pulpit, what wit, grace, pleasantry, or acuteness can it be for a preacher to use in the pulpit such phrases as sots use at the tavern? And these preachers does Martin praise! These does he applaud! Go to, thou silly man, where is thy reason?" "Father Master (answered the convinced and angry shoemaker) I have not studied Logics nor Flourishes; but still I say, *What sounds to me, sounds to me*, and by that I'll abide. Your Paternity is of this opinion and others are of the contrary, and yet they are of the same stuff, and, in truth, no little folks neither. The world is full of Envy, and even the Cloisters are not very empty of it. Long live my Father Friar Blas, and

good morrow to your Reverence, for I am going to carry a pair of shoes to the butler."

Scarce was Martin departed from the cell of the Father Ex-provincial when Friar Blas presented himself in it, to take leave of his Reverence, as he was going the next morning to a town four leagues off to preach on occasion of the colloca-  
tion of a *Retablo*, or ornament for the altar. As the subject upon which he had been talking with the shoemaker was fresh and full in the mind of the Ex-provincial, and as the good man, as well for the honour of religion as for the sake of the Father Predicador himself, (whom he real-  
ly loved, but grieved over him to see him so misapply talents, which, managed with judgment, might be very valuable) was very desirous of having an opportunity of making him sensible of his error, and thinking the present a very fit one, he said to him directly as he saw him, "I am sorry, Father Predicador, that you did not come a little sooner, that you might have heard a conversation I was holding with Martin the shoemaker, and who cut it off by taking himself away when I was wish-  
ing to prosecute it." "I would lay a  
wager

wager (answered Friar Blas) that it was about preaching, for he talks of nothing else, and in truth he is a good judge. " Of a shoe he may (replied the Ex-provincial) but of a sermon I know not how he should." " Why (said Friar Blas) to know who preaches well or ill there is need only of having eyes and ears." " Then thus all who are not blind or deaf may be as good judges as the shoemaker?" " But there are some, (Friar Blas observed) who have not so good eyes or so good ears as others." " That is to say, that in order to judge of a sermon there is need of no more than to see how the preacher acts, and hear how he feels it?" " No, our Father, there is need of no more." " So then according to this, in order to be a good preacher there is need of no more than to be a good player?" " *Concedo consequentiam,*" said the very satisfied Friar Blas.

" And is it possible that a christian orator and son of my Father St. N. wearing his holy habit, can have the confidence to advance a proposition like this! Pray now, Father Predicador Mayor, what is the end which a christian orator should propose in all his sermons?" " The end,

our Father, (said Friar Blas with a pert readiness) which every orator, christian and not christian, should propose, is to gratify his audience, to give pleasure to all, and to conciliate their favour; that of the learned, by the abundance of doctrine, by the multitude of citations, by the variety and the choice of the erudition; of the decreet, by wit, acuteness, and equivoque; of the polite, by a style pompous, elevated, altisonant, and of *the rimb*; of the vulgar, by things suited to their conception, by proverbs, coarse jests, and smart little tales, brought in with opportunity and told with grace; and, in short, of all, by freedom and ease of manner, by gesture, voice, and action. I, at least, in my sermons propose no other end, nor to attain it do I avail myself of other means; and truly it does not succeed ill with me, for there is never wanting in my cell a pinch of good snuff, or a cup of rich chocolate, there are two changes of white linen, it is well provided with flasks, and finally my little drawer is never without a few doublons for a case of necessity. I never go out to preach but I bring home an hundred masses for the convent and as many more to divide amongst half a dozen friends.

friends. There is no sermon of consequence in all the country for which I am not applied to, and to-morrow morning I go to preach at the Collocation of the Retablo at ——, the Majordomo of which told me that the allowance for the sermon was a doublon of eight crowns \*."

Scarcely could the religious and learned Ex-provincial refrain from tears when he heard a discourse so foolish, so frantic, and so impious from the mouth of that poor Friar, filled rather with presumption and ignorance than true wisdom; and, compassionating his error, and inflamed with an holy zeal for the glory of God, the honour of the order, and the good of souls, in all which that mistaken Religious might be very serviceable if he should employ his natural talents better, he was anxious to try if he could convince and undeceive him. He rose from his seat, locked his cell on the inside that no one might interrupt them, took the Predicador Mayor by the hand, led him into his study, set him down in a chair, seating himself in another just by him, and, with that authority to which he was intitled by his hoary locks,

\* Six and thirty shillings sterling.

his venerable age, his learning, his virtue, his employments, his credit and his estimation in the order, spoke to him in the following manner.

## C H A P. III.

*The grave and learned discourse of the Father Ex-provincial.*

“ I AM astonished, Father Friar Blas,  
“ at what I have just heard you say,  
“ to that degree that I am even now  
“ doubting whether my ears deceive me  
“ or whether I dream what I hear. Much  
“ indeed did I fear on hearing you preach  
“ lately, and carefully watching all your  
“ motions, before you mounted the pul-  
“ pit, whilst you were in the pulpit, and  
“ after you had descended from the pul-  
“ pit, that in your sermons you proposed  
“ no other end than that of vanity, ap-  
“ plause, and interest ; but this fear was  
“ no more than a sudden thought, which I  
“ would not suffer to amount to a suspicion  
“ lest it might border upon rash judgment.  
“ But, alas ! I now see from what you  
“ have

“ have just said that I exceeded in charity  
“ and candour.

“ So then the end that should be pro-  
“ posed by an orator, christian or not  
“ christian, is to gratify his audience, to  
“ catch at applause, gain credit, and make  
“ a purse, solicitously endeavouring after  
“ little pitiful accommodations! When I  
“ hear this, I no longer wonder that the  
“ Father Predicador should dispose him-  
“ self to ascend the pulpit as a player dis-  
“ poses himself to make his appearance  
“ upon the stage, much shaved, much  
“ spruced, much toupeed; with a glossy  
“ cloak, his best habit, plaited skirts;  
“ new, nice, curious shoes; one handker-  
“ chief of a striking colour, another white,  
“ long, fine, less for wiping off the sweat  
“ than for making an ostentation of what  
“ a Religious, who formally and solemnly  
“ professes humility, poverty, and modesty,  
“ should be ashamed. A truly apostolic  
“ preacher, who would ascend the chair  
“ of the holy spirit with no other view  
“ than to enamour his hearers with the  
“ beauties of piety and virtue, and efficaci-  
“ ously excite them to an abhorrence of  
“ sin, would blush at the thought of these  
“ affected ornaments, as absurdly incon-

“ sistent with his ministry as his state : but  
“ he who ascends it in order to profane it  
“ by such indecent, and I must add such  
“ sacriligious ends, neither can nor ought  
“ to avail himself of other means. I  
“ would not be understood to say that a  
“ studied slovenliness is laudable in a  
“ preacher; I only maintain that an affected  
“ curiousness in dress is most ridiculous;  
“ and there is no man of judgment who  
“ would not look upon that Religious as a  
“ madman, who is less careful in composing  
“ his sermon than in composing his habit  
“ and his hair, as if he thought that the  
“ delicate spruceness of his person could  
“ atone for the filthy grossness of his per-  
“ formance. In a word, my good father,  
“ he who thus adorns himself to preach  
“ gives it sufficiently to be understood that  
“ he endeavours not to gain souls to God,  
“ but to conquer hearts to himself. He  
“ does not go up so much to preach as  
“ to gallant it, and plays the part of a  
“ poor crazy wretch rather than a real  
“ orator.

“ The end of a real orator, sacred or  
“ profane, should be always to convince  
“ the understanding and to move the  
“ will, whether it be to embrace some  
“ truth

“ truth of religion, if the orator be a sacred one; or to take some just and honourable determination, if he be a profane one. The Father Predicador never can have found, nor will he ever find, that a profane orator, be he as profane as he will, ever propos'd to himself any other end. This alone is what Demosthenes, Cicero, and Quintilian propos'd to themselves in their orations, directed all to some laudable and honest end, some to preserve the Republic, others to inflame the mind against tyranny, these to defend innocence, those to repress injustice, many to implore mercy, and not a few to excite all the severity of the laws against the daringness of insolence. Had it been discovered, or but surmised, that any one of these famous orators had no other end in his declamations, than to make himself heard with pleasure, to allure the favour of the people, to display the trimness or the majesty of his garb, his graceful manner, his elegant action, his sonorous voice, his feeling of the affections, the pompous redundancy of his words, and the acuteness or false brilliancy of his thoughts — Had it been understood that

“ their

“ their harangues were directed to no other  
“ end than to solicit applauses, to conquer  
“ hearts, and to make money, they would  
“ have become the objects of the laughter,  
“ of the contempt, and even of the indig-  
“ nation of all the people. And if any  
“ had gone to hear them, it would certain-  
“ ly not have been in order to be persuad-  
“ ed by them as by orators, but to be di-  
“ verted by them as by mountebanks and  
“ pantomimes, by puppets and by players.  
“ For, in short, my Father Predicador, the  
“ orator is no other than the man dedicat-  
“ ed by his profession to instruct other men,  
“ and make them better than they are.  
“ And, let me ask you, will they be made  
“ better by *him*, who as soon as he shews  
“ himself in the pulpit, shews too that he  
“ is as much subjected as the vilest of his  
“ hearers, to the lowest of the human  
“ passions? Will *he* make the vain and  
“ proud man humble, who in all his words  
“ and actions breathes nothing but vanity  
“ and presumption? Will *he* correct the  
“ disorder of profane ornaments and cos-  
“ metics, who presents himself in the pul-  
“ pit (to the very utmost limits of what  
“ his profession will admit) a beau? Will  
“ *he* extirpate the passion of avarice from  
“ the

“ the breasts of others, who is known to  
“ make a traffic of his ministry, who  
“ preaches for interest, and canvasses and  
“ bustles for functions of the greatest pay ?  
“ Finally, whom will *he* persuade, that  
“ we ought to please God alone, who con-  
“ fesses that even in his sermons he has  
“ no other end than to please men ?

“ I beg the Father Predicator would  
“ tell me, if the apostles had proposed this  
“ adulterate end in their discourses, by  
“ what means would twelve rustic and  
“ gross men have converted the whole  
“ world ? He will say, perhaps, that God  
“ supplied the means. And who has told  
“ him that God would not supply them  
“ now likewise, were we to preach with  
“ the spirit with which the Apostles  
“ preached ? He may reply, that those  
“ were other times, and very different  
“ from our own. But what would my  
“ Father mean by this ? If he means that  
“ the Apostles preached to barbarous, un-  
“ cultivated, ignorant idiots, who were to  
“ be convinced by any thing and in any  
“ manner, he will shew that he is more  
“ versed in books of wretched conceits,  
“ which some call preachable, and I call  
“ intolerable and contemptible, than in  
“ history

“ history sacred and profane. Does he  
“ know that the world was never more  
“ cultivated, than when God sent his  
“ Apostles to it ? Is he ignorant that there  
“ were then remaining, and continued for  
“ some time, the precious reliques of the  
“ golden age of Augustus, in which Christ  
“ was born, and in which all the arts and  
“ sciences, especially oratory, poetry, phi-  
“ losophy, and history, flourished more  
“ than in any other ? Our age indeed pre-  
“ sumes, whether with or without reason,  
“ to be more enlightened than any other ;  
“ and it cannot be denied, but that in  
“ some particular faculties and arts, disco-  
“ veries have been made that were un-  
“ known to the preceding ones. Never-  
“ theless, in those which the ancients cul-  
“ tivated, the famous question upon their  
“ superiority to the moderns, has not yet  
“ been decided by the critics ; and let the  
“ Father Predicador know, that though  
“ the arguments urged on each side are  
“ very weighty, yet the number of votes  
“ for the former, exceeds beyond compa-  
“ rison all those that can be counted for  
“ the latter. Let him now see if the peo-  
“ ple the Apostles preached to and con-  
“ verted were uncultivated, ignorant, and  
“ bar-

“ barbarous, when there is so much room  
“ for disputing if they did not excel us  
“ in comprehension, in genius, in good  
“ taste, and politeness.

“ He may answer, that upon this very  
“ account the Apostles converted only the  
“ lowest people, the mere vulgar and idiots.  
“ Another mistake which springs from the  
“ same principle. I desire the Father  
“ Predicador would do me the favour to  
“ tell me, if Cornelius the Centurion was  
“ of the vulgar? If the eunuch of the  
“ queen Candace was of the vulgar? If  
“ Saint Dionysius the Areopagite was an  
“ idiot? If Saint Justin the Martyr was a  
“ poor ignorant? If Saint Clement Alex-  
“ andrinus was of the lowest people, and  
“ Saint Linus and his parents Herculanus  
“ and Claudia, both of the most illustrious  
“ families of Toscany? If so many Ma-  
“ gistrates, so many Princes, so many  
“ Kings as the Apostles converted in their  
“ respective provinces, were of the lowest  
“ people and the mere vulgar? A preacher,  
“ who should but take the short and ne-  
“ cessary trouble of reading the lives of  
“ the Saints on whom he preaches, could  
“ never fall into such an error; but how  
“ should he not fall into this and others of  
“ still

“ still grosser ignorance, when it often  
“ happens that he who has the least know-  
“ ledge of the Saint that is preached upon  
“ is the very preacher himself, making it  
“ his pride to take such abstracted subjects,  
“ that one and the same sermon may serve  
“ for St. Liborius, for St. Roque, for St.  
“ Cosme, for St. Damian, for the Virgin  
“ of Sorrows, and, upon a pinch, for the  
“ Blessed Souls in Purgatory ?

“ But if the Father Predicador should  
“ chance to mean that those first ages of  
“ the church, though they were not less  
“ informed, yet were less corrupted  
“ than our own, and consequently that it  
“ was not so difficult to reduce them to the  
“ truth of the Gospel by clear, natural,  
“ naked, and simple arguments, he will  
“ be guilty of another piece of ignorance  
“ that cannot in conscience be forgiven  
“ him. What, were those times less cor-  
“ rupted than ours, in which vices were  
“ adored as virtues, and virtues abhored  
“ as vices ! Times in which impurity re-  
“ ceived incense in Cytherea, ebriety ado-  
“ rations in Bacchus, and robbery sacrifices  
“ in Mercury ! Times, in which an adul-  
“ terous Jupiter, an incestuous Venus, an  
“ usurping Hercules, and a thieving Cacus

“ were formal objects of devotion ! Times,  
“ in which Vanity was called Greatnes of  
“ Heart ; Pride, Elevation of Spirit ;  
“ Haughtiness, Magnanimity ; Usurpation,  
“ Heroism ; and, on the contrary, Mo-  
“ desty, Reserve, Moderation, and Retire-  
“ ment, were treated as a lowness of mind,  
“ and a littleness, not only useless but  
“ pernicious to society !

“ But I will not straiten him so much ;  
“ I will not make a comparison between  
“ our age and the first age of the church,  
“ but content myself with comparing our  
“ times with those in which the Paduas,  
“ the Ferreres, and the Villanuevas flou-  
“ rished. Let him tell me if there is  
“ much difference between our manners,  
“ and those of the times I speak of ? If he  
“ knows any thing of history, he must ne-  
“ cessarily answer, that if there is any dif-  
“ ference it is in dress, in fashions, in the  
“ greater perfection of languages, and in  
“ some customs purely accidental and exte-  
“ nior ; for as to the rest, there then reign-  
“ ed, as there now reign, the same man-  
“ ners, the same passions, the same incli-  
“ nations, the same vices, the same disor-  
“ ders, only that indeed they were more  
“ scandalous in those times than in these.

“ Not-

“ Notwithstanding, what portentous, what  
“ innumerable conversions were made in  
“ them by these saints ! What a train did  
“ they draw after them whenever they  
“ went out to preach, whole cities and  
“ entire provinces being depopulated to  
“ hear them. And did *they* preach *them-*  
“ *selves* ? Did they in their sermons pro-  
“ pose no other end than to gain applause  
“ and admiration, to fill their pockets, and  
“ make a noise in the world ? They did  
“ indeed make a great one, but was this  
“ what they aimed at ? And did they at-  
“ tain it by means so improper, so inde-  
“ cent, so unworthy, and I must again  
“ add so sacrilegious ?

“ Methinks I can hear the Father  
“ Predicador say inwardly, This may  
“ be so ; but I see that I attain it by the  
“ means I use, for I likewise make a noise  
“ in the world, I am followed, I am ap-  
“ plauded, I am admired. Very good.  
“ And what does he infer from this ? That  
“ he preaches well ? That he knows even  
“ what he preaches ? O how bad a  
“ consequence ! He makes a noise ; so  
“ likewise do a company of strollers  
“ when they come into a town. He  
“ is followed ; so likewise is a mounte-  
“ bank,

“ bank, a buffoon, a puppet-shew-man,  
“ and an Harlequin, when they shew their  
“ dexterities to the people. He is ap-  
“ plauded; but by whom? By those who  
“ listen to a wretched shoemaker as to an  
“ oracle, and those who celebrate a  
“ preacher as they would a player. The  
“ people are all admiration when they hear  
“ him; but at what? The silly, at his  
“ hardness and gesticulation; the wise, at  
“ his self-satisfaction and his folly.

“ Good now, Father Predicador, who  
“ has told you that the admiration of the  
“ multitude is the daughter of desert?  
“ Very frequently, not to say most times,  
“ it is the daughter of ignorance in the  
“ admirers. The vulgar generally admire  
“ what they do not understand; and  
“ know, Father, that in all classes of men  
“ there is much vulgar. You may have  
“ read or heard of that famous orator,  
“ who, haranguing before all the people  
“ and hearing amongst them, in the mid-  
“ dle of his oration, a kind of joyful mur-  
“ mur which bordered upon acclamation,  
“ turned to a friend who stood near him,  
“ and asked him with surprise, “ Have I  
“ said any thing absurd, for this popular ap-  
“ plause can proceed from no other source?”

“ Even Cicero himself, who by no means  
“ despised applause, distrusted it if it was  
“ too frequent, thinking that, as it was  
“ not possible always to deserve it, adul-  
“ ation or ignorance must necessarily have  
“ part in it.—“ *I like not in my orations to*  
“ *hear, Excellent! Admirable! too often—*  
“ *Bellè et Præclarè nimium sœpè nolo.*”

“ Admiration is even more equivocal  
“ than praise; this must always be directed  
“ to the good and solid; that may, keep-  
“ ing within its sphere, be limited pre-  
“ cisely to the singular and new; for the  
“ object of admiration is not the good,  
“ but the rare. And therefore a French  
“ Jesuit says judiciously, and much to our  
“ present purpose, that “ there may hap-  
“ pen, and does often happen, to be a  
“ kind of paradox in sermons, that is, that  
“ the audience may justly admire certain  
“ parts of it which are contrary to judg-  
“ ment and reason; and hence it proceeds  
“ that very frequently the very thing is a  
“ little afterwards condemned, which had  
“ at first been praised.” The Father Pre-  
“ dicador may often have observed it. The  
“ hearers stand listening to the sermon,  
“ each transformed into a lively image of  
“ Attention herself with open mouth, en-  
“ raptured

“raptured by the graceful presence of the  
“preacher, by the elegance of his action,  
“by the sonorousness of his voice, by  
“what they call the elevation of his style,  
“by the chopping of his sentences, by the  
“vivacity of his expressions, by his feeling  
“of the affections, by the acuteness of the  
“objections he candidly allows to his po-  
“sitions, and the beautiful manner in  
“which he extricates himself by their so-  
“lution, and by the false brilliancy of his  
“thoughts. During the sermon not one  
“of them ventures to move, to stir, to  
“spit, nor even to draw his own breath  
“rudely, lest he should lose some delicious  
“particle of the preacher’s. After the  
“sermon is over, it is all approving nods,  
“all murmurs, all signs and gestures of  
“admiration. At coming out of the  
“church, it is all knots and rings of men,  
“and in them all eulogy, all exaggeration,  
“all astonishment. “Such a man as  
“this!” “What a tongue he has!”  
“Such a wonderful genius!”

“But what follows? Some intelligent,  
“mature men, of good criticism and sound  
“judgment, who heard the sermon and  
“suffered not themselves to be blinded,  
“not able to suffer that to be applauded

“ which ought to be abominated, drop  
“ first one thing and then another, till  
“ they arraign every part of which the  
“ sermon was composed, and make it ap-  
“ pear evidently that the whole was a  
“ woof of impropriety, of ignorance, of  
“ folly, of poorness, or to say the least  
“ that can be said, of futilities. They  
“ shew with all clearness that his style,  
“ instead of being an elevated one, was  
“ nothing but a swohn, bombastical, ses-  
“ quipedalian rant, made up of leaves  
“ without any fruit; that his affected ca-  
“ dences are as inconsistent with good  
“ prose as full and numerous sentences;  
“ but void of measure, are to good verse;  
“ that this kind of style causes laughter, or  
“ rather loathing to those who know how  
“ to speak and write; that the expressions  
“ which are called lively, were only of  
“ noise and bawling; that such a method  
“ of feeling and expressing the affections,  
“ was that which is proper rather to a  
“ player than a preacher, laudable on the  
“ stage but insufferable in the pulpit; that  
“ the objections were such as would never  
“ enter into any but his own idle head,  
“ and the solutions of them as arbitrary as  
“ futile; that the thoughts were all to be  
“ reduced

" reduced to little, colloquial, juvenile  
 " sayings, jingling and playing upon words,  
 " and poetical conceits without marrow or  
 " solidity ; that in all the sermon there was  
 " not to be discovered a grain of oratorical  
 " salt, as it had not the most distant ap-  
 " pearance of a methodical and arranged  
 " discourse, nothing of concatenation, no-  
 " thing of connection, nothing of ratioci-  
 " nation, nothing of the pathetic ; in short,  
 " that it was an untied besom, a parcel  
 " of little quaint conceits spread abroad,  
 " trifling thoughts scattered here and  
 " there, and that this was the sum and  
 " substance of the whole business. So that,  
 " all things well considered, there was  
 " nothing to admire or to applaud in our  
 " preacher but his voice and action, his  
 " presumption and most reverend *Coram*  
 " *vobis* \*. They who hear judicious, pe-  
 " netrating men, well-informed in the  
 " subject, talk in this manner, recover  
 " from their mistake and know their error,  
 " whence the preacher who in the morn-  
 " ing was admired, in the afternoon is  
 " looked upon as a Zany ; the compas-

\* Jocularly used for a good presence, or a presence of gravity and dignity.

“ sionate behold him with pity, the rigid  
“ with contempt.

“ I would wish for no better proof of  
“ this truth than the very sermons of the  
“ Father Predicador. How much was  
“ celebrated, how much was admired that  
“ famous entrance of the sermon on the  
“ most holy Trinity—I deny that there is  
“ *in God unity of essence and trinity of per-*  
“ *sons?* How much was admired, how  
“ much was extolled the other of the ser-  
“ mon on the Incarnation—*To your healths,*  
“ *gentlemen?* What rivalry for extra-  
“ gance in the eulogies plentifully poured  
“ forth on each of them upon finishing the  
“ functions? But how long did this praise  
“ and admiration last? So long only as  
“ some zealous, prudent, and charitable  
“ man delayed opening the eyes of the  
“ hearers, that they might know that the  
“ first proposition had been a most scanda-  
“ lous heresy, and the second a deplorable  
“ softishness; or that at least, when mend-  
“ ed with their saying clauses, they had  
“ turned out two miserable insipidities:  
“ For the first is reduced to the saying that  
“ many heretics have denied the mystery of  
“ the holy Trinity; behold what an exqui-  
“ site information! And the second, when  
“ we

" we have squeezed out all its substance,  
 " amounts to no more than to say that  
 " Christ, or the divine Word, became in-  
 " carnate for the salvation of men ; what  
 " a delicate and new discovery ! As soon as  
 " the hearers saw these things in their  
 " right light, they were ashamed of what  
 " they had a little before admired ; and I  
 " know very well that it was so given to  
 " be understood to the Father Predicador,  
 " on the very afternoon both of the Tri-  
 " nity and the Incarnation, if he had been  
 " pleased to understand it. For going to  
 " visit his female penitents \*, as is his cus-  
 " tom on the days he preaches, to collect  
 " the plaudits of the drawing-rooms †,  
 " a certain young lady told him, on that  
 " of the Trinity, " Jesus ! Father Predi-  
 " cador, God forgive you for the fright  
 " you put me into by the beginning of  
 " your sermon ! I was really afraid that the  
 " Commissary of the Holy Office would  
 " have silenced you, and carried you  
 " from the pulpit to the inquisition !"

\* Those to whom he is father confessor.

† In the original *Les Estrados*, the rooms adorned with carpetting, &c. in which ladies receive their visitors. *Tea tables*, could the expression be allowed, would be the corresponding English idiom.

“ I know likewise that another lady said  
“ to him on the afternoon of the Incar-  
“ nation, “ When your Reverence began  
“ your sermon this morning I thought I  
“ was asleep and dreaming, and that  
“ instead of having carried me to church  
“ they had carried me to the tavern.”  
“ They were both delicate strokes of fa-  
“ tire, and well deserved; but as the Fa-  
“ ther Predicador has an happy knack of  
“ converting all to aliment, he was tickled  
“ at the witty praise and exulted in his  
“ success.

“ This is what the Father Predicador  
“ gains, even from those persons who are  
“ no otherwise enlightened, than by a  
“ tolerable share of moral sense—to be  
“ contemned by them, and esteemed as  
“ he deserves. Those who are more cul-  
“ tivated, those who have some tincture  
“ of good taste, and above all, those who  
“ look not with indifference on so serious  
“ and sacred a ministry of Religion, can-  
“ not express the grief they feel to see it  
“ so profaned in his mouth, and their  
“ compassion at the unhappy mis applica-  
“ tion of talents, which, managed as they  
“ ought to be, might be very serviceable  
“ to the good of souls, to the glory of  
“ God,

“ God, to the honour of our Holy Order,  
“ and to the solid and real reputation of  
“ the Father Predicador. He cannot  
“ doubt the particular inclination I have  
“ always manifested for him ever since he  
“ was my novice; the rigours from which  
“ I freed him when I was the superior of  
“ his convent, and the estimation in which  
“ I held his endowments when I was his  
“ Provincial; since it was I who first set  
“ him in a conspicuous place, appointing  
“ him to one of the pulpits most sought  
“ after of any in the province. He must  
“ remember the paternal letter which I  
“ wrote to him upon this occasion, strong-  
“ ly recommending to him that he would  
“ justify my confidence, and avoid giving  
“ cause for my being insulted by those  
“ who censured this election, without  
“ doubt because they knew him better  
“ than I did; that he would preach Christ  
“ crucified and not preach himself, or at  
“ least that he would preach with piety  
“ and judgment, if he should not have the  
“ spirit to do it with zeal and fervour. I  
“ protest to him that I feel not so much  
“ remorse from any of the many injudici-  
“ ous things I did in my Provincialship,—  
“ though I call God to witness that I did  
“ them

“ them all with the best intention—as  
“ from having made the Father Friar Blas  
“ a Preacher, entrusting the conversion of  
“ souls to one who thinks of nothing less  
“ than of converting them, and who shews  
“ there is so much necessity even for the  
“ conversion of his own. I gave him to  
“ be known in the world, when it would  
“ have been better for him to have been  
“ kept in the solitude of the cloister and  
“ the retirement of the choir. I was the  
“ unhappy occasion of his being made  
“ giddy by the applause of fools, and pre-  
“ cipitated by his vanity into the contempt  
“ of wise men. I know it, I bewail it,  
“ but now I cannot remedy it; since I see  
“ with unutterable grief that even within  
“ the community there are not wanting  
“ defenders, panegyrists, and fomenters of  
“ his vanity and madness; some from the  
“ want of knowing better, some from  
“ adulation, some few from interest, and  
“ the greatest part from suffering them-  
“ selves to be drawn down the infectious  
“ stream of custom, guided solely by the  
“ shoutings of the senseless multitude.

“ Amongst the last I reckon those poor  
“ youths, students of this house, in Phi-  
“ losophy and Theology, to whom un-  
“ speakable

“ speakable damage is done by the example of the Predicador. They see him applauded, celebrated, sought for, favoured with presents, and abounding with conveniences ; they hear the Father Predicador himself making a puerile ostentation of them, valuing himself much upon the harvest he reaps from the field of the *Verbum Dei* ; extolling the utility and the reputation of his profession, whilst he makes a mock of that of the lecturers and masters, the tutors of the order, whom he treats as a poor, pitiful, beggarly, for-god’s-faking crew, and when he is pleased to be very witty, as cameleons who live upon the air of their ergoies, having their cupboards as void of chocolate as their heads full of impertinent questions. What follows ? why, they conceive an horror at scholastic study, so necessary to the understanding the mysteries and the points of faith, and to the avoiding so many absurdities as are said both on one and the other by the Father Predicador ; they give themselves up to the reading volumes of useless, wretched sermons, or to the transcribing such un-substantial, ridiculous, and even pernicious

“ ones

“ ones as those of the Father Friar Blas ;  
“ they make him their model, copying  
“ even his gesture and action, without ad-  
“ verting that what may appear well when  
“ it is natural, becomes risible and con-  
“ temptible in imitation. This is the  
“ milk they are fed with, and afterwards  
“ they turn out to be the diversion of the  
“ vulgar, the admiration of the ignorant,  
“ the scorn of the judicious, the grief of  
“ the compassionate and pious, the shame  
“ of the order, and sometimes its scourge  
“ and torment.

“ We all see it in that poor, simple, in-  
“ toxicated Friar Gerund. His simplicity  
“ on the one hand and the Father Predi-  
“ cador on the other are both concurring  
“ to ruin him completely. Though he  
“ does not want talents, by which in time  
“ he might approve himself a serviceable  
“ man, yet I see plainly that he will give  
“ us cause to more than blush for him.  
“ He cannot so much as bring himself to  
“ study a conference, or apply to the un-  
“ derstanding of a question, and looks with  
“ horror on scholastic learning, idly em-  
“ ploying himself in reading printed ser-  
“ mons and transcribing the manuscripts  
“ of Friar Blas ; for I am told that he is  
“ scarcely

" scarcely ever out of his cell, that he has  
 " there full leave and licence to breakfast,  
 " to take his afternoon's refreshment, and  
 " to waste his time; that the Father Pre-  
 " dicador is continually imbuing him with  
 " all his maxims, and even infecting him  
 " likewise with all his affections and dis-  
 " affections, not only to the great hin-  
 " drance of his good education, but to the  
 " great detriment of charity and fraternal  
 " and religious union.

" Therefore if my dear Father Predica-  
 " dor has any love for our holy Mother  
 " the community, if he has any zeal  
 " for the salvation of the souls which Jesus  
 " Christ redeemed by his most precious  
 " blood, if his own solid and real reputa-  
 " tion deserves any regard, I conjure him  
 " by that most precious blood of Jesus that  
 " he will change his conduct: Let the end  
 " he aims at in his sermons be more  
 " noble, more christian, more religious,  
 " and very different will be his disposi-  
 " tion; let him preach Christ crucified  
 " and not preach himself, and he certain-  
 " ly will not bestow so much pains on the  
 " affected adorning of his person; let him  
 " seek no other interest than that of souls,  
 " *Da mihi animas; cætera tolle tibi*, and I

“ am confident he will preach in another  
“ manner; let him not be solicitous for  
“ applauses but conversions, and he may  
“ be assured that he will not only procure  
“ the conversions he is anxious for, but  
“ the applauses also for which he is  
“ unanxious, and these of an order  
“ much superior to the popular and vain  
“ praises, in which he at present finds so  
“ many charms. Above all I charge,  
“ intreat, I beseech him, that if he make  
“ no account of what I say, and obstinate-  
“ ly persevere in the mistaken course he  
“ has hitherto pursued, at least he will  
“ not be the teacher of erroneous doctrine,  
“ form a pernicious school, and imitate  
“ the dragon which with his tail drew  
“ after him the third part of the stars of  
“ heaven. Let him tremble at that dread-  
“ ful denunciation of worse than the mill-  
“ stone and the sea against those who  
“ shall offend—who shall occasion the fall  
“ of—the little ones; and let him not at-  
“ tribute the charitable, private, and pa-  
“ ternal admonition I now give him to  
“ impertinence, presumption, or the pee-  
“ vishness of age, but let him look upon  
“ it as the strongest proof of that real love  
“ for him which I ingenuously profess.”

C H A P.

## C H A P. IV.

*Of what passed afterwards between the  
Predicador Mayor, and Friar Gerund.*

WITH the most solemn attention, and without betraying the least token of impatience, did Friar Blas receive the long sermon driven into him by the Reverend Father Ex-provincial, and suffered the discharge of all his shot with such continence, that any one would have sworn that he had been convinced, persuaded, and already changed into another man: for, says the legend of the order, he listened to him with a grave countenance, with downcast eyes, with his hands under his scapulary, with his body inclined forward in humble posture, applying the left ear a little as if not to lose a syllable, without sneezing, without spitting, and even without pulling out his box and taking a pinch of snuff all the time that the mission lasted. And now the good Ex-provincial was inwardly applauding himself upon the happy conquest; now a thousand times fortunate did he think

the hour in which he had determined to speak to him with so much resolution and clearness ; and now was he about to throw his arms round his neck and give him a thousand congratulations, upon his having at last opened his eyes to the light of reason when he saw the good Predicador look up upon him serenely, draw his hands from under his scapulary, rest his right elbow on the arm of the chair, rub his hand round his chin, then put it into his sleeve, pull out his snuff-box, give two deliberate taps upon the lid, open it, take a pinch, and fixing his eyes steadily in his face say with great composure, “ Has your paternity done ? ” “ Yes, I have done.” “ Then, our Father, let me tell you a story.

“ A crazy fellow was present at a sermon preached in a certain Mission upon the universal judgment. A truly fervent and apostolic zeal was exerted by the Missionary, who left his audience so struck, and impressed with awe, that even after the sermon was finished there was no noise or motion for some time. The crazy fellow availed himself of this compunctionous silence, and bawled out, “ Gentlemen, all “ that the Father Missionary has told us “ about

"about judgment, and judgment, and judgment, without doubt ought to be so; but "*nondum venit hora mea*, and I maintain the contrary with the most learned Barradas."

"Has your Paternity any commands to Cevico de la Torre, for I go early to-morrow morning?" And without waiting for any reply he rose from his chair, opened the door, and went away to his cell—

In which he was waited for by his beloved Friar Gerund, who besides being an eternal admirer of the madness and absurdities of Friar Blas (which of itself would have been a sufficient reason for his being much esteemed by him) was a plump, tight little Friar, of a good countenance, and very orderly in his manners and deportment, which made him much caressed not only by the Father Predicador Mayor, but in general by all the grave Fathers of the house, amongst whom there was even a kind of jealousy and competition which should make most of him. They used to send him from the upper table fruit, and other extraordinaries, when they were allowed only to the seniors, and not to the Collegiate Fathers; upon which account he was envied, watched, and abused by the latter, especially as he grew insuffer-

ably vain upon the favour of their Reverences, and practised many tricks and artifices to preserve and encrease their fondness; and then the horror which he entertained for all scholastic learning afforded them many occasions of laughing at and mortifying him, which were by no means lost upon the young rogues the students. But Friar Gerund did not mind it; endeavouring at all adventures to cultivate the predilection of the ruling powers; and amongst them all he had the greatest veneration and attachment to the gallant, the airy, the elegant, and the judicious Father Predicador Mayor, which however he concealed as carefully as possible from the rest.

As soon as Friar Blas entered the cell he told Gerund all that had passed with our Father, gave him an abstract of his sermon, mimicked his voice, gesture, and manner, criticized his words, and laughed at and despised the whole, treating him as an *old Grey-beard, Mumpfimus, Codger, Antidiluvian*, with such other complimentary titles; and in the end, said, "as the mission has lasted so long, my boy, I want to do a certain affair, and so with thy leave,"— he retired to the alcove, drew the curtain, did

did what he wanted to do, and, the function finished, told him, “ Thou know’st I go to-morrow morning to Cevica de la Torre, to preach the sermon of St. Benedict in his hermitage on the hill; it is a solemn devotion of the place, it is now the Festival of Flowers \*, there is a pilgrimage, and a doublon of eight crowns is to be paid for the sermon. First of all take these sweetmeats (and he filled his sleeve with some he took out of a box) let us shut the door that we may not be disturbed by any of their mule-headed reverences, and sit thee down, for thou shalt hear one of the best sermons I ever made in my life.

“ The title and subject, *The Science of Ignorance in the wise Ignorance of Science.*” “ Stop, Father Predicador,” directly interrupted Gerund, “ say no more, for this alone inchants me. This trick-track, this playing and ringing the changes upon the words, in which your Paternity couches the subjects of almost all your sermons, is a thing that quite ravishes me. *The Science of Ignorance in the wise Ignorance of Science!* O, a finer thing could not have been said !

\* One of the names for Easter, because at that time the flowers appear.

In truth I do not very well understand what it signifies; but what sounds to me, sounds to me; and let it signify what it will, it is a great thing." "It signifies no other, replied the Predicador, than what St. Paul says, "That the science of the saints is true wisdom, and that the wisdom of this world is true ignorance and folly."

"What, does it signify no more than that?" "No." "But, God defend me! who would have thought it? Any other than your Reverence would have said simply that St. Benedict knew what was necessary for him to know, and was ignorant of what was unnecessary; and in this manner, though every one would have understood it, it might be said too by every ploughman. But to propose so common a thing with the special air that your Paternity proposes it, no man in the world has the grace. Let the other subject declare it, of the sermon you preached two months ago at the chapter for the election of Convent-officers, *The Election of Rectitude, for the Rectitude of Election.* Sooner than I shall forget that subject I shall forget my own name. But now we are talking of it, won't your Reverence explain the conception to me? for, to say the truth, I did not

not thoroughly penetrate it: It seemed to me, I confess, to be saying, that in order that the election should be right, it was absolutely necessary there should be a right election. But this, it is clear, your Paternity could not mean, for it would have been one of *Pero Grullo's* truths \*. “ Peace, simpleton, (replied Friar Blas directly) for it is clear that I meant to say nothing else; and there was the cream of the jest, to say a *Perogrullada* in such a manner that it should seem to be a thing of another world. If thou wilt call to mind the clear, perspicuous, and brilliant manner in which I set off this proposition in order to introduce my discourse, thou wouldest see clearer than the sun at noon, what I meant to say.” “ As I am a christian,” said Gerund, “ I don't now remember it, though I have the sermon in my cell, as your Paternity knows I directly transcribed it.” “ Then I will refresh thy memory with it, as I have it strong in mine.”

\* *Pero Grullo's* truths are self-evident things formally asserted; called so from some simpleton of that name who thought himself mighty wise in making discoveries of things known to all the world. One of these truths is said to be, that it is customary for men, *Comer por la boca y tagar por el culo*—to eat with their mouths.

From the proper name is formed the substantive *Perogrullada*, which signifies one of these truths.

“ The Salutation being ended, (for that was wine of another cask, as we say) I began my sermon with this apostrophe to the Sacrament which stood open to the view, *Amorously wise dost thou offer thyself, Sovereign Sacramented Monarch, as the Master and Director of this Chapter.* Note, by the way, the suitableness of calling the Sacrament the president of the chapter, and tell me if any one could have hit on this? I then added, *For the most exact rectitude of election, this august Sacrament offers to the electors vital light: a peremptory and conclusive proof, Ego sum panis vitæ.* Observe that of *panis vitæ* for *vital light*. But as the electors were many, and each had a life, good or bad, as is best known to God, for it does not belong to us to scrutinize other people’s lives, and as the text spoke only of one life, *vitæ*, it was necessary to have one which should speak of many: I found it as complete as I could wish in the Syriac, which reads, *Panis vitarum.* Now then we have the Sacrament, *the bread of many lives:* but forasmuch as these lives might be the lives of choristers, butlers, clerks, and junior Friars, who have no vote in the chapter, and as I had need precisely of a Sacrament which should be

the bread of the lives of the Capitular Fathers and electors, here was my happiness and skill; I found it exactly as I could desire in Zacharias, in Tyrinus, in Menochius, and in Lyra; for the first calls the Sacrament *Frumentum Electorum*, the second *Panem Electorum*, the third *Frumentum Electorum*; and the fourth says, *Frumentum Electorum est Corpus Christi consecratum pane frumenti.*"

" Why, your paternity is a very devil, or at least has a familiar," interrupted Gerund, not able to contain himself, " where, a plague! could you find texts so to the purpose, so to an hair, and which speak of the bread of Electors so clearly, that they might be understood by the arrantest clown who goes to sell honey at the town of Bejarr? Now I remember; and particularly that when I heard those texts in the sermon, I was astonished. It is true that speaking of them afterwards with a Father master of the house, who loves me much, he left me a little confused; for he told me roundly that all of them, in the sense in which your Paternity understood them, were the greatest of absurdities and cognizable by the inquisition; that both the text and the interpreters only meant that the

Sacrament was the bread of the elect chosen souls, which alone were signified by *Electorum*; that to apply it to the electors merely for the sake of sound, was an intolerable abuse of sacred scripture, condemned by the council of Trent, by the popes, and by the inquisition; that this tribunal had lately punished a preacher in Rome, because in his funeral sermon upon Cardinal *Cibo* he had said that the flesh of Christ in the Sacrament was really and truly the flesh of the Cardinal, proving it with this text, *Caro mea verè est CIBUS*, which that madman (so the Father master called him) took it into his head to understand just as your Paternity was pleased to understand the *Frumentum Electorum*: that if it should be permitted to use or abuse holy scripture with such grossness there would not be heresy, absurdity, or sin that might not be proved by it; and so he went on stringing such a heap of things as put me in much confusion, and I don't know how I had the patience to hear them."

" And didst thou make any account of them?" " No, Father Predicador; why should I make account of them, when I knew as well as if I was in him that it was all nothing but envy; for that same Father master

master is a splenetic mortal, and knows nothing but his *Ergos*, his theology, his Bible, his councils, his holy Fathers, and — your humble servant. Take him thence, and he knows not a word: he never read, nor he, neither the Theatre of the Gods, nor Rabius Textor, nor Aulus Gellius, nor the Natalis Comes, nor Alexander ab Alexandro, nor Pliny, nor Pinenelus; and now to be sure he must be curiously qualified to understand sermons and to know how texts of scripture are, or are not to be brought in! and as, besides, 'tis a poor sneaking dog, who drinks his chocolate out of a wooden dish, and sees, thanks be to God, the cell of your Paternity so plentifully provided with every thing, he rots with envy as fast as he can rot, and hence it comes that with him your Paternity can do nothing right.” “ Let me embrace thee, my dear boy,” said Friar Blas at hearing this, “ for thou wilt be the honour of the order: take these four cakes of chocolate to serve thee in my absence, and let us go on with the capitular sermon.”

“ We will talk of that sermon another day, (said Friar Gerund,) for as your Paternity is to go in the morning I fear lest we may not have time to read that of St.

Benedict,

Benedict, though it be no more than the salutation, and I am dying to hear it, as only the thought of *The science of ignorance in the wise ignorance of science* has excited such a curiosity in me that it is a very horror." "Thou art right," answered Friar Blas, "let us go that; here it is on the table. Observe, we are now in the spring, it is the festival of flowers, and the hermitage of the saint is in the country: now hear.

"To the celebrated God of Mirth, "Greece, Sparta, and Thessaly consecrated solemn festive rites on the twenty-seventh day of March; *Thessali huic Deo Risui quotannis rem divinam in summa lætitia faciebat*, says Rabisius Textor. They "wove green garlands enamelled with "many-coloured flowers, offering a spring "of enjoyment to the homaged God of "mirth; *Vernis intexens floribus arvarisibus & grandes mirata est Roma cachinnos*, says Lilius Giraldus. This deity "offered himself to their worship in the "figure of a naked youth, crowned with "myrtle, adorned with wings, and in the "frondosity of a pleasant meadow; *Puer nudus, alatus, myrthoque coronatus, qui pumis secebat*, says Vincentius Cartarius."

"Did' st

“ Did’st thou ever see a more flowery entrance to a spring sermon at the festival of flowers, and this with no less than the authority of Cartarius, Lilius Giraldus, and Rabilius Textor? But stay a little; hear the application. “ This is a vernal parallel of the illustrious patriarch St. Benedict, to whom with festive joy this people now consecrates its solemn worship.” “ What think’st thou, Friend Gerund, eh?” “ What can I think but that, in the first place, your paternity has the Calendar of the Pagan festivals more at your fingers’ ends than even the Epact of the order; for I never saw you mistake not even in one of them, and I have observed more than once that you did not rightly know the Saint of the service of the day? Secondly, that almost all the sermons of your Paternity begin with some little fable, so to an hair, and so to the point, that it seems no otherwise, than as if the fable was feigned on purpose for the mystery, or that even God himself made the mystery by the idea of the fable. For example, when shall I ever forget that inimitable entrance of the sermon on the Conception of our Lady, which I heard this year from your Paternity and got by heart, as I never expect in my days.

days to hear a thing more beautifully adapted to the subject?

“ From the curling spume of the celebrat-  
“ ed Egean waves fabulous ethnicity feign-  
“ ed Venus their idolatress conceived. *Nuda*  
“ *Cythereis edita fertur aquis*, says Ovid. She  
“ was conceived associated with the three  
“ celestial Graces, & *Veneris turba ministra*  
“ *fuit*, says Giraldus, because no moment  
“ should be said to exist in which any  
“ grace was wanting to her beauty. And  
“ in memory of this gracious conception,  
“ the Cyclades celebrated the eighth day  
“ of December, with the strongest decla-  
“ rations of solemn joy, *Hoc tamen die*  
“ *octavo Decembris festum conceptionis pul-*  
“ *cherrimæ Veneris ingenti jubilo celebra-*  
“ *tur.*” “ I do not stop now to remark the elegance of calling the religion of the Gentiles, *Ethnicity*, and not *Gentilism* or *Paganism*, for that any despicable fellow might have said”—“ And if I did not call it *Polytheism* or *Polydeismity* (interrupted the Father Predicador) it was to reserve these two pretty terms for some other occasion.”—“ I say, I do not stop to remark this, because in the invention of words, flaming new distilled from the Latin tongue, your paternity is inimitable;

and I have already got notes of some, to avail myself of at a suitable time, in full assurance that though I do no more than speak in that style, there will be no fraternity-sermon for which I shall not be applied to. I know I am always to call the sea the *Salsuginous Element*; Aaron's Rod, the *Aaronitish Wand*; the contracting original sin, *tradiucing the fomes of sin*; futurized Adam, for the decree of the creation of Adam; his creation itself, the *Adamicish Foundation*; the creation of all creatures, the *Universal Opifice*; blind nature, *Twinkling Nature*; and an ardently inflamed desire, *the ignited Wings of Appetency*. This beautiful, clear, perspicuous, delicate style—leave it to me, Father; I will answer for myself, that in this respect your Paternity will have no disciple by whom you will be more honoured.

“ Neither would I stop now to remark that ingenious figure by which your Paternity called Venus an *Idolatress*. Some ignorants might suppose it a blunder, thinking this meant to say, that Venus worshipped them and not they Venus, and that your Paternity ought to have said *their idolized Venus*. But, besides, that it would not then have run in heroic measure,

sure, feigned *Venus* their idolatress concorded, which was what your Paternity had in view—and let it be observed by the way, that one of the graces which most enchant me in the elegant style of your Paternity, is the multitude of lyric and heroic lines of which it is made up, that I sometimes almost think that I am hearing a piece of poetry, 'bating the rhimes—I say, besides this beauty, another would have been lost which fools do not observe, nor are capable of observing, and that is the rhetorical figure which is called—which is called—Lord bless me—which is called—I don't know what; but which teaches us to use the present for the preterite, the active for the passive; and thus we say, *my most loving friend*, for *my most beloved friend*; *I received your obliged letter*, for *your obliging letter*; for otherwise it would be saying that he did him a favour in receiving it, which does not seem to me to be either modesty or good-breeding. In the same manner we may say elegantly *Venus the idolatress*, for the *idolized Venus*, as we all well know, who have had the happiness of studying under the famous preceptor of Villamundos; and upon that account it is that I have all the rhetorical figures so at my fingers'

gers' ends, with their names, marks, and moles.

But, leaving these minutenesses of excellence, as I was going on with my story, I say, that the fable of the Conception of Venus, for the mystery of the Conception of Mary seems as if your Paternity had invented it, it comes so pat to the purpose. Nay, I say more, that, in my poor judgment, the valiant clause with which your Paternity applied it was mere matter of supererogation—*The peerless parallel, though fabulous, of the miraculous object of the jocund rites with which the holy catholic church celebrates on this eighth day of December, the passive Conception of Mary, the Venus of divine love, and goddess of the beauty of grace;* for there could not have been so blind an understanding in the whole audience as not immediately to see the propriety of the *peerless parallel*, without the trouble of the application. Because it is as clear as water, that if Venus was the mother of Love, Mary was the mother of Love; that if Venus was conceived from the Spume of the Egean sea, from the snowy Spume of the divine Grace was Mary conceived in the sea of human nature, as your Paternity said a little farther on;

if

if in the conception of Venus the three Graces were employed, opposed to the Graces, Mary in her conception was associated with the Hours, the Hours and the Graces being things so similar that it is impossible to have two more alike: finally if Venus was conceived on the eighth day of December, on the eighth day of December Mary likewise was conceived; so that the parallel cannot be more peerless with respect to these four properties of Maternity, Spume, Graces, and Time. And as to the second, in which the spume of the Egean sea is compared to the *snowy spume of the Divine Grace*, there is in it so recondite a propriety that it is not easy to hit upon the beauty of it in four guesses. For if spume is no other than wind which is introduced into water, or any other liquor, more or less moved and agitated by the same wind or other foreign agent, as I read a few days ago in one of those books in fashion which treat of secrets and novelties, it is as clear as water that the divine Grace must be very spumous, and it must necessarily be a *snowy spume*, which dazzles the sight. Why? why because the divine Grace is attributed particularly to the Holy Spirit; and this, it is well known, is sometimes

times a mild and calm air, and at others an impetuous wind, which agitating the divine Grace and introducing himself at the same time into her divine pores and interstices, must necessarily raise a snowy spume of most dazzling whiteness ; and what can be more proper than that from this *snowy spume* should be conceived *the Venus of divine love* ? so that really there cannot be a more *peerless parallel*.

“ So it appeared to me, and so I defended it also against that silly, sanctified, psalm-singing mule Friar Gonzalo, who sat next me and made wry faces at hearing it, telling me afterwards that he was scandalized at it. I asked him, why ? and the block-head told me, because it was comparing the Mother of Chastity with the Mother of Filthiness, as he called it ; the most clean woman with the most nasty ; the immaculate conception of Mary with the sow-like conception of Venus ; the divine Grace, with the profane Graces ; because Mary was stiled, *The Venus of divine Love and Goddess of the Beauty of Grace* ; and that, besides the last proposition’s being a formal heresy, all the rest were blasphemies, so impious, so sacrilegious, so unbecoming the mouth of a christian, and

much more of an *Apostolic Preacher*, as your Paternity says you are, often shewing your title in full form, that in his opinion the sermon deserved to be burnt; and concluded with saying, that if it was in his power he would take away your Paternity's licence to preach. I know not how God prevented me from well slapping that compunctionous face of his; but I contented myself with letting him know that “honey “was not made for the mouth of an ass,” nor *peerless parallels* for such peerless pumkins, and turned my back upon him.

“ But now we talk of parallels, for the love of God let us return to the *vernal parallel* of St. Benedict; for as one deep calleth another, and as I am swallowed up with delight in all those of your Paternity, I myself interrupted the reading of it without being able to help it. I remember the beginning was about the God of mirth, whom the ancients celebrated on the twenty-seventh day of March, representing him as a youth stark naked as his Mother brought him forth, much crowned with myrtle, and much adorned with wings, stretched out upon the grass, as if we should say, with his belly to the sun; *Puer nudus, alatus, myrthoqué coronatus,*

*qui humi sedebat*; and lastly that the manner of celebrating him was with great laughter, noise, and jollity; *Et grandes mirata est Roma cachinnos.* Afterwards your Paternity said, *This is the vernal parallel of the illustrious patriarch St. Benedict.* But before we go any farther, pray, Father, tell me what is the meaning of *vernal parallel*, for I confess I do not understand it." "Phoo! thou Tom Dingle! what does *Ver veris* signify?" "*Ver veris* signifies the spring; for so says the grammar of Lara, which I studied." "Then, simpleton, *vernal parallel* means the *spring parallel*, as in the spring the festival of Mirth was celebrated, and so likewise is that of St. Benedict. And here you see how the circumstance is brought in artfully, by the way, of this celebration's being held in the time of the festival of flowers, *Vernis intexens floribus arva*; for in this affair of carefully bringing in all the circumstances, however ridiculous they may be, there is no one, though I say it, who can out-do me."

"Now I understand *vernal parallel*, said Friar Gerund, but still I want the application, to know what similitude there is between St. Benedict and the God of

mirth, and between the festival of the one and the festival of the other." "Have a little patience, continued the Predicador, thou wilt see presently. And as to the intire likeness of the festivals, it is a thing so clear, that a blind man only could be at a loss for it, without its being pointed out; for if that was celebrated in the spring, in the spring is this celebrated; if that on the twenty-seventh day of March, just exactly on the same day is this appointed; if that in the fields, this on a hill; if flowers were there, flowers are here; if people at that, people at this; and in fine, if there was great laughter at that, this by no means falls short, since nothing is heard throughout the place, and even in the hermitage itself, during the sermon, if the preacher has any thing of salt, but the greatest laughter, *Et grandes mirata est Roma cachinnos.*" "Now I see, said Friar Gerund, that the festivals are as like as one egg is like another; and now too I discover the key to apply any thing which has ever happened in the world at the same season and on the very same day of the festival for which the sermon shall be preached, be it what it will.

"But,

“ But, pray tell me, how the deuce could your Paternity marry the most ascetic and austere St. Benedict with the God of Mirth ? ” “ With the greatest facility in the world,” answered Friar Blas. “ Does not the history say that the saint, when he was but fifteen years old, left Rome, went out into the desert, hid himself amongst the ruggednesses of the mountain Sublaco, buried himself in a deep cave or kind of well ; that he there inflicted upon himself the most severe penance for the space of three years ; that he suffered cruel temptations from the devil ; that he rolled himself amongst the briars ’till he left them all bloody ; that he fed only on bread and water, carried him once a week by a monk called Romanus, letting it down to him by a rope, ’till at the end of the three years a good priest came, by divine Revelation, to seek him, bringing him savoury meat, and telling him that he should eat it because it was Easter-sunday, which the young Saint knew nothing of ? Then what can be more like the God of Mirth than St. Benedict in this passage of his life ? That a youth, this a boy ; that in the fields, this in the desert ; that stretched out upon the grass, this in the well ; that

naked, this badly cloathed, and when he rolled himself amongst the briars as naked as he was born; that crowned with flowers, this covered with thorns; and finally that celebrated at Easter, and this regaling himself at the same time with what the good priest had brought him. Now see if the *Vernal parallel* can be more complete. For as to the rest, though the God of Mirth be a God of jollity and enjoyment, of quips, and cranks, and wanton wiles, and St. Benedict in the desert was a frightful example of penitence and mortification and lively image of extredest wretchedness, yet that signifies not a straw to the subject; because neither parallels, (though they be *Vernal*) nor similies, nor comparissons are to run upon all four."

Friar Blas was now about to pursue the reading of his sermon when he was surprized by a violent knocking at his cell-door; and though at first he determined not to open it, yet as it was the Father Prior who knocked, calling to him loudly at the same time and telling him who it was, and that he knew he was within, there was no resisting, and his determination was given up. The Father Prior entered

entered the cell and meeting with Friar Gerund in it, asked him rather seriously what he did there losing his time, and why he did not mind his studies? Friar Gerund, not in the least disturbed, told him that he was come on some business from his mother, to bring the Father Predicador the money for three masses which he was to take care to have said at the altar of St. Benedict on the Hill, because she had been brought to bed of a child which had a rupture, and the Saint, in that image of him is said to do great things for children suffering this complaint.

“ And what have you in this sleeve”—seeing it more bulky than ordinary. Here Friar Blas readily put in his oar, “ They are some sweetmeats I gave him to send for me to his two cousins, the \* Familiar of Cojedes’s daughters who the other day made me a present of two pair of under-stockings.” Neither of the answers were very satisfactory to the Father Prior, but

\* A Familiar of the Inquisition. Even people of rank look upon this title as an honour; none being admitted to it but who make it appear that they are old and pure blooded christians; that is, not descended from Moors or Jews. It is little more than a titular office. There are other Familiars, in pay; the servants of the Inquisition.

as he was a good-natured man he let them pass, and contenting himself with telling Gerund he should be more diligent and keep his cell better, sent him to it, and remained himself with the Father Predicador Mayor, treating on the business about which he came ; but of what kind it was there are no traces to be found in the archives of the convent, or in the exact documents whence this most punctual history has been drawn ; which shews sufficiently that it could not be a matter of much importance, or, at least not any in which the history is concerned.

## C H A P. V.

*Friar Gerund preaches his first sermon in the refectory of the convent, inserts in it a most curious salutation, and quits his studies.*

HERE was in that town—the sagacious and penetrating reader will know at once that we are speaking of the town in which the convent stood—There was then in that town a capable, clever, sprightly Beneficiary, though of mature age, as he was between forty and fifty years old. He had studied Theology and such Philosophy as is in use in Spain, with so much credit and applause that he had gained by competition one of the best livings in the gift of the university of Toledo; but upon finding the country did not agree with him, he had resigned it to one who paid him a pension out of it, and had retired to his native place, where he had a tolerable benefice or sinecure, with which and the pension he lived very decently. He was of very correct manners, and

and a grave and serious ecclesiastical deportment, but at the same time of a festive and jovial genius, which conciliated to him the esteem and love of all. He was much given to the exercise of the confessional, and now and then preached a sermon with judgment, piety, and zeal; for he was very fond of the works of the Fathers Segneri and Bourdaloue, whom he endeavoured to imitate in their sermons, panegyrical and moral; and as he understood the Italian and French languages pretty well, he had in each some other volumes of the best sermons. But he did not suffer himself to be so totally taken up by the study of sacred and serious matters as not to make an excursion frequently into more flowery paths, especially in the quarter of criticism, for his direction in which he had some select books in his not copious but chosen library.

He was much esteemed by all the grave fathers of the convent, and often visited their cells with friendly familiarity. He had heard them many times lament the fatal extravagance of the Predicador Mayor, and the harm he did by his example and absurd maxims to the young collegians, and particularly to the most candid and simple

simple Friar Gerund, so persuaded by him, that in order to be a great preacher there was no occasion for philosophy, theology, or any such stuff, that he had imbibed the utmost horror for all scholastic studies, to which he could not be brought to apply, neither by private admonition nor public reprobation, neither by confinement to bread and water, nor by discipline, or any other chastisements of holy use in the community. To this they would add, that he would have been sent from his studies ignominiously, had he not at the same time had some amiable qualities, and had he not been adopted by the Father Provincial, who had given him the sacred habit, and, above all, had it not been for the respect due to his good parents, who, though no more than honest farmers, and not very rich, were some of the most devout and profitable brethren to the order.

Upon one of these occasions, when two of the grave fathers were speaking with the greatest vehemence and compassion upon this subject, the Beneficiary said, "Well, Father Masters, as for the cure of the Predicador Mayor, I cannot venture to attempt it, as I look upon it as desperate: the disease is so rooted in him that it

it is become nature, and the patient so wedded to his evil, that he would presently send any one about his business, who should offer to remove it. But as to Friar Gerund, it is another thing ; the malady is with him yet in its beginning, nor is the fortress so impregnable ; however *nihil tentasse nocebit*. I am neither confident, nor despairing ; but what shall we lose by the attempt ? Now, then, to God and to good-luck ! Away I go without loss of time"—and so saying, the good man took himself directly to the cell of Friar Gerund. Here he endeavours by various, forcible, and convincing arguments, to make him sensible of the absolute necessity of his being acquainted in some degree with scholastic learning, and after having well wearied himself with his friendly and zealous labours, Gerund tells him with great candour and coolness, that God never intended him for a professor's chair, but for the pulpit, and that he will as much apply to scholastic studies as it now rains pack-saddles. To which the Beneficiary replies, that if it should rain pack-saddles every one would be ill-spent which did not fall upon the back of such an ass as his worship, and takes his leave.

In

In short there was no remedy for it; for Friar Gerund had firmly and finally determined in his own mind, that he would have nothing to do with philosophical matters, and that as to theological, the articles of *Faith* were sufficient for him, and these he had already, even from his baptism. The *Hope* of salvation, at least *per modum hereditatis*, could not be wanting to him. And *Charity* we ought piously to suppose him endued with, as he appeared to be a good Religious, excepting his freaks and his fancies, which really might exist without much prejudice to his conscience.

Now as all their Reverences, the Seniors of the Community, saw him so abhorrent from philosophy, and so stiffly resolved not to study theology---since in order to be a conventional preacher and to preach as many others did, with much applause, many followers, and no inconsiderable emolument, he said there was no occasion for them; and i'faith in this he had reason in fullest measure, pressed down and running over---and observing on the other hand that he shewed great sprightliness and improveable parts, that he had a good voice, easy gesture, handsome presence, and

and a neat, clean, agreeable person, verging almost upon beautiful, knowing the vehemence of inclination by which he was drawn towards the pulpit, and thinking that if he were provided with some good discourses, of which there were many in the convent, left \* by famous preachers, he might in the end turn out no discredit to the order, they were upon these considerations graciously disposed to condescend to his desires. But first they thought it expedient to have some experiment of what might be hoped for from his preaching-talents.

It is a laudable custom in convents to exercise the students in domestic discourses, which are to be composed in a limited time, and preached before the community only, during their repast in the refectory ; by which a field is given for each to display his talents, and a facility of speaking in public acquired. There is a difference in the practice of this custom in different convents ; but in that of our Friar Gerund it belonged exclusively to the Predicador

\* Whatever a Religious dies possessed of is inherited by the Apostolic Chamber ; but in ordinary cases the Superior have usually a faculty from the Pope to dispose of their effects.

Mayor, advised by the Superior, to appoint the refectory-preacher, and give him the subject of his discourse, with whatever *circumstances* he may think proper, so that they be such as are usual in sermons, and of all which notice must necessarily be taken in the salutation.

Scarcely, then, was Friar Blas returned from preaching his famous sermon of St. Benedict upon the Hill at Cevico de la Torre when he came, according to order, to present himself to the Father Prior and take his *Benedicite*. The usual questions being asked, of how he had passed his time, how the Mayor-domos had behaved, how much he had got by his sermon, what he had had to eat and drink, and if he had brought any masses for the convent; and Friar Blas having answered all, producing in conclusion two hundred reals \* for an hundred masses to be said

\* When a sum of Reals is spoken of, we are to understand *Reales de Vellon*, so called from being anciently stamped with the figure of a fleece, which the word *Vellon* signifies. It is now an imaginary species, or only money of account, and about the value of three-pence. A single Real, a silver coin, is worth about six-pence. Thirty-four *Maravedis* make a *Real de Vellon*, and sixty-four a *Real de Plata*, or silver Real. The *Maravedi* is imaginary; four of them make a *Quarto*, something less than our halfpenny.

by

by the convent, and eighty more for twenty others which his very Reverend Paternity was himself to say at the rate of four Reals apiece; all being heard and received with wonderful benignity by the most affable superior, who, on this occasion, re-confirmed to his brother Blas the general licence he had given him, that, during his government, he should accept, with the blessing of God, as many sermons as were offered him, and concluded with saying, “There, go, go, Father Predicador, to untuck \* and refresh yourself in your cell; and, before I forget it, pray appoint Friar Gerund to a refectory-sermon which may have some circumstances; but I declare against the Father Predicador’s composing it; let him work it intirely himself; for as this lad has so ardent a longing for the pulpit, we have a mind to see what he can do on his own bottom.”

In an ancient manuscript of the convent it is found noted in the margin, that Friar Blas, at receiving this charge of the Superior, and discovering through it that they

\* The habit being tucked up in a particular manner for riding.

had really and actually destined his beloved Gerund for the pulpit, the perpetual subject of their words and wishes in their close-shut cells, was so exceedingly delighted, that, in the first gush of his joy, he had thrust his hand into his pocket in order to take out the doublon he had been paid for his sermon and present it to the Prior; but, thinking better of it in the same instant, took out his handkerchief, wiped his nose, promised punctually to obey his commands, and took an hasty leave.

In his riding trim as he was, before he went to his own cell, he flew to that of Gerund, whom he found in it, not at prayers, threw himself over him, gave him an hundred embraces, and only said, "Come, my boy, come to my cell, for I bring thee a bishoprick!" Gerund joyfully accompanied him, and asked by the way, "Well, dear Father, and how did the vernal parallel go off?" "Heavenly, my son, heavenly!" answered the Predicador, "And that of *Et grandes mirata est Roma cachinnos?*" "To my heart's fondest wish, my friend, for the Hermitage was ready to crack with their bursts of laughter." "And I know that the, *Puer nudus, alatus, myrthoque coronatus,*

*qui humi sedebat* would be very striking?" "What do you talk of striking! It gave such a club-like blow that a Bachelor of Siguenza said publicly at table he had heard above a thousand sermons on St. Benedict, but a thing so proper to represent the Saint when he rolled himself amongst the briars had he never heard." "Above a thousand!" said Gerund. "Ay, ay," replied the Predicador, "that is to be understood with two aughts more or less."

With this conversation they entered the cell of Friar Blas, who put himself in order, combed his circle of hair and fore-top, took out of the cup-board some biscuits and a flask of wine which they both saluted; and as soon as the last gulp was passed Gerund's gullet, he asked him impatiently what bishoprick he brought him.

"What bishoprick do I bring thee!" said Friar Blas in great glee, why the Prior has given me to understand that they intend to take thee from thy studies and make thee a preacher. Can there be a better bishoprick for thee? If thou obtain this, thou wilt live, I won't say like a Bishop, but like an Arch-deacon; especially

cially with the rules which I shall give thee in time." "Father Predicador, what do you say!" exclaimed Gerund. "I say what I say," answered the Predicador. "He told me that I should immediately appoint thee a refectory-sermon, and that I should not compose it for thee, because as thou shew'st so much inclination to *Sermo sermonis* and so little to *Ergo* and *Syllogismus*, they have a mind to see what may be reaped, or what crop may be hoped for, from the field of thy own brain. And so, my friend, hands to their work; for I, at least in this sermon, am not to tell thee a word, but am to leave thee to walk entirely in the paths of thy own heart. When thou hast passed this fiery trial, it will be another thing; for my papers shall be thine as thy fame will be mine."

In the same ancient manuscript with the late-mentioned note is found another, which says in this manner "Friar Gerund was astonished at receiving this information, and so over-powered with joy that he stood motionless, as if beside himself, for the space in which three or four *Credos* [the Creed] might be deliberately rehearsed." As soon as he came to himself he threw his arms round the Predicador's

neck, and said, “ Well then, dearest and best of Fathers! let us make all despatch, and give me now the subject I am to preach upon; though I say an hundred absurdities, yet no one is to give me one stroke of his pen; it is all to come out of my own noddle; and I believe that neither the choice of matter, nor the manner of saying it will create dissatisfaction, though it may not so well become me to foretell it:” and in saying this, up he got upon a chair or stool (for on this point there is a difference in the legends, and authors are not agreed) set his cowl in order, put the two first fingers of his right hand between his neck and the collar of his habit which he shook and pulled forward to make room for the better playing of his pipes; looked with majestic disdain round the cell; then took out his handkerchief, and sounded his horn with authority; thundered out the “ Praised, glorified, &c.” with a grave and sonorous voice; crossed himself magisterially with an extended hand; took for his text *Caro mea verè est cibus, & sanguis meus verè est potus*, adding, *Ex Evangelica lectione capite tertio decimo*, and broke out into this most curious sentence which he thought a great thing in a Refectory-  
mon

mon of a friend of his, and had gotten by heart. “ In endeavouring to reduce to order the inequalities of my rude ideas, I began to stretch the lines of my discourse, directing the first hints of my imagination to the sounding the mysterious depths of Evangelical composition.

“ *Caro mea!* How elegant is the prophet!” And becoming suddenly silent, because he remembered no more, he proceeded with much agitation preaching a dumb sermon, imitating all the actions, gestures, and postures which he had observed in preachers and had most approved, and was so entirely absorbed in this business that even the Predicador Mayor was stretched out upon the floor of that cell of his, and ready to be strangled with laughing, till at last he began to fear that poor Friar Gerund was actually run mad.

About an hour did this silent demonstration of his oratorical abilities continue, in which space of time the zealous youth so shook and tossed his poor body, with such motions, with such postures, with such violent convulsions, sometimes crossing his arms, at others opening them, and stretching them horizontally to their utmost extension, his whole figure re-

presenting a cross, now threatening to throw himself headlong over the pulpit, then reclining stiffly with his back against the wall, one while sticking his arms a kimbo with infinite satisfaction, another he appeared a St. Vincent Ferror as he is represented to us in his picture, with an uplifted arm and finger pointing to the skies, till in short he was as well sweated and exhausted as if he had preached in earnest ; and he found it necessary to have recourse again to the flask and renew his suit to the biscuits, which he did too with the greater pleasure as this is a ceremony which constantly takes place upon the delivery of a sermon.

After he had fetched his breath and was recovered somewhat from his fatigue, and after the Predicador Mayor was recovered likewise from the exagitation he had suffered from his risible faculty during this extraordinary function, says the latter, “ It is certain, brother Gerund, and no one can deny that thou possessest a wonderful talent ; especially some of thy actions are so excellent that better cannot be devised ; and though thou spoked’st not a word, I saw clearly what thou meant’st to say by them. It seems as if thou had’st sermons

sermons in thy hands, and choice ones too, so eloquently do they talk. And here comes in like a pearl what the wise man says, *In manu illius nos & sermones nostri.* For though in reality he speaks there of another thing, yet who shall prevent my applying it to one very different when a text offers so invitingly and cries, Come take me? But to the business: I will now give thee a subject to preach on and the circumstances thou art to note.

“ Thou know’st that in Trinity parish there is a chapel dedicated to St. Ann, which belongs to the fraternity of the Saint, to whom the said fraternity celebrates a solemn festival: Thou know’st that this year the Mayor Domos are Don Louis Flores and Don Francisco Romero, the Regidors \* of that town; and lastly thou know’st that these gentlemen drove away some whores who came to settle themselves in it; a work without doubt very pleasing to God and to all good christians. This is the subject, and these the circumstances which thou must not fail to touch upon. But eight days are allowed thee, that being the limit of the

\* Civil Officers.

order: thou hast no time to lose; to thy work, then, my friend, and God be with thee!"

Perchance, reader, thou mayest have seen a rocket, which, peaceably suspended between two nails on an upright post, upon having fire applied to its little ticklish tail, has in an instant left its quiet station and mounted to the sublimest region of the skies; and that same dangling stick, which lately hung almost to the ground, now reared terrific, alarms the very constellations; insomuch that the Virgin hastily covers her countenance with her hand, lest it should pierce it and undo her, that is, lest it should put out one of her eyes and spoil her beauty. Just exactly so then, neither more nor less, did our Friar Gerund spring rapidly from the cell of the Predicador Mayor up to the library of the convent. There he loaded himself with the Polyglott Bible of Alcalá, with the Concordance of Zamora, with the Theatrum Vitæ Humanæ of Beyer-link, with the Saturnalia of Macrobius, with the Mythology of Rabiscius Textor, with the Symbolical World of Picinelus, with the Mythological Kalendars of Reussnero, Tamayus, Masculus and Rosinus,

which were the books and the Holy Fathers which he had seen the good man Friar Blas turn over when he had a sermon to compose. It is not to be told what he read, what he contemplated, what he ran through in those eight days, nor the innumerable ideas which crowded upon that unquiet and turbulent imagination, all striving which should be most extravagant and perplexed. But nothing did he read, see, or understand, but what came like a pearl to his subject, either as a simile, comparison, or text. He noted, renoted, blotted out, and added, till at length after three foul copies, he produced a sermon as fair as a flower. He went over it, studied it, acted it, and rehearsed the preaching a thousand times in his cell upon all the lumber there was in it, upon the chair, upon the stool, upon the table, upon the bench, and upon the bed. But, two days before the function, when the man whose business it is to waken the brethren and bring them a light, came into his cell he found Friar Gerund in his shirt upon the *tarima* or raised part of the floor, powerfully preaching in his sleep, not knowing what he was about.

As

As these things had got wind in the convent, great was the expectation and desire of the whole community to hear him. At length arrived the dawn of the great, the important day, when, before all things, our Friar Gerund was so shaved, and combed, and smugged, and spruced, that it was a delight to behold his face. He that day hanselled a new habit, which he had desired his mother to send him for the purpose, begging earnestly that she would be sure to iron the folds well, that they might lie smooth and handsome, that he might cut the more respectable figure, as this gives a mighty grace to the garment; and moreover he desired she would not fail to let him have two good yard-wide handkerchiefs, one white and the other coloured, as they were both very necessary pieces of furniture for the entrance. The good Catanla sent every thing with a thousand loves, and with but one condition, which was, that, as she could not hear him, he should send in return a copy of the sermon, that it might be read by the parson of the parish, and his god-father the licentiate Quixano.

The hour being come, and the bell rung for dinner, there was not absent that day from

from the refectory not even the lowest lay-brother of the community, because, in reality, they all loved Friar Gerund, as well for his good genius as his liberal disposition, and likewise because their curiosity was whetted by seeing in him such a rage for the pulpit, in which they all understood rightly enough that there was more innocence than malice, or desire of leading an idle life. He mounted the pulpit, then, with a graceful air and presented himself with such a confident and unembarrassed countenance, that the very Predicador Mayor himself almost began to envy him. He threw a pair of disdainful glances, with affected majesty, on all sides the refectory, and observing the indispensable prolegomena of shaking successively in the air his pair of handkerchiefs, white and red, and sounding the trumpet in Sion, he began with a hollow and guttural voice to sound the “ Praised, glorified, and blessed be the holy sacrament,” concluding with, “ In the first instant of its most pure sacred being and natural animation”—a clause, which had always struck him forcibly. He crossed himself with great command, proposed his text, without omitting *Ex Evangelica lectione*

*tione capite decimo quarto*, neighed twice, and brought forth the salutation in the following manner :

“ Of not less estimation is the green colour that it is not yellow, than the scarlet that it is not blue ; *Dominus, O Altitudo divitiarum sapientiae & scientiae Dei!* As colours failed not to be the oracle of sight, so neither do words fail to be that of faith in hearing, as Christ hath said, *Fides ex auditu, auditus autem per verbum Christi.* St. Ann was born, as my faith assures me from having heard it said, of a red colour ; because the azure waves of her funest sensations made her strongly palpitate in her mother’s womb ; *Ex utero ante luciferum genui te.* To this transparent angel, then, this diaphanous intelligence, and speculative object of the most sharp devotion, this fervent and exstatic people consecrates these hyperbolic rites, since she is distinguished, as is seen there in her image, by a beautiful and pleasing countenance ; *Vultum tuum deprecabuntur omnes divites plebis.* I lay aside all further exordium, and proceed immediately to the subject, though it is so principal an one. Let, then, the curious hearer

“ hearer begin to understand; *Qui potest capere, capiat.*

“ Ann, as we all know, was the mother of our Lady, and grave authors affirm, that she carried her in her womb twenty months, *Hic mensis sextus est illi*; and others add that she wept, *Plorans ploravit in noctem*: whence I infer that Mary was a *Zabori* †, *Et gratia ejus in me vacua non fuit*. But let the orator attend to argument. St. Ann was the mother of Mary, but Mary was the mother of Christ, therefore St. Ann is the grandmother of the most Holy Trinity, *Et Trinitatem in unitate veneremur*. On this account is she celebrated in this her house, *Hæc requies mea in sæculum seculi*.

“ And what can be given thee, O Ann, in retribution for thy compendious benefits! *Quid retribuam Domino?* What parallels can express my words in the speaking thy praises? *Laudo vos?* In hoc non laudo. Thou art that mysterious net, in whose opaque meshes remain cap-

† A popular idea, that there are persons (whom they call *Zaboris*) born with a faculty of seeing clearly any thing which is covered, even though it should be under the earth, so that it be not covered with a blue cloth.

“ tivated the silly fishes. *Sagenæ missæ in mari.* Thou art that stone of the desert, “ which the lover of Rachel erected in “ the Damascan field to give water to his “ flock, *Mulier da mibi aquam.* But I shall “ say better, following the text of the “ Gospel, St. Ann is that precious pearl, “ which, fecundated by the insults of the “ horizon, makes those who seek it blind, “ *Querentibus bonas margaritas:* She is that “ treasure, now hidden, *Thesaurus absconditus,* now occult, *nihil occultum,* which “ the holy soul reserved for the utmost ends “ of the earth, *De ultimis finibus prætium ejus:* She is that hidden god, as Philo “ said, *Tuus Deus absconditus;* and she is “ the greatest of miracles, as Thomas “ said, *Miraculorum ab ipso factorum maximum.*

“ Various circumstances enoble the “ festival. Some are aggravating, *Tolle gravatum tuum;* others of a different “ species, *Specie tua & pulchritudine tua.* “ And it is, because the Signiors Flores “ and Romero, the noble Atlases of this “ town, call to judgment, or caused to be “ called, in the night, with thunders and “ glittering sons of ardent hurricane, those “ wandering females who went up and “ down

“ down like the rapid spirits on Jacob’s  
 “ ladder, *Angelos quo ascendetes & de-*  
 “ *scendentes*. And the reason is natural,  
 “ because all which descends ascends, and  
 “ all which ascends descends, *Zachee, fes-*  
 “ *tinans descende*.

“ Let the energy of the lips cease, and  
 “ let my eyes, like festive anchors, con-  
 “ template a very literal text which the  
 “ Canticles present ! It says thus, *Vox tur-*  
 “ *turis audita est, flores apparuerunt in terra*  
 “ *nostra, tempus putationis advenit* : The  
 “ beautiful turtle sung in our barren coun-  
 “ try, Flowers came to adorn it, and these  
 “ same Flowers \* drove away the harlots,  
 “ *Tempus putationis advenit*. A text so li-  
 “ teral needs not an application : but, for  
 “ the sake of the erudite, I will briefly  
 “ say, that, in the turtle is represented  
 “ holy Ann ; for, if this tender and tur-  
 “ bulent little bird is the hieroglyphic  
 “ throne of Chastity, Ann was chaste,  
 “ since she had but one only daughter,  
 “ *Filia mea male a demonio vexatur*. Ti. t  
 “ of *Tempus putationis* is equally exact ;

\* *Flores*, Flowers, the name of one of the Mayor Domos. *Romero*, the name of the other, signifies Rosemary.

“ since

“ since the renowned knights, the Mayor  
“ Domos, banished those Samaritans by  
“ whom the neighbourhood was dis-  
“ turbed.

“ Now I remember another text, which,  
“ still more fully than the last, compre-  
“ hends all the circumstances of the sub-  
“ ject, of that great woman Ann, the  
“ enemy of Phenena, as it is said in the  
“ book of royal persons, who, by the im-  
“ pulse of her deprecations, and by the  
“ help of Heli, had a son called Samuel.

“ Let the orator, then, attend to argu-  
“ ment. Heli, anagrammatized, sounds  
“ the same as Joachin, *Sonet vox tua in*  
“ *auribus meis*. Samuel was a prophet,  
“ Mary was a prophetess, by which, in  
“ the mystic sense, Samuel and Mary is  
“ the same. I have now proved the sub-  
“ ject sufficiently, diffusively ; and there  
“ remains only to apply it to the *Romero*,  
“ or Rosemary ; though, supposing the  
“ Rosemary to bear a flower, it is already  
“ done, *Flores apparuerunt in terra nostra*.

“ But, nevertheless, I would, with yet  
“ greater propriety, adapt the circum-  
“ stances to the subject. Histories in-  
“ form us, that the most Holy Virgin  
“ hung out the clouts of her new-born  
“ child,

“ child, God, upon a hedge of Rose-  
 “ mary: and who taught her this? Her  
 “ mother St. Ann; since all she knew  
 “ was taught her by the same instructress,  
 “ *Ipse vos docebit omnia.* Then as St. Ann  
 “ hung out clouts upon a hedge of Rose-  
 “ mary, the Rosemary served St. Ann:  
 “ the same thing we see on this very day  
 “ in which she is served by the magnani-  
 “ mous Mayor Domo, Don Francisco Ro-  
 “ mero, which concludes all that there  
 “ was need to shew.

“ Now then let us ask for grace. But  
 “ who shall ask it? Isaiah? Alas, no.  
 “ Gregory? Oh, yes. The daughter  
 “ shall help her mother in her labour.  
 “ *Filia regum in honore suo.* Come, then;  
 “ let us say to her that acrostic prayer  
 “ which she taught her infant Mary; for,  
 “ as a good mother, as soon as she could  
 “ speak, she instructed her to rehearse the  
 “ —— AVE MARIA, &c.”

This was, without diminution or addition, the most famous salutation which the incomparable Friar Gerund de Campazas let off in the refectory, as an hansel and sample of his preaching talents, in the presence of all the venerable community, including the very Reverend Father Master

Provincial, who, by happy chance had arrived the night before upon his visitation to the convent. This is that salutation which ought to be perpetuated in print, to be eternized by the press, to be immortalized by pencil, by graver, by chissel, on canvass, on brass, on marble, for a piece original, rare, unique, inimitable in its kind. And God forgive his Gravityship the very Reverend Father Provincial, who, after having thrown cold water upon the joy of the delighted hearers, deprived the republic of letters of the body of the sermon—a loss never sufficiently to be deplored. For though there are innumerable sermons going about in print, especially of those called *circumstanced*, which, if we may guess from the salutation, which is all we have seen of Friar Gerund's, may be supposed not to fall short of it in substance; yet it can never be supposed that in the spirit, the soul, the zest, they could touch the heel of the shoe of that of our new-born Predicador.

It happened, then, that, during the salutation, there was such tittering, and giggling, and at last such unsmotherable laughter, that it burst forth in repeated roars from expanded jaws and supported

sides ; insomuch that a Father *Presentado* gave back what he had eaten through the mere convulsion ; the lecturer of the case \* had like to have been strangled with a piece of cheese ; and even a lay-brother, not understanding much of *sarmunts*, or *latins*, or *textes*, yet one of Gerund's *white bears*, or most remarkable absurdities, bolting out upon him whilst he had a *Jesus* [wine-cup] at his lips, instantly returned about a pint of what he had taken down in such furious and divergent spoutings from his mouth and nostrils, that he handsomely soufed his two collaterals. Now, as from all these incidents, it was necessary for the preacher to stop at every turn, and make a thousand pauses to give room for the vollies of the musquetry, and dinner was now almost over, but, principally, as the Father Provincial felt a scruple of conscience in letting him go on shooting such a quiver of bolts to his own disgrace, and, moreover, thought the whole affair too farcical for so serious an act of the community, he ordered him to leave off, and come down from the pulpit ; which was to poor Friar Gerund an exercise of obe-

\* One of the Friars who proposes a moral case for the disquisition of the brotherhood.

dience full of bitterest mortification. What happened afterwards, the curious reader will see in the next chapter.

## C H A P. VI.

*Of the different opinions there were in the community concerning the salutation and talents of our Friar Gerund, and how it came at last to be thought necessary that he should be made a preacher.*

THE first care of the Father Provincial upon going out of the refectory, was to ask Gerund for his papers; and whilst the latter was eating his dinner at a second table, the whole sermon was read in the cell of his Reverence, where all the grave fathers assembled to pay their respects to him. And though they here repeated their laughter with more liberty, for it is asserted by those who were ear-witnesses, that the body of the sermon was not a jot inferior to the salutation; yet there was no prevailing upon the Provincial, by all the instances their Reverences could make, to part with it out of his

his hands, excusing himself by saying that he had a scruple of conscience in exposing him to be made still more ridiculous ; and with great difficulty did he let go the salutation, of which however he permitted a few copies to be taken, as the whole populace and musquetry of the convent, pioneers and all, had already tasted the sweet thing.

After their Reverences had taken their fill of laughter, the Provincial said seriously, " But, in truth, I really pity this young man : his exterior talent is not only good, but excellent ; but then the absurdities which he strings together are insufferable, and are all owing, first to the want of study, and, secondly, to the muddy fountains at which he drinks, or the accursed models he proposes for his imitation, than which there cannot be worse either in mode or substance." Some maliciously insinuate that the Provincial aimed this at the Predicador Mayor, as he was not ignorant of the particular friendship which existed between the two, nor of the execrable instructions cordially given on the one part, and on the other as cordially received ; and indeed the Predicador himself might not be altogether without a suspicion

cion that it had such a tendency, as there is a report that, in this instance only, he was seen to blush. But, however it might be, the Provincial proceeded, “ Now I have a mind to try in the presence of your Paternities, if I can by any dextrous and gentle management bring this lad to a sense of his folly, and induce him to study, apply himself, and read at least some good sermons, that he may catch the true taste of preaching, and credit the order by his specious talents.” He then ordered the lay-brother, his particular attendant, who was waiting upon their Paternities with old wine and biscuits by way of desert, to go to the refectory and tell Friar Gerund, that, if he had done dinner, he should come to the Provincial’s cell.

He instantly obeyed the summons, scared and frightened, but presently composed himself upon hearing the Provincial say, very graciously and endearingly, as soon as he appeared, “ Come hither, son, and give me an embrace ; thou hast acquitted thyself just as I expected ; and if I did not permit the sermon to be finished, it was not because we should not all have heard it with great pleasure, but because the community were all upon the point of finishing

finishing their meal." It is incredible how much he was solaced and reassured by this unexpected tone of voice and tenour of words in the Provincial, who, prosecuting his prudent artifice, asked him, "Come, now, tell me the truth, who composed the salutation for you?" "Our Father," answered the honest and intrepid Gerund, with a dove-like sincerity, "the devil take me if I did not make it all out of my own head." "But then those texts so literal, and so well adapted, how shouldest thou know them if thou hast never read the Bible?" "Our Father, that is with me, from a little lesson which the Predicador Mayor gave me upon a certain occasion, the easiest thing in the world." "Well, what little lesson was that?" "He told me that whenever I would apply a text to any Spanish word, I had only to look in the Concordance for the Latin word which corresponded to it, and I should find texts by the peck, out of which I might pick and chuse what I liked. So I did, and really and truly my texts, unless I am much mistaken, were as well sorted as heart could wish."

"And so," said the Provincial a little sneeringly, "the Father Predicador Mayor

taught you this little lesson!" "Yes, our Father," answered the innocent Gerund, "and with that on my side I am not afraid to undertake the most difficult sermon, and with circumstances the most intricate that can be; for so that I find in the Concordance the corresponding word, what care I if it rains down circumstances upon me? literal texts shall likewise rain down upon the audience." "But do not you see, my son, said the Provincial, that this rule is not a good one, because the preacher may mean to prove one thing, and the text in which he finds the word he looks for may speak of another, having not the least connexion or affinity with what he intends? For example, what relation is there between St. Ann's palpitating or not palpitating in her Mother's womb, and the eternal generation of the word in the divine intelligence, spoken of in this text *Ex Utero ante luciferum genui te?*" "This relation, our Father; there *Utero* is spoken of; and if the text comes not to *Palpitating*, it comes to *Utero*, and that is sufficient for the preacher."

"But, tell me, to what purpose did you bring in, *Tolla gravatum tuum?*" "To what purpose did I bring it in! why does not

not your Paternity remember I brought it in on account of the aggravating circumstances? Can there be any thing more alike than *aggravating* and *gravatum*? Indeed I don't very well know what *gravatum* means, but it sounds to me like an *aggravating* thing, and the same would it sound to any audience of good ears; and so it sound well to the audience there is need of nothing more to give it propriety."

Notwithstanding the natural seriousness and the circumspection of the Provincial Father he was so tickled with these extravagances that he could scarce refrain from laughter; but, repressing it as well as he could, he proceeded to touch upon some other absurdities in the salutation, asking him, " And what grave authors are those who affirm that St. Ann carried our lady twenty months in her womb?" " Our Father, answered Gerund, I do not know, for I never read it in any; but as I hear the most famous preachers say at every turn, *Grave authors affirm, we are informed by grave authors, &c.* I thought that this was one of the customary phrases of the pulpit, like some others, which every one may use as freely as he pleases: and, though no author ever dreamed of saying what

what the preacher says, yet that he might cite Authors, Fathers, and Councils by the score, whenever it would turn to account, as well as versions, expositions, and legends; for to what an alarming consequence should we be led, our Father, by the contrary practice? Or who would be a preacher, if all the information, erudition, and texts, which are delivered in sermons, were to be drawn from books?"

" But does not my son see," said the Provincial, " that this is to lie; and that to lie, besides being shameful and unworthy of a good man every where, is, in the pulpit, which is the chair of truth, a kind of sacrilege?" " I admire the scruples of your Paternity, (answered Friar Gerund;) to be sure I have not heard so many sermons as your Paternity, because I have not lived so long; but I can assure your Reverence that no where have I ever heard so many and so great lies as in the pulpit. There they give to stocks and stones virtues which they have not, and feign things which never existed in nature. There they make the fathers and expositors say whatever comes into their imagination; and in my opinion they who do it do mighty well; for if the fathers and expositors did not

not say so, yet they might have said so, and no one hindered them from saying it. There, not infrequently, they feign texts even of sacred scripture ; and in this there seems to me no inconvenience ; for as the Holy Ghost inspired the things said by the Prophets and Evangelists, it may in like manner inspire to preachers the things which they shall say. At least a preacher of great renown told me so, and though it is true that this doctrine did not approve itself much to my judgment, yet in the end I was persuaded that it was extremely convenient. There, finally, are feigned, or related, events, and tragical, horrible, examples, which never happened, cloathed and adorned with such strange circumstances that it is clearly seen they are novels ; and nevertheless we see they have much effect, for the good people groan, weep, sigh, and beat their breasts with much compunction. See now, and please your Paternity, if they lie in the pulpit !”

“ I cannot deny,” replied the Provincial, “ but that, for our sins, there is much of this ; but it is always an intolerable boldness and a shame ; and any preacher who should be detected in such impostures ought to be severely punished and to have his

his licence for preaching taken away for ever." "Ay, our Father! (said Gerund in a commiserating tone) if this were to be done, who would there be to preach the sermons of the Fraternities? And how many honest men would be begging their bread from door to door, or obliged to learn some other trade?"

"But tell me, son, if for such weighty motives you raised the false testimony against grave authors, of their saying that St. Ann carried the Virgin in her womb twenty months, to what purpose did you bring in proof the text of, *Hic mensis sextus est illi?* Are six months twenty?"

"First, our Father, I did not bring it for the *twenty*, but for the *months*, and for this *hic mensis* came as if it was cast in a mould. Secondly, if I had brought it for the *twenty*, it would not have been beside the purpose? for, the thing is clear, where there is six there is five, six and five are eleven; where there is eleven there is nine, and nine and eleven are twenty; here you see the twenty complete, by the equipollenses; for I am not so much at a loss in my *sumulas* as some people may think."

Notwith-

Notwithstanding his saturnine complexion the Provincial could not forbear laughing out at absurdities of such magnitude and at the same time of such innocence; and continuing now for entertainment what he had begun by way of friendly correction, asked him, " And what grave authors say, that St. Ann was the Grandmother of the Holy Trinity? Do you not see that this is a formal heresy? For as the Holy Trinity is uncreated and eternal it consequently can have no Mother or Grandmother." " Let me say no other heresies than that," answered Friar Gerund, " and I shall never be laid hold of by the inquisition." " I believe it," replied the Provincial smiling, " for the inquisition troubles not itself with simpletons; but must you not be sensible it is an heresy?" " An heresy! A fine heresy truly, o' my sins! (exclaimed Gerund) pray tell me, our Father, was not St. Ann the Mother of our Lady? Yes, for so says the text, *Dicit discipulo, Ecce mater tua: Was not our Lady the Mother of Christ?* certainly, for so affirms St. John, *Dixit matri suæ, Ecce filius tuus: therefore St. Ann was the Grandmother of the Holy Trinity.*" " If you were not mere at a loss

loss in your *sumulas* than you think yourself, you could not draw that consequence, but this, therefore St. Ann was the Grandmother of Christ." " Well, what does it signify to me, whether it be one or the other, our Father?" " Why Christ is not the Holy Trinity, is he?" " Is he? Ay; would to the Lord I were as much so, *Et Trinitatem in unitate veneremur.* Can your Paternity deny that Christ is the Holy Trinity?" " How can I do otherwise? He is the second person of the Trinity, but not the Trinity; so Friar Gerund is a member of the convent, but he is not the convent: and if you doubt it, consider how he would argue who should say thus, Cecily Rebollo was mother of Catanla Rebollo, Catanla Rebollo was mother of Friar Gerund Zotes a member of the convent of Lower Colmenar, therefore Cecilia Rebollo was the grandmother of the convent of Lower Colmenar. Your reasoning is just as good; and it certainly would have been better for the *Orator* not to have attended to argument." " Our Father," answered Gerund, *these are all gallantries of the schools, as Barbadiño says.*"

" And was it a gallantry of the schools to say that St. Ann, like a good mother, instructed

instructed her daughter to rehearse the *Ave Maria?*" "What!" said Gerund, "sure your Paternity can not refuse assent to a truth so clear and manifest? would a mother so pious, and so careful of the education of her daughter, as Mrs. Ann was, fail to instruct her in the Christian Doctrine, just as it is set forth in the catechism of Astete, from the beginning, of "*Every faithful Christian*," to the very end? And moreover there are those who say she taught her even to assist at Mass, and that the good little girl assisted, when but seven years of age, at all the Masses which were said in her parish church with much devotion; for your Paternity knows that in ancient times, as I read in I know not what book, women assisted at Mass."

Nothing, as it will be imagined, could be answered to this; and the Provincial was not inclined to put any more questions upon the substance of the salutation, as it would be an endless affair, but, in regard to the style he could not help asking what was the meaning of this wonderful sentence, *To this transparent angel, then, this diaphanous intelligence and speculative object of the most sharp devotion, this fervent and ecstatic people consecrates these hyperbolic rites?*

"Our

“ Our Father,” answered Gerund, “ the devil take me if I know what I meant myself; I only knew that the sentence is sonorous, and that if it be pleasing to the ear, nothing more is requisite. For who has ever blamed these clauses which go about in print in a sermon on St. Andrew, and in truth not a whit more perspicuous than mine?” “ *Nitid afflations of flamiferous torches, brilliant scintillations of solar light, animated the obsequious affections exciting festive admiration; Candidus insuetum miratur lumen Olympi.*” And observe, our Father, by the by, the manner of introducing the texts, exactly as I introduce them. “ *In the beauteous heaven of this magnificent chapel shine suns, distinct in number, Christ and our Glorious Saint; fulserunt quondam candidi tibi soles. Christ vitalizes with the fiery scintillations of his love St. Andrew’s loving heart; Lampadis ignes—in me manet & ego in illo.*” What a divine thing! And can your Paternity now condemn my *Trinitatem in unitate veneremur*? “ *With this beauteous constellation there is nothing to fear from the fascination of the sphere; because the lights which could recommend their proper splendors, gloria stellarum,* (Oh what glory! as if one should say

*vultum tuum deprecabuntur) now fill their brilliant orbs in homage to the glory of St. Andrew, Et opera manuum ejus annuntiat firmamentum.* I myself could not bring a text more to the purpose.

“ I would not tire your Paternity’s attention with citing more clauses, not only from this sermon, but one and thirty more in the same large folio volume with it, which are all so entirely in this very same style that they are an admiration, an astonishment, an intoxication.” “ In that last word, (replied the Provincial) you have said every thing, without knowing what was said; for there cannot be a term which better agrees with or explains what this kind of style is, since none but one drunk with the wine of folly, ignorance, and presumption would employ it; and you are certainly very right, for this style and that of your salutation are as like as two chesnuts. But is it possible, what you tell me, that there is a book of printed sermons in this style? I cannot believe it, for who would have permitted it?” “ What, cannot your Paternity believe there is such a book in print? Ay, and with all the necessary licences too, and approbations, well-turned and of very ele-

vated buskin, as with your Reverence's leave I will instantly give you ocular demonstration." And away he flew to his cell and returned in a twinkling with a folio much thumbed and dogs-eared, for it was scarcely ever out of the hands of the good little Friar, who had it likewise almost all by heart. Presenting it to the Provincial, he said, "Is this a printed book?" "Yes, it is printed," says his Reverence. "Then, our father, read the first sermon on St. Andrew; he did so and found the clauses literally as above-cited. He was amazed: Friar Gerund triumphing, added, "Open it any where, your Reverence, and you will see if the author falls off, or if he is not equal to himself throughout."

His Paternity read many sentences, to which he acknowledged those of the salutation were tarts and cheese-cakes, and that some excuse might be made for Gerund's being led astray by such a model, which he is sure must be the work of some deplorable coxcomb. "Softly, softly, our Father, (replied Friar Gerund,) for in this your Paternity labours under a most enormous mistake. The author is not what your Reverence thinks, but a great man,  
a mighty

a mighty man, and one who has made so much noise in Spain that few have made more. Look, Sir, at the first page of the book, read the title of the work and those of the author, and then let your Paternity tell me if he is an inconsiderable man." Though the Provincial had shut the book, and had even made a motion in his indignation towards throwing it out of the window, yet hearing Gerund say this, his curiosity was touched, and he opened it at the title page, and read as follows, " *The sacred Florilegium, composed of mystic Flowers, watered on the celestial, delightful, frondiferous Parnassus of the Church, by the consecrated Aganippe, the holy Fountain of the Grace and Glory of Christ: by the divine Affluence of which the lofty Marian Palm being encreased, is crowned, triumphant by the Privileges of Grace, with victorious Glory: Divided into panegyrical, anagogical, tropological, and allegorical Discourses, founded in sacred Scripture, corroborated by the authority of the holy and exegetical Fathers, the most particular Opinions of the principal Expositors, and copiously adorned with Eru-  
dition sacred and profane, in Ideas, Problems, Hieroglyphics, philosophical Sentences, and*

*most select Humanities. By the Reverend Father Friar—&c. &c."*

The good Provincial hardly knew for some time whether he was awake or no; but after coming to himself, and making some severe strictures on the book and the inattention of the licensers and approvers of it, he concludes with telling Gerund that he will not let him have the book again, lest it should confirm him in his perverse taste of sermonizing and be his total ruin. “But, our father, says Gerund, your Paternity must let me have the book again, because it is not my own.” “Then whose is it?” asked the Provincial, “I cannot tell your Paternity, answered Gerund, because it was lent me in confession \*.” At this there was such a laugh as shook the cell. But Friar Gerund, undismayed, proceeded, saying, “And though your Paternity is so liberal in your abuse of it, I see it every where else meet with great applause; a large impression was directly sold off, and there is not one to be got though one would give an eye for it; for those who are so lucky as to possess it are as choice of it as of old gold, and in

\* Upon condition of strict secrecy.

truth they are all men of good taste ; and the author has made himself very famous in Spain by a work which he published, in the same style they say as this book, against a certain writer who makes a great noise in this age. So that if this be to preach ill, and in a bad style, I must tell your Paternity very plainly, that I never think of preaching in any other style or any other manner as long as God shall grant me the use of my understanding." He said ; and without another word, tucking his beloved Florilegium under his arm, turned his back rather abruptly upon that reverend assembly.

The Provincial was greatly irritated at the boldness as well as stupidity of his declaration and at his irreverent departure. In the first impulse of his wrath he was about to order him to be put in the dungeon ; but some Father Masters, who better knew the simplicity of Friar Gerund, assured him that it was nothing but pure nature, and by no means impertinently designed. With this he was appeased, and contented himself with saying that if he was at the beginning of his Provincialate, as he was near the expiration of it, it should be long enough before that block-

head, Gerund, should mount the pulpit. An expression which one does not know how should escape his mouth, as he was a moderate and courteous man.

Whilst this was passing in the cell of the Provincial there was a terrible confusion in the convent amongst the below-stairs \* Friars concerning this same salutation. The truth was that the greater part were of the opinion of our father, namely, that it was impossible to preach more absurdly, whereas others defended it as a most valiant performance; and though they acknowledged he had talked much nonsense, yet they exculpated him with his youth and want of study, and in short, said, that his wonderful talents of voice, action, and demeanour, supplied every thing. Above all, the formidable party of the lay-brethren was intirely with him, heart and voice, and every soul of them was clearly of opinion that he ought immediately to be ordained and made a

\* The inferior and most menial servants in Spain are called *de Escalera abajo*—the below-stairs servants, as from their being always occupied in the lower parts of the house and the adjacent offices, they never ascend the stairs; and the expression is here humorously applied to the inferior Friars, and, farther on in the work, to other characters.

preacher.

preacher. But those amongst the lay-brotheren who were most zealous for him, if there could be degrees in the common zeal with which they burnt, were the companion, or especial attendant, of the Provincial, and the second clerk of the convent. These were votes of great consequence; because the companion had got the length of the good Provincial's foot in such a manner, that he had more weight with him than a score of grave fathers, and it was a current report in the province that he entirely governed him.

Nor was our little clerk endued, in his walk, with a less happy knack of creeping into the affections and subjugating the will. He was as complete a lay-brother as you could behold in a summer's day; of middling stature, round face, pleasant looks, a merry eye, smart, active, officious, handy, and knew a thousand little manual dexterities. He would cut paper-ornaments, draw decently, make wooden clocks, put a watch in order, and then to toss up a tit-bit or mix a cool-tankard, he had the hand of an angel. By these clevernesses, and a certain good-natured flattering way the fellow had, he insinuated himself into the cells, especially of the grave

fathers, made their beds, cleaned their tables, milled their chocolate, and served them in a thousand other little offices ; and as they found him ready for every thing, he had gained not only the favour but the confidence of the greater part, insomuch that he almost gave them the law, made them do whatever he pleased, and praise whatever he praised. It is not to be told the infinite importance these two votes were of to Friar Gerund, and after them the votes of the rest of the lay-brethren ; for the two first set themselves with great success to coax, and wheedle, and stroak the backs, the one of the Provincial, and the other, of almost all the grave fathers ; whilst the rest, as each one had the saint of his devotion, went on by little and little overcoming the Friars of the mass and of the choir to that degree, that in a few days the whole convent began to be persuaded that Father Friar Gerund was an excellent preacher, and deserved immediate investiture with the proper powers.

## C H A P. VII.

*In which is treated of what the curious reader will see if he peruses it.*

**T**ALI auxilio & defensoribus istis, with these doughty defenders and potent panegyrists, you might see the fortune of the day turning so much on Gerund's side, that the whole community, except a few super-sanctified sulky souls, threw themselves upon the Provincial with the most pressing instances, that he would give him letters dimissory for ordination, and appoint him a Sabatine preacher. His stiff integrity was long in bending, but at last the feat was finished by the companion of his Reverence, who knew him better than the beggar knows his dish; though he would not yet ratify his consent in full form, till one of the most grave and maturely-wise Fathers of the convent, who was very fond of Gerund, but who reckoned more upon his docility than he was justified in doing, became guarantee for him that he should mend his manner of preaching,

preaching, resolutely taking upon himself the charge of instructing him, so that he should preach at least with tolerable judgment. Upon these conditions, which were a wall of brass to the conscience of the good Provincial, he permitted him to be ordained a priest, and made him Sabatine preacher of that same convent with general applause.

He who more than all the rest celebrated the event, was the Father Friar Blas, Predicador Mayor of the house, and the oracle in preaching matters of our Friar Gerund; because being now become in some manner his immediate subaltern and dependant, he had him at command to form him intirely to his hand, and was happy in figuring to himself that he should turn him out such a disciple, as would perpetuate his master's fame; which in time was fully verified.

This being suspected by the grave Father who had answered for him to the Provincial, and undertaken to instruct him before Friar Blas had completely corrupted him, the said Father, under the pretence of going by way of recreation for some days to a certain grange or farm belonging to the convent, took Gerund with him,

intending to remain there a whole month, on purpose that he might have more time to insinuate his instructions, hoping that they would now take effect, as he had not at his elbow the Predicador Mayor to whom it had been chiefly owing that the seed of good doctrine he had received proved unfruitful. This grave Father was called the Master Prudentio, and the name agreed with him well, as he was a prudent, wise, and more than ordinarily learned man, of a very courteous disposition, and good-natured even to excess; and on that account easy to be persuaded to any thing, and easy, consequently, to be deceived.

The first morning, then, after their arrival at the Grange, as they were walking out in a pleasant grove, said the Master Prudentio in a kind tone to Friar Gerund, “ So now, my Friend Gerund, thou art at last a priest of the Most High, and Sabatine preacher of the convent ? ” “ Yes, Father Master ”, answered Gerund, “ I am, thanks be to God, and the intercession of your Paternity, and that of the other good souls.” “ You know,” continued Prudentio, “ that I am bound for you to the Father Provincial that you fulfil your obligation,

gation, and do not bring us to shame." "Upon that head your Paternity may be very easy," replied Gerund, "for I hope in God to acquit myself in such a manner, that you will have no reason to repent your pledge." "But how can that be, man," said the Father Master, "if you have not studied a word of philosophy, theology, rhetoric, or the holy fathers, nor indeed of any faculty whatever; and a perfect orator, says Cicero, ought not to be ignorant of any thing, as it will be requisite, upon different occasions, that he speak of all things?"

A conversation now ensues in which the Father Master gives very good instructions to the young preacher; and in the course of them the reading of good sermons being recommended, Gerund asks Prudentio which he thinks the best, and is told in answer, that all comparison is odious, but that the sermons of St. Thomas de Villanueva, of Friar Louis de Granada, and of the venerable Father Antonio Vieyra highly merit his attention. Upon hearing the name of the last-mentioned author, Gerund relates what the Barbadiño \* has said

F \* It may be proper more fully to inform the reader unacquainted with the Portuguese language that the word

in his dispraise, and the Father Master, allowing him not wholly free from fault, makes a long and vehement defence of him, introducing some circumstances of his history. “ As to persuasive eloquence,” says this father, “ as to persuasive eloquence, which is what alone deserves the name of eloquence, let the Barbadiño shew me a more active, more vigorous, more triumphant eloquence than that of the Father Antonio Vieyra, &c. He is a Rhone, a Danube, in his wondrous rapidity—carries, draws, forces, ravishes every thing with him——no understanding but what yields to the convincing solidity of his argument, no heart that can resist the rapid, vigorous, impulses with which he combats it—no other sermons to be devised

word *Barbadiño*, before which he always finds an article, is not a proper name, but a substantive epithet given to a Capuchin. This order, a reform of the Franciscan, is the only one in which the beard is worn. *Barbadiño* is the diminutive of *Barbado*, or *the bearded*. The diminutive is used—not from the *smallness* of their beards, but—from an idea of humility. It ought properly to have been spelled *Barbadinho*; but the Spanish manner of writing it was copied. The *n* followed by an *h* in Portuguese has the same sound as the *ñ* in Spanish, and both of them the same as the French and Italian *n* preceded by a *g*. The nearest found to which in English is that of an *n* followed by an *i*.

which would conquer more souls, especially in an intelligent and cultivated audience."

The Father Antonio Vieyra was called from Portugal \* by the general of his order †, at the request of Pope Alexander the seventh, of many cardinals, and of the famous queen of Sweden, Christiana, at that time at Rome, who had all a great desire to hear him, from the fame which was spread of him all over Europe. After having preached many times in the presence of the sacred college, it was agreed on all hands that he was still much greater than his fame. After having preached, in competition as we may say, with the greatest orator of that age in Italy, the most Reverend Father John Paul Oliva, Apostolic preacher to three popes, and general of the Jesuit order; notwithstanding the elevated merit of this truly great man, notwithstanding his being reputed, and with reason, as the Evangelical Demosthenes of Italy; notwithstanding the natural prepossession with which his countrymen must necessarily behold him; notwithstanding

\* The country which gave birth to this great man.

† That of the Jesuits.

the weight thrown in the balance from respect, from dependence, from adulation, or from all together, being the supreme head of all his order, and having an almost despotic authority in the court of Rome; notwithstanding all this, in the two sermons preached on the festival of Saint Stanislaus de Koska, by the general and the subaltern, the Italian and the Portuguese, all hearers, both foreign and domestic, gave the preference to that of the latter. This same general, cautious and sparing of their eulogies as all generals are, in a letter he wrote afterwards from Rome to Lisbon, calls Father Vieyra "*The true interpreter of scripture, the singular organ or channel of the Holy Spirit, the model of orators, and the father of eloquence.*" Both the pope and the queen of Sweden begged with the utmost earnestness, that he would remain in that court, the one in order to have him for the oracle of his pontifical chapel, and the other that he might be the ornament of her royal, wise, and learned cabinet: but both desisted from their endeavour, not to mortify the most religious and zealous father, who, having dedicated himself by vow to the Apostolic instruction of the ignorant negroes of the

Brazils,

Brazils, and the applauses which Europe paid becoming intolerable to him, humbly besought the head of the church and that wise princess, that they would suffer him to repair whither he was called by his own spirit, and that of the divine vocation. Neither could he be detained in Lisbon by the pressing instances of the king of Portugal, who would have fixed him in that city, to have the comfort of hearing him as a master from the pulpit, and obeying him as a father at the confessional, giving up to him the direction of his royal conscience. But the great Vieyra, firm to the Apostolic call, and superior to all the fleeting honours with which the world allured him, represented so efficacilly to the monarch, how much more and how much better he might serve him in Brazil than Lisbon, that he was at length reluctantly persuaded to let him go.

This most extraordinary man was buried in the year 1697, as appears by the inscription under a print of him prefixed to his works, at Baia in Brazil, “*Frequentissimo urbis concursu, æterno orbis desiderio.*”

What

## CHAP. XXVII. THE END OF THE HISTORY

What now, if, after this eulogy and these anecdotes, to counterbalance the many most absurd and ridiculous sermons, of which samples have and will be seen in the course of this work, and to make some amends for having greatly curtailed this Second Book of the History (at the end of which we are now arrived) by the omission of the critique on the Barbadino's book, the reader should be presented by the translator with the greatest part of a sermon of a totally different complexion, of one of the elegant and judicious sermons of the venerable Father Antonio Vieyra, the true interpreter of scripture, the singular organ or channel of the Holy Spirit, the model of orators, and the father of eloquence?

It is hoped that the gentle reader will be pleased with the present, and, therefore, it shall be made: and if an ungentle one, or one who may think that “*Sine jocis nil est jucundum,*” should knit his brows, and cry, “*Pshaw! are there not seriously-stupid sermons enough of our own growth!*” He may pass it by, and proceed directly to the Third Book without loss of time or hindrance of business.

No singular and supereminent performance of the great Vieyra shall be culled, but extracts given from one of the first sermons that offers; and this happens fortunately to be one at almost the end of a long series upon the same subject, when, or never, the spirit of the writer may be supposed to flag. This sermon is the twenty-sixth of the thirty upon the Rosary, beginning in the cxxth page of the fourth vol. Barcelona edit. 1752, and the parts of it which the reader will see with quotation-marks are translated as literally as they can possibly with any tolerable propriety be translated. It begins thus,

“ LUKE chap. xi. ver. 27.

“ *Beatus venter qui te portavit & ubera quæ  
suxisti!* ”

“ Blessed is the womb that bare thee, and  
“ the paps which thou hast sucked.

“ **T**HIS text which has been so many  
“ times repeated and so variously con-  
“ sidered, never had a more high and  
“ more adequate interpretation than on  
“ the present occasion. The devout wo-  
“ man

“ man in the Gospel formed it anciently  
 “ with her words, and this very text is  
 “ this day to be commented on by works.  
 “ She blessed the virgin womb and sacred  
 “ breasts of Mary, *Beatus venter qui te*  
 “ *portavit & ubera quæ suxisti*. And this  
 “ same womb and these same breasts of  
 “ Mary, are now canonized by the virtue  
 “ and miracles of her Rosary; for the  
 “ virgin womb supplied another womb,  
 “ and by the sacred breasts were other  
 “ breasts supplied.

“ Singular, and in all its circumstances  
 “ admirable, is the case, my brethren,  
 “ which I shall now tell you, related by  
 “ St. Alan de Rupe, in his book on the  
 “ birth of the Psalter of the Virgin. Two  
 “ young women of the mountains were  
 “ passing through a desert, when they  
 “ were met by two most fierce and hungry  
 “ wolves, which divided between them the  
 “ innocent and defenceless prey. One of  
 “ these damsels was devoutly attached to  
 “ the Rosary, which she every day re-  
 “ hearsed; the other not. To the latter  
 “ one of the wolves approached, and fix-  
 “ ing his teeth in her throat, presently  
 “ brought her lifeless to the ground.  
 “ What happened to the former I will

" relate in the words of the author, which  
 " are these, *Quæ Rosarium Beatissimæ Vir-  
 " ginis recitare consueverat (mira res!) lu-  
 " pus ejus ubera abrumpit, ventrem discerpit;  
 " viscera voravit. Et adhuc triduo vixit;  
 " in quo sincerè confitetur, devote communi-  
 " cat, fiducialiter moritur. A Maria in  
 " extremis visitatur, & ad cælorum gaudia  
 " perducitur—that is to say, The other  
 " wolf attacked the damsel who rehearsed  
 " the Rosary, tore off her breasts, lace-  
 " rated her womb, and eat it, and drew  
 " out all her entrails. And did she direc-  
 " ly die too like her companion? So it  
 " would have been in the course of na-  
 " ture; but because she was a devout of  
 " the Rosary, the Virgin, our Lady, pre-  
 " served her alive without heart or entrails  
 " for three days, in which she performed  
 " the duty of confession much at her lei-  
 " sure, and communicated devoutly, and  
 " at the end of them our Lady herself vi-  
 " sited her; and, as if the wolf had been  
 " a tyrant and she a martyr, carried her  
 " directly up into heaven \*. Now let us  
 " remember those words which are the  
 " most glorious comment upon our text,*

\* A privilege martyrs are intitled to, without visiting purgatory.

" *Ejus ubera abrumpit, ventrem discerpit.*  
 " And in seeing this damsel without  
 " breasts and without womb, yet alive,  
 " who but must repeat many times to the  
 " worker of so singular and so stupen-  
 " dous a prodigy, *Beatus venter qui te*  
 " *portavit & ubera quæ suxisti!* Blessed  
 " virgin womb! *Beatus venter.* For it  
 " supplied another womb; *ventrem discer-  
 " pit.* And blessed sacred breasts! *Beata*  
 " *ubera;* for they supplied other breasts;  
 " *ubera abrumpit.*

" This particular case, as a comment  
 " so proper to the text I have proposed,  
 " shall be the foundation of my discourse;  
 " but in such a manner that from the par-  
 " ticular respect it shall be extended to the  
 " common one, that it may serve all. We  
 " shall see then, with the Divine grace,  
 " that as the Virgin our Lady, in reward  
 " for the devotion of the Rosary, supplied  
 " in this her votary the want of what was  
 " so necessary to her for this life and the  
 " other, so she does and will supply, in  
 " all who have the same devotion, all  
 " want of whatever is convenient for tem-  
 " poral life, and all want of whatever is  
 " important for that which will be eter-  
 " nal. *AVE MARIA.*

“ *Beatus venter qui te portavit, &*  
 “ *ubera quæ suxisti.*

“ What would become of this miserable  
 “ world, so defective and necessitous, af-  
 “ ter that by the sin and corruption of the  
 “ first man, it fell from the perfection and  
 “ abundance with which God had creat-  
 “ ed and enriched it, if the Divine Pro-  
 “ vidence and mercy had not provided it  
 “ with a remedy equal to its necessity,  
 “ which should be the universal supple-  
 “ ment of all our wants? This supple-  
 “ ment, devout Christians, is the most  
 “ powerful Virgin, our Lady, who, not  
 “ only from her birth, by inclination and  
 “ natural piety, but likewise *ab aeterno*  
 “ from her predestination, and by virtue  
 “ of it, was chosen and destined by God  
 “ for this most glorious end. The Theo-  
 “ logists ask, whether, in case Adam had  
 “ not sinned, the Son of God was or was  
 “ not to have become incarnate? And the  
 “ opinion best founded in the secrets of  
 “ God himself, which he hath revealed to  
 “ us in the Holy Scriptures, is, that, in  
 “ such a case, his Son, the eternal Word,  
 “ was not to have become incarnate, and  
 “ consequently not to have had a mother,  
 “ nor would there have been in the world  
 “ the Virgin Mary. But as Adam did sin,

“ or was to sin, the divine Prescience fore-  
 “ seeing that crime, which is justly called  
 “ happy, *O felix culpa!* this was the rea-  
 “ son and the motive why God predesti-  
 “ nated the humanity of his Son, that, as  
 “ an infinite repairer of that sin, he might  
 “ give just and adequate satisfaction to the  
 “ offended divinity.

“ But if the Word might have been made  
 “ man without having a mother, like A-  
 “ dam, why did God ordain likewise *ab*  
 “ *æterno*, that he should be born of a wo-  
 “ man with a second predestination, or the  
 “ second part of it, likewise not necessary  
 “ but free. The reason was, say all the  
 “ Saints, that as one woman introduced  
 “ into the world the want of obedience and  
 “ of grace, so another woman should be the  
 “ redress and supplement of it; the want  
 “ by Eve, the supplement by Mary. So  
 “ that *ab æterno* and by virtue of her proper  
 “ predestination the Virgin, our Lady, was  
 “ conceived, chosen, and destined, first to  
 “ repair and supply the wants of the first  
 “ mother in paradise, and afterwards those  
 “ of the human race in all the world. The  
 “ Virgin herself will tell it all to us, before  
 “ her birth in figures, and after she was  
 “ born in person.

“ Who was ever more destitute in this  
“ life and more in want of every thing ne-  
“ cessary to it than the child Moses, when  
“ his parents, not being able to hide him  
“ from the wrath of Pharaoh, (for by his  
“ crying he would discover himself) that  
“ they might not drown him with their  
“ own hands, launched him on the stream  
“ in a basket of rushes, which had no  
“ other property of a boat than that of  
“ being caulked? On the river were want-  
“ ing to the child his father and mother,  
“ who remained on land; in his little vessel  
“ were wanting to him oars, sail, and pi-  
“ lot; above all was wanting to him his  
“ nourishment, bereaved of those breasts  
“ which gave him milk; finally, he was  
“ wanting to himself, for he had neither  
“ arms to swim with, nor judgment to  
“ know his danger, nor voice to beseech  
“ assistance. Thus he went sailing in the  
“ midst of his own shipwreck, shrouded  
“ even in his swadling-bands, and laid in  
“ the basket of rushes the new Argonaut  
“ of the Nile, when *Mary* his sister ap-  
“ pears on the bank, sent thither by his  
“ parents to attend to the event. O for-  
“ tunate infant, in the midst of what ap-  
“ pears thy greatest unhappiness! And

“ does Mary assist Moses? Then, though  
“ he wanted every thing, she shall supply  
“ whatever he may want. No one can  
“ desire a better guide or pilot to his ship  
“ than the eyes which Mary fixes on it.  
“ She here shews plainly that she al-  
“ ready represented in name and actions,  
“ her, who was afterwards called the  
“ Lady of Good Direction, and of the Hap-  
“ py Voyage \*. The eyes of Mary, then,  
“ which on this occasion served as oars  
“ against the force and violence of the cur-  
“ rent, kept calling the barque to shore,  
“ and the child found harbour in no less  
“ than the princess of Egypt's arms. A  
“ nurse must be found to wipe the tears  
“ from its eyes and give it milk: Mary  
“ offers herself for the seeker of a nurse.  
“ And whom do you think she would  
“ bring? The genius only of one who had  
“ that name could form such a scheme.  
“ The mother of Moses himself is brought  
“ for a nurse, to whom the princess deli-  
“ vers him up, strongly recommending  
“ her being careful of him as of her own  
“ child, with a royal promise of being well

\* Two titles under which the Virgin is invoked by mariners.

“ rewarded for her trouble. Now I ask,  
“ if there is wanting to Moses any of the  
“ many things which before were want-  
“ ing? Now he has a father, now he has  
“ a mother, now he has nourishment,  
“ now he is on land, now he has life, and  
“ now he has what was wanting to him,  
“ and he could never hope to attain, which  
“ is, to be the adopted son of that very  
“ king of Egypt who had commanded him  
“ to be thrown to the crocodiles of the  
“ Nile. Thus Mary knows how to sup-  
“ ply the wants of those who are recom-  
“ mended to her by their virtues, though  
“ they may not be particularly devoted to  
“ her. But what, if they should be her  
“ brothers, as Moses was to Mary, and in  
“ that relation to the Virgin stand all the  
“ brethren of the Rosary? But we are not  
“ come to that yet.

“ Passing on to the New Testament;  
“ a certain marriage was celebrated in  
“ Cana of Galilee, at which says the Evan-  
“ gelist the Mother of Jesus was present:  
“ John ii. 1. *Et erat mater Iesu ibi.* Some  
“ will wonder that the Virgin Mary should  
“ be found there and assist at such sort of  
“ entertainments as wedding-feasts; not as  
“ a Virgin, for the Virgin-state, though  
“ so

“ so sublime, despises nor condemns not  
“ that of marriage, but as Mother of the  
“ Saviour; *Mater Iesu*. As Mother of  
“ the Saviour this Lady was seen at the  
“ foot of the cross and appeared well there,  
“ John xix. 25. *Stabat juxta crucem Iesu*  
“ *Mater ejus*, accompanying his destitution,  
“ suffering the same pains, and co-operat-  
“ ing in the very redemption. There it  
“ was that the Mother of Jesus appeared  
“ well; but at marriages! at banquets! *Et*  
“ *erat Mater Iesu ibi!* Yes, she was there,  
“ and assisted at the banquet and the mar-  
“ riage, to supply what might be wanting  
“ to them: and where there is, or is to be,  
“ want, there it is where the Mother of  
“ Jesus cannot be wanting, and there  
“ where she assists; *Erat Mater Iesu ibi*.  
“ Christ and his Disciples were likewise at  
“ the same marriage, but the Evangelist  
“ remarks that they were invited; John  
“ ii. 2. *Vocatus est Iesus & Discipuli ejus*.  
“ But of this Lady it is not said that she  
“ was invited; because she herself, and her  
“ providence, and her obligation invited  
“ her and drew her thither, that if,  
“ through the poverty or the negligence  
“ of the married pair, any thing should be  
“ wanting, she by her carefulness and cha-  
“ rity

“ rity might supply it. The event shewed  
“ it; and thus she went miraculously sup-  
“ plying that which was deficient; *ibid.*

“ 3. *Deficiente vino.*

“ But let us hear the reply of Christ, in  
“ which more strongly shines this provi-  
“ dence, and these powers in the sovereign  
“ Mother. This Lady represented to her  
“ Son, as creator of all things, the defici-  
“ ency there was; *ibid.* 3. *Vinum non ha-*  
“ *bent.* And the Lord, as surprised at her  
“ implied request, answered, *ibid.* 4. *Quid*  
“ *michi & tibi?*—what business is it of yours  
“ or mine, what is wanting in the house or  
“ at the table of other people? *ibid.* 5.  
“ *Nondum venit hora mea;*—my hour for  
“ working miracles is not yet come. But,  
“ notwithstanding, this Lady did not desist  
“ from prosecuting the remedy of that want,  
“ saying to them who served, that they  
“ should do whatever her Son commanded  
“ them, as if she had said to Him himself,  
“ If your hour for working miracles is  
“ not yet come, my care and obligation to  
“ supply what is wanting, pays not regard  
“ to hours; and the same hour in which  
“ things are wanting, that is my hour.”  
“ The Lord at length commanded that the  
“ pots in which there was no wine should  
“ be

“ be filled with water, which was immediately converted with abundance and improvement into the very liquor that was wanting. In this manner did the most gracious Mary supply in this want, not only one, but many wants, and the wants of many. To the governor of the feast she supplied the want of attention, to the married couple the want of provision, to the table the want of drink, and even to Christ himself the want of time, causing that to be anticipated which was not arrived. Finally, of all those who were present, this Lady alone took notice of the want, because in the governor of the feast it was a thing to be condemned, in the married couple to be sorry for, in the guests to wonder at, and for this Lady only to supply.

“ Thus was the Virgin Mary from her predestination chosen, and thus is she inclined and intent from her birth in this defective world, to remedy and supply all the wants which are suffered in it; but much more so since the institution of her Rosary, in assisting and rewarding its votaries. Now comes in its proper place the notice of that prodigious event I represented in the beginning; in which

“ it

“ it is not easy to set forth, or even come  
“ prehend the many and various wants,  
“ difficult and intricate to excess, which  
“ this Lady therein supplied, and in a  
“ manner beyond all admiration ad-  
“ mirable.

“ She supplied life in the want of all the  
“ means and instruments of life itself; and  
“ against all the dispositions and causes of  
“ death prevented the soul from going out  
“ at that great door—for the name of  
“ wound is little—and detained it there.  
“ He only who can comprehend the ana-  
“ tomy of the human body, the depen-  
“ dence and harmony of all its parts, and  
“ the admirable artifice with which the in-  
“ struments which sustain it are continu-  
“ ally at work hiddenly or insensibly with-  
“ in us (whence David says to the divine  
“ artificer himself of this fabric, Psalm  
“ cxxxviii. *Mirabilis facta est scientia tua ex*  
“ *me*) he only who can comprehend all  
“ this, can fully understand how many  
“ miracles are contained in the soul’s not  
“ separating from that body so mangled  
“ and empty, and a woman’s being pre-  
“ served alive in it after a wild beast had  
“ torn out and devoured all her entrails.  
“ Without them she must have wanted  
“ blood,

“ blood, she must have wanted veins, she  
“ must have wanted arteries, she must  
“ have wanted animal and vital spirits, and  
“ she must have wanted above all the heart,  
“ the fountain, and principle of life. And  
“ that in this state she should live, speak,  
“ understand, and exercise intirely all the  
“ operations of sensitive and rational life,  
“ bringing to remembrance her sins, be-  
“ wailing them with voluntary repentance,  
“ confessing them with her tongue, and  
“ only not striking her breasts, because she  
“ had none! O miracle above all miracles,  
“ in which the Mother of the Sovereign  
“ Artificer himself seemed to vye with and  
“ to surpass him in his own work!

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“ The manner in which the Mother of  
“ God supplied what was wanting in that  
“ body, almost a corpse, but truly alive, I  
“ have already said was beyond all admira-  
“ tion admirable; because she did not sub-  
“ stitute for the torn-off breasts other  
“ breasts, or give another heart, entrails,  
“ and womb, but with the very privation  
“ of the things which were wanting, or  
“ the nothing of them, she supplied all,  
“ This is a perfection, an excellence, a  
“ curiousness of supplement never seen,  
“ even

“ even in the works of God himself, since  
 “ the beginning of the World. In the  
 “ first three days of the creation, because  
 “ there was no sun, (since it was created  
 “ on the fourth,) God supplied the want  
 “ of the sun with light, and that made  
 “ day, Gen. i. *Fiat lux, & facta est lux,*  
 “ *appellavitque lucem diem.* After Eve was  
 “ created, a rib was wanting to Adam, of  
 “ which she was formed, and God suppli-  
 “ ed the want of this rib with an equal  
 “ quantity of flesh, Gen. ii. *Replevit car-  
 “ nem pro ea.* Cain slew Abel, and God  
 “ supplied the want of that son to the  
 “ mother with another called Seth, as she  
 “ herself said, Gen. iv. *Posuit mihi Deus  
 “ Semen aliud pro Abel.*

— — — —  
 “ So that God always supplied the want  
 “ of one thing with some other thing:  
 “ But to supply the want with the want  
 “ itself, or the thing with the privation  
 “ and the nothing of it, this perfection,  
 “ excellence, and curiousness of supple-  
 “ ment God reserved for his mother \*.”

\* It would be very weak in any person to argue  
 against the reality of this miracle from the want of the  
 testimony of sense, or the visibility of it; as weak as it  
 would be to argue against the undoubted miracle of

— — — — —

The preacher here considers an objection which might be made, why the Lady of

Transubstantiation, which is every day wrought without ocular proof. *Regnum Dei non venit cum observatione.*

The venerable Vieyra is not to be supposed, by the reader who may be unacquainted with the writers of the Romish Church, to advance any novel Doctrine in speaking so highly as he does in this sermon of the power of the Virgin Mary. It is spoken of, or meant to be spoken of, as highly by them all; and if they fall short of the venerable Vieyra in their expression of it, it is only because they fall short of him in genius.—One very happy illustration of the power of the Virgin is to be met with in the eighteenth volume of the *Mémoirs de l'Académie des Inscriptions et Belles Lettres*, which the reader may not be displeased to see.

Un moine revenoit d'une maison dans laquelle il s'introduisoit toutes les nuits. Il avoit a son retour une riviere à traverser: Satan renversa le bateau, & le moine fut noyé comme il commençoit l'invitatoire des matines de la Vierge. Deux Diables se saisissent de son ame, & sont arrêtés par deux anges qui la reclament en qualité de chrétienne. " Seigneurs Anges (disent les diables) il est vrai que Dieu est mort pour ses amis, & ce n'est pas une fable; mas celui-ci étoit du nombre des ennemis de Dieu; & puisque nous l'avons trouvé dans l'ordure du péché, nous allons le jeter dans le bourbier de l'enfer; nous serons bien récompensés de nos prévôts." Apres bien des contestations les anges proposent de porter le différend au tribunal de la Vierge. Les diables répondent qu'ils prendront volontiers Dieu pour juge, parcequ'il jugeoit selon les loix: " Mais, pour la Vierge (disent-ils) nous n'en pouvons espérer de justice: elle briseroit toutes les portes de l'enfer plutôt que d'y laisser un seul jour celui qui de son vivant a fait quelques réverences à son image. Dieu ne la contredit en rien; elle peut dire que la pie est noire & que l'eau trouble est claire; il lui accorde tout; nous ne savons plus où nous

the Rosary did not prevent the Wolf from hurting the Damsel, the possibility of which he acknowledges, and thus exemplifies :

“ One of Queen’s Children, a little girl, fell from a window of the Palace into an Area in which a Lion was kept confined, in whose paws they expected to see her die if she should escape from the fall. The child wore a Rosary for ornament; for Rosaries were the necklaces of Ladies in those days. The keeper of the beast and the other servants ran directly to the place, and what they saw and heard, was, that the Lion having attacked the child, she had thrown her Rosary round his neck, and was playing her little hands amongst his shaggy locks, and fondling him as if he had been a lap-dog, saying to him very prettily, “ Lion, Lion, don’t eat me, for I am to be a Nun in Castile.”

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But, the preacher says, that, as in the case of Lazarus, who was suffered to die that the Son of God might be glorified,

en sommes ; d’un ambebas elle fait un terne, d’un double-deux un quine ; elle a le dez & la chance. Le jour que Dieu fit la mère fut bien fatal pour nous.”

this

this Damsel was suffered to be thus torn by the Wolf, that the Mother of God might be glorified.

— — — — —

“ Such then was the manner, beyond all admiration admirable, in which the Mother of God supplied what was wanting, through the voraciousness of the Wolf. Let us remember the words of St. Alan, *Ubera abrumpit, ventrem discerpit, &c.* The Virgin womb supplied the womb, and the sacred Breasts, &c.

“ And that no one may doubt that to work this miracle was the peculiar property of the Virgin Mary in the quality of the Lady of the Rosary and for the merits of the Rosary itself, her own Son, whom she carried in that very womb and nourished at those very breasts, celebrated it, and sung thus in his language, which is that of the Hebrew text: Christ speaking of the blessed Belly of his Mother, says, *Venter tuus sicut acervus triciti, vallatus Rosis.* Cantic. vii. 2. Ex Text. Hebr. And speaking of her sacred Breasts, says, in the same manner, *Ubera tua sicut duo binnuli gemelli capræ qui pa-* *cuntur in Rosis.* We shall come to the

“ Roses \* presently. Let us first consider  
 “ the two extraordinary comparisons of  
 “ the Belly and the Breasts, which as they  
 “ are bucolic and pastoral, are both ex-  
 “ pressed in rural and country terms. Thy  
 “ Belly, he says, is like an heap of wheat,  
 “ *Venter tuus sicut acervus tritici.* The  
 “ connection which wheat has with the  
 “ Belly, is, that the former is ordained for  
 “ the sustenance of the latter: therefore if  
 “ the Belly is praised as wheat, *sicut acer-  
 “ vus tritici*, it is a Belly which sustains  
 “ another Belly. And this was the miracle  
 “ of the Virgin Belly, which sustained  
 “ that of the devout Damsel after it had  
 “ been devoured. Thy Breasts he says are  
 “ like little twin mountain-kids which  
 “ suck, *Sicut duo binnuli gemelli qui pas-  
 “ cuntur.* Breasts do not suck to sustain  
 “ themselves with milk, but are fucked  
 “ to sustain other things; therefore, if the  
 “ Breasts are praised as things which suck,  
 “ *sicut binnuli*, they are Breasts which sus-  
 “ tain other Breasts; and these were the

\* A plain proof that our version of the Bible is erroneous, as it says nothing of *Roses* in either of these passages; and the venerable Father informs us he takes them *ex Text. Hebr.* nor is any thing said about the fucking of what are there called *Roes*; but we find it should be *Kids*.

“ sacred Breasts which sustained those of  
 “ the devout Damsel, after they had been  
 “ food to the Wolf. This being premised,  
 “ now come the Roses. And why does  
 “ the text say that the Belly is set round  
 “ with Roses, *Vallatus Rosis*? And that  
 “ Roses are the things which sustain the  
 “ Breasts, *Qui pascuntur in Rosis*? Because  
 “ the miracle of the Belly and Breasts of  
 “ the Damsel (not they sustained in her,  
 “ but she sustained without them) was all  
 “ for the miracle of the Roses, which like-  
 “ wise in rural Metaphor, in name, and in  
 “ virtue, represented the Rosary.

“ From this case, so particular and pro-  
 “ digious, follow, as from their trunk, the  
 “ universal fruits which I promised to ga-  
 “ ther from it; it being certain, as we  
 “ shall now see, that as the Virgin, our  
 “ Lady, in reward for the devotion of the  
 “ Rosary, supplied in this Damsel, &c.  
 “ she will supply in all, all wants Tem-  
 “ poral and Eternal. Come now, all peo-  
 “ ple, and I will shew them, &c.

“ Beginning with the Temporal; what  
 “ dost thou want? I want that which sup-  
 “ plies all wants, which is money. Thus  
 “ says a poor man, and thus all may say.  
 “ But *I* say, that, if they rehearse the Ro-

“ fary every day to the Mother of God, she  
“ will abundantly supply this want.”

Instances are here given of this being so completely done in France and Germany, that the good people on whom the miracle was wrought became so rich that “ they maintained all the poor in the country in which they lived.”

One may be rich, but yet unhappy from the want of children. The devotion of the Rosary brings down the blessing of fruitfulness; as is shewn by incontestable examples in France and Holland.

Who has more wants than the poor soldier? Particularly those of defence in the day of battle, and of security against the severe laws of his commanders? Yet in the late wars in Flanders many soldiers, by virtue of repeating the Rosary, found the bullets of their enemies strike against them but as pellets of wax, and fall harmless to the ground. “ Two soldiers being condemned to die for having broken an edict of the duke of Alva, their confessor knowing the extreme severity of the general, gave them no hopes of life, but exhorted them to recommend themselves to the Lady of the Rosary. One of them, an hardened and obstinate wretch, paid “ no

“ no attention to his advice ; but the other  
“ embraced it heartily, and set himself to  
“ repeating the Rosary with all the devo-  
“ tion and ardour which the urgency of  
“ the case required. At length they were  
“ carried forth to punishment, each seat-  
“ ed on an ass, as is the usual custom ; and  
“ the event was, that the asses passing,  
“ surrounded by guards, before a church,  
“ the ass which carried the soldier who  
“ had repeated the Rosary broke through  
“ the midst of the throng with such fury  
“ that he could not be stopped, and enter-  
“ ing into the church went up to a chapel  
“ of the Lady of the Rosary, under the  
“ Sacred Immunity of which the soldier  
“ remained not only secure but free.”

To the soldier follows the litigant ; a poor widow, who, having neither money nor friends, had a cruel and unjust decree made against her by the judge ; but by virtue of her attachment to the Rosary, the words were so changed in the judge's mouth, as to appear on the record wholly in her favour.

A good woman was unhappy from the want of her husband's love ; she repeated the Rosary, and soon found him at her feet in an humble posture.

“ I go on repeating so many examples,  
“ because I believe the variety of them in  
“ all states, and the miraculous manner  
“ in which the Virgin of the Rosary flies  
“ to the assistance of her votaries, and sup-  
“ plies all their wants, will not cause dis-  
“ gust to you ; and especially as *these ex-*  
“ *amples are necessary to our subject, for*  
“ *without them we cannot prove nor per-*  
“ *suade.*”

Who undergo more dangers than sea-faring people, particularly from the Moors and from storms ? Companies of Moors lie in ambush frequently on the southern coast of Spain to kidnap unwary passengers. A religious Portuguese travelling that way, was set upon by one of these companies ; he had immediate recourse to his Rosary, and, as if a flash of lightning had issued from each bead, the Moors were all suddenly struck blind : the delivered traveller returned thanks to the protecting lady, and laughing at the blind Moors, joyfully pursued his journey.

Against storms, the preacher himself can prove the efficacy of the Rosary from his own experience. He was once in such a storm that the ship lost all her masts, but upon the whole crew promising to repeat

peat the Rosary every day of their lives the storm ceased, and another ship immediately appeared which took them from their own disabled one and carried them to shore.

In a voyage from Europe to Brasil a sailor fell overboard, and was brought to the ship four days afterwards riding on fish-back.

“ Captain Alan, famous in the histories of the Rosary, to which he was most devoted, upon his ship’s going to the bottom in the midst of the sea, and every other soul on board being drowned, found himself in that very place on shore, and walking upon land, made unequal by little hills and some mountains: at the end of them he observed (for he went counting them) that the mountains were fifteen and the hills an hundred and fifty; for of that very Rosary which he wore about him had our Lady made a bridge of firm land over the waves of the sea \*.”

That amongst the variety of states men of letters may not be excluded, several

\* Rosaries generally consist of an hundred and fifty small beads (for *Aves*) and fifteen large ones (for *Pater-nosters*).

proofs are given of the Rosary's conferring great abilities; and particularly, "Another student, who wanted neither parts nor memory, was so unapt to poetry that he could not join three syllables together which would run in a verse; but being taught, not by his master, but by his mother, to repeat the Rosary, so fruitful a vein of poetry was opened in him, that he directly not only far exceeded all his fellow-students but became equal to the poets of greatest fame \*."

Poor souls shut up in prison want liberty; the Virgin has often miraculously delivered them for their devotion of the Rosary.

Then as to diseases, the last temporal consideration with our preacher, the Rosary is a Panacea. No fever, of whatever-kind, no disorder of the eyes, the ears, or tongue; no stone, no gout, no dropsy, no plague, no lameness, no wound, not even the apoplexy, nor confirmed madness, can withstand its power.

With regard to eternal concerns, we stand in need of resistance against temptations, of repentance, and of grace.

\* If the preacher had mentioned the name of this poet, the reader should have been acquainted with it.

"A beau-

" A beautiful but wicked woman in  
" Mexico tempted a youth, who was  
" caught easily in her lure. And both of  
" them going out of the city, by her ad-  
" vice, to a place fit for the execution of  
" what they had concerted, the woman  
" told him that he must first lay aside a  
" Rosary which he wore round his neck  
" covered by his cloaths. The youth sur-  
" prised that she should see what he car-  
" ried so hiddenly, began to suspect some  
" evil, and answered that he would not for-  
" the world lay aside the Rosary on which  
" he every day repeated his prayers to the  
" Mother of God. And what does the  
" woman, seeing this resistance? She ceas-  
" ed suddenly to appear as she had before  
" appeared, and manifested what she was;  
" for under that disguise it was the devil,  
" who, now transformed into a most hide-  
" ous figure, said to him, May that Ro-  
" sary, and the many times you have re-  
" peated it, avail you! for if you had  
" thrown it from you, I should have car-  
" ried you directly into hell."

A poor wretch sold himself to the devil,  
and gave him a contract, as is usual, sign-  
ed with his blood. He immediately be-  
came rich, but was very unhappy. In  
this

this state he chanced to go into a church, not with a pious design, on the festival of the Rosary. " The sermon was not like " those which are ordinarily heard on that " day, employed all in the description of " the Queen of Flowers and the excellency " of the Rose; without more substance " than the appearance of the Metaphor and " the sound of the Name; but the discourse " was a solid and useful one (such as they " truly ought to be) founded in the virtue " and powers of the devotion and myste- " ries of the Rosary, and *all confirmed by au-* " *thentic and experienced examples which are* " *what alone prove and persuade.*" This miserable slave of the devil was struck with what he heard, and resolved to try what the Rosary would do towards redeeming him from his captivity. His infernal master failed not endeavouring to dissuade him, laughing at his new hope, appearing to him whenever he was repeating his Rosary, shewing him his contract, and telling him that he troubled himself in vain, for that he was his, and should be so to all eternity. But, one day, as the penitent captive was prostrating himself before the Image of our Lady of the Rosary, he saw a paper drop from her hand; he took it up, and from

from the writing and signing found it was the very identical contract by which he had sold himself to the devil. But the miracle stopped not here: he looked at it again, and behold, not a stroke of a letter was to be seen, the whole being completely erased.

“ St. Dominic happened to meet in Italy with a famous robber who belonged to a gang. The pious father attempted in vain to convert him, but at length prevailed so far as to make him promise to repeat the Rosary every day; which he constantly did, whenever he was at leisure from robbery and murder. In a short time he died of a disease, and was buried by his companions, without any religious act, impiously and brutally as he had lived. After he had been buried two years, St. Dominic happened to pass that way again, when he heard a confused and plaintive voice, but could not tell whence it proceeded, 'till coming to the very spot where he was buried, he found it proceeded thence and could hear it say distinctly, “ O Father Friar Dominic, servant of the living God, have pity on me!” The earth being opened, there came out, to the astonishment “ of

" of all those who accompanied the saint,  
 " a living man. Being asked who he was,  
 " he said, " Father, I am that great rob-  
 " ber, whom you endeavoured to convert,  
 " and I would not, and only agreed to re-  
 " peat the Rosary according to your ad-  
 " vice. My companions buried me here  
 " alive, thinking I was dead, on account  
 " of a long fit I was in. Being buried and  
 " covered with earth, it might naturally  
 " be expected I should die directly, and go  
 " to suffer in hell the pains to which I was  
 " condemned for my wicked life; but the  
 " Sovereign Virgin Mary obtained of her  
 " blessed Son that I should not die, and that  
 " these two years, in which I have suffer-  
 " ed the most horrible pains, should serve  
 " me instead of purgatory." This he said  
 " in public; and then confessing his sins to  
 " the saint, as soon as he had received ab-  
 " solution and communicated, the body  
 " dropped down dead, and the soul, with  
 " the grace of the Sacrament, which alone  
 " had been wanting to it, went up to be  
 " with the Lord in Glory."

The most convincing and irrefragable  
 proof of the virtue of the Rosary, the  
 preacher, like a true orator, has reserved  
 for the last. He now only touches again  
 upon the Breasts and Belly and concludes.

The Translator has endeavoured to be religiously just to the original. He has not presumed to add any thing: And if he has omitted some of the venerable Father's proofs, they were such only as were not so very excellent and striking as those which have been laid before the reader.

If there would not be an impropriety in mixing foreign matter with this discourse, the translator would be glad to be indulged in just mentioning a piece of doctrine of this truly venerable Father, which he was pleasingly struck with, and greatly admired when he read it, and which he finds in the beginning of the twenty-third Sermon of this series upon the Rosary at the lxxxviith page of the fourth Volume. The preacher is relating with much grace the story of the trial of wit on "What is the strongest thing?" from the fourth chapter of the first book of Esdras, and acknowledges the sentence of Zorobabel, who said that Truth was the strongest thing, to be better than those of his competitors; but the sagacious Father has a sentence of his own which is still better than Zorobabel's, for he says that he has found by experience, that there are much stronger things than Truth, and they are *LIES*.

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THE  
HISTORY  
OF THE  
FAMOUS PREACHER  
FRIAR GERUND.  
BOOK III.  
CHAP. I.

*Of a Barrabas-like trick which the foul  
fiend played Friar Gerund to clinch the  
nail of his folly.*

THE very critical and very curious reader will have observed perhaps (and yet it is very natural that he should not observe) that the division of my work and the beginning of this third book is not according to art. For the first book having finished with the childhood and first

first part of the education of our incomparable Friar Gerund, and left him in the noviciate, habited a Religious; it seemed that the second should have closed with the studies, great or little, which he followed in it, and that the third ought to begin from his being dubbed a Priest and Sabatine preacher; inasmuch as this new state, and likewise this new employ constituted an epoch in his life, natural, opportune, and proper for this third division. Whence perchance will this observing reader impeach poor book the second upon the article of his last chapter, pleading that he hath infringed on the rights of the third book, and that it was an usurpation and tyranny to deprive him of the said chapter.

I will not swear that he who shall make this remark may not have some shadow or appearance of reason. But besides that hitherto no pragmatic sanction has been published to give certain, fixed, and universal rules for the limits and termination of paragraphs, chapters, or books; as these customary divisions have been introduced into the literary world in order to give a breathing-time as well to the writers as the readers, when I affirm that I was not out of breath or in the least tired 'till I left

Friar Gerund, not only with the title of Sabatine preacher but with the first glimmerings of the instruction of the Father Master Prudentio, I cannot help thinking but that it will be sufficient to shut up this critical observer's mouth. If my readers were tired sooner, that ought not to be laid to my account. Do I prevent them from shutting the book when they please, and from sleeping soundly 'till they awake of themselves, by which they may not only divide, but make mince-meat of the books and chapters whenever they think proper. But they will tell me perhaps, that although there be no written law to regulate these divisions, yet that they are regulated and even dictated by natural law; that is, by the conscience and reason of methodical, clear, and economical writers. To which I answer, that, as to this affair of conscience and natural reason, each one can have it but in the measure which God has been pleased to give it, and that of understandings there is as great a variety as of faces. Such an one thinks he writes and speaks with the best method in the world, and to another who reads or hears him he seems an eternal embroiler, and a very Babel of confusions. For example, let it be told to

the

the author of “The true Method of Study” that all he has written is a mere embolism or insertion of foreign and absurd matter, that in many places the practical rules which he gives are scarce perceptible, that those which are perceptible are impossible or extremely difficult to be practised, and consequently that no faculty can be learned by them—he would become possessed by the Demon of Rage, would tear his beard away at your tearing away what he thought his bravery and ornament, and at any one who should come on such an embassy would shower a volley of “*Parvoices, Ridiculairies, and Crasas Ignoranzas* \*,” to send him back faster than he came.

Again, not many years ago a certain Latin Surgeon (for so he himself said he was) an honest well-meaning man, printed a book with this title, “*A Rational Method and Chirurgical Direction for the Cure of Chilblains.*” Who would not hence suppose that the work consisted of methodical and practical rules for the curing these wantonnesses of the blood which so sorely vex the young folks, and sometimes men

\* Portuguese words much used by this author, signifying *Follies, Absurdities, and darkest Ignorance.*

grown and even grey-headed? But no, Sir: of the thirteen chapters of which the book is composed the last only has some little touch upon practical method; the other twelve, besides being most impertinent to the subject, have as much of method and chirurgical direction as of propriety, and benefit to the reader. Of this one John de la Encina, the merciless writer of three letters tolerably well composed, endeavoured to convince the author, whose sides he well belaboured for his self-attributed appellative of *Latin Surgeon*; and though he really made it very evident that the title of *Method* could be allowed to this idle performance only by way of joke or antiphrasis, yet the honest author went to the other world perfectly persuaded that in this there had not been written a thing more methodical or directive. Now let their worships come with a grave face and talk to me of the conscience and natural reason which dictate to every author the method he should observe in the economy of his work!

But in short—for we are beating our brains to no purpose—let the curious reader observe that in the first paragraph of the last chapter of the preceding book our

Friar

Friar Gerund appeared a Priest *in facie ecclesiae*, and Sabatine Preacher in full form, and let him answer before God and in conscience this little question: Would it have been seemly that the said chapter should have consisted of no more than a single paragraph, and that it should have presented itself in the book but as a fucking chapter, or a chapter in miniature, when the others may pass for general chapters, even of the most numerous fraternities, from the multitude of its members, and numbers which concur in the composition of them? Let the prudent and equitable reader do justice; and if, notwithstanding, he will not allow me to have any reason on my side, *Patience, Charles, Patience* \*.

Having made this digression, as necessary as troublesome and impertinent, let us set about tying the broken thread of our history. It is a tradition from father to son that the Master Prudentio and our Friar

\* The province of Catalonia belonged some time to Charles the third of France, who for a while resided, and spent much money in it; but no sooner had he left it and returned to France than the people revolted, and, upon being told of his complaints of their ingratitude, said, *Paciencia, Carles, Paciencia!* Hence likewise the proverb upon interested adulation, *Viva Carlos tercero, hasta que vive el dinero!* Long live Charles the third, if he does not outlive his money!

Gerund were just finishing a hearty dinner after their long walk and profitable discourse,—by the same token they had for a desert some lozenges in the shape of snails, and some macaroons like acorns, which had been presented to Prudentio, by a certain nun of the order to whom he was confessor—when they heard a loud calling at the gate of the farm-house. The lay-brother, the farmer who lived in and took care of it, went out at the noise to see who was there, and behold—who could have divined it!—there was no less than the Predicador Mayor, the incomparable Friar Blas in his own proper person, in company with a sturdy, broad-shouldered, bushy-pated, countryman; the Predicador mounted on a raw-boned, thin-flanked, long-legged, hollow-eyed, pyballed portmanteau-horse, and his companion on a narrow-rumped, round-barrelled, quick-eared, lively, grey colt. Now it happened, that in a village presuming to the title of town (two leagues distant from the Grange) which was anciently called Little Jaca, but now, either by corruption or to reduce it with the diminutive to one word, is called Jacarilla, a fraternity dedicated to St. Orosia, had a few years since been instituted by the parson

son of the parish, a native of the province of Arragon, and much devoted to the Saint. The Majordomo for that year, who was the Farmer, accompanying Friar Blas, had pitched upon him to preach the sermon; and though it was worth no more than five reals, two pounds of turron\*, and a bottle of the wine of the country, Friar Blas had accepted it; for in the affair of sermons he was of the opinion of the retail dealers, that "Many a little makes a mickle," and that we should, "Greet every sinner who comes with silver." It was going out of their way to call at the Grange, but the Predicador could not resist the temptation of fetching this compass, that he might dine at a house belonging to the order, and above all, that he might see his beloved Friar Gerund, though they had so lately parted.

As much as Friar Gerund rejoiced at the sight of his friend, so much did Father Prudentio grieve at the troublesome visit, fearing that if he left them to talk together alone, the hare-brained Predicador would destroy all that, according to his way of thinking, Gerund had benefitted in the morning's conversation. He determined

\* A sweetmeat made of almonds, nuts, pine-kernels, and walnuts, toasted and mixed with honey.

therefore, not to lose sight of them a moment till Friar Blas should troop off, which he supposed he would do directly after dinner ; and to expedite matters as much as possible, he ordered the lay-brother to warm the remnants of their meal in all haste, and add a few rashers of bacon, which is the ready succour for sudden guests, when they come at the taking away the cloth.

Whilst this was preparing the Majordomo gave them not a little diversion, who, though he was a mere clown in his breeding, expressions, and demeanour, was sufficiently cunning, and, rather than not, somewhat of a wag. He already knew that the father Master Prudentio, was a man much respected in the order, for Friar Blas had told him so on the road ; therefore, as soon as he came into the parlour, he made him a most reverent obeisance, scraping his left foot so far behind him, that he had like to have fallen upon his knee, but yet without offering to move his hat, which was firmly fixed down to his eye-brows, and seeing the father still eating some of the desert, said, “ Good afternoon, your eternity \*, most Re-

\* *Eternity, Ternity, Trinity, &c.* used by the vulgar for *Paternity*.

verund Feyther Fliar Master, and much good may it do your Revrunce ; pray God it be all convarted to fat \*." And as soon as he had spoken, without waiting to be asked, he laid hold of one of the jugs of wine, which stood on a waiter upon the table, in order to drink what they call a St. Victoriano, that is, to toss it all off, and with a bumpkin air of gaiety and freedom, im-mediately added, " To your health, my reverunt Trinity ; and also to that of my feyther Perdicador, Fliar Bras, who is the flower of notable Perdicadors ; and also to that of that young Fliar, for, the deuce take my enemies, I take him to be a gee-nus, and think that in time he will come to be another Fliar Bras ; and also to that of my friend here, the Feyther Farmer Fliar Gregory, for though he is not of the mass, (no more was his feyther) God bless him, yet, at sheep-fair a whole flock of Feyther Persentados cant match him in cunning, and in short, nothing comes amiss to him." Having finished this litany, he laid the jug, which was of a middling size, to his mouth and finished that, and, turn-

\* An usual compliment to any one eating. The Italians fay, "*Latte e Sangue!*" — i. e. may it be con-verted to milk and blood !

ing it upside-down on the waiter, threw himself on a bench and began stretching and yawning with much authority.

Prudentio was much pleased with this introduction, and, being a very good-natured man, said to him, after his draught, in a friendly tone, “ Much good do ye, uncle—how do you call yourself ? ” “ Bastian Borrego, an’ please your reverunce ; ” and at saying this he made a motion towards raising his hat a little. “ Many years of health and happiness,” continued Prudentio “ to you, and your spouse, and your children, if you have any.” “ Ay, and as fair as flowers, thof I say it that should not say it (replied uncle Bastian) especially one little one, who has just put on the habit of St. John of God, those whom we commonly call water-gruel or soup-meagre Fliars \* ; let him alone, your Reverunce ! My word for’t he’ll do ! ‘Tis a jewel.” “ And so uncle Bastian,” proceeded Prudentio, “ is Majordomo of St. Orosia ? ” “ And so I was,” answered Borrego, “ of theaternity of the Sacrament, and of the Cross, and of All-souls ; and there is now nothing wanting, but

\* Hospitaliers, an order destined for the care of the sick.

that

that they lay that of St. Roque upon my shoulders ; which they will not fail to do, for troubles were made for the poor." " According to that you think it a trouble to serve the Saints ?" replied the Father Master. " As to the Saints, our Feyther, it is good to sarve them ; but the case is, according to my poor magination, that in these Majordomoships o' my sins, the Saints are served but little, and the brethren much. If not, tell me, your Reverunce, what great sarvice it is of to the Saints that a poor fellow like me should spend in each of the Majordomoships sixty reals in wine, twenty in cake, ten in nuts, all out of brotherly love ; without reckoning the wax, and the dinner for the Revrunt the Clargy, and the payment of the Preacher, which all together makes such a stroke as raises a weal above an hundred and twenty reals high. The three last articles indeed may pafs, as Church-matters ; but then the wine for the Brethren ! When there are some men who will suck you half a dozen quarts\* ! And the cake, and the nuts, by way of whet ! 'tis too much. And to this let your Trinity add the dance in the even-

\* *Dos quartillas*, two quarter parts of an *arroba* containing eight *azumbres*, or twelve English quarts.

ing at the Majordomo's door, which often lasts till late at night, especially if the Tabor-and-pipe-man touches upon the tune which we call the Frighten-flea-tune. Will your Revrunc tell me that this conduces to the service either of God or the Saints?"

"I cannot think indeed (said Friar Prudentio) that they are much served by this, and therefore I do not approve of it. But if my uncle Bastian knows that Majordomships and Fraternities are but a pretext for drunken-bouts, why has he any thing to do with them?" "Why have I any thing to do with them! A choice question by my truly! One may see plain enough that your Revrunc has been buried in your study amongst your books, and knows not what passes in the world. Our Feyther, it is necessary for us who live in towns to belong to flaternities, because—because, it is necessary, and I say no more, for—a word to the wise, you know. Besides this reason, which weighs half an hundred, there comes a Fliar every now and then, and does *so* set forth the undulgences of a flaternity! Then comes another, and preaches such things upon the prayers we make for the poor dead souls, that if a man does not believe them, away they . . . carry

carry him the Lord knows where, or what becomes of him \* ; and if he *does* believe them, and does *not* act accordingly, they hold him for a *Jew*."

" But though you belong to fraternities," said Prudentio, " they cannot oblige you to be Majordomo." " They can't oblige me to be Majordomo !" answered uncle Borrego ; " if your Revrunce knows no more of tology than of flaternities I would not change knowledge with you. What reason is there, divine or human, that when I have drank of the wine, and eat of the cake of my brethren, they should not eat and drink of mine ? Besides this, if I partake of the undulgencies and the benefit of the prayers, I must likewise partake the expence. For, pray, is there nothing more required than the belonging only to a flaternity, in order to one's dying well or ill as God shall help one, and just popping one's head into pulgatory, and coming out again with all the ease in the world, without it's costing one so much as it does any other poor soul ? Much worship, much cost ; many words will not fill a bushel ; if we go to bowls we must take rubbers."

\* In the inquisition.

" But

“ But if the member of a fraternity goes to Hell,” said Prudentio, “ what will the prayers and indulgencies avail him?” “ Ay, there,” answered uncle Bastian, “ there your Revrunt Eternity has hit the mark, and one sees that you are a tologer: and I, who am not one, have often put this difficult question to many Feyther Preachers, and in truth they never knew how to solve it clearly. The flaternities affording nothing but prayers and undulgencies, are of use only to those who are in a state of grace, but are of no avail to put one in that state, unlesfs it be by very round-about ways. Then says I, in the name of God and the King, how much better are those flaternities which are called conjurations?” “ Congregations, you would say, uncle Bastian,” interrupted Prudentio. “ Never mind bowels and synnables, your Revrunc; for if we understand one another, we understand one another, and every man sneezes as God helps him. I say, how much better are these conjurations, or congregations, or whatever they are, which oblige one to sweep one’s conscience clean, confessing and communicating very often, as if one should say, every month, or on the principal festivals, which give a christian

a christian rules for living honestly, in which there are no majordomo-ships nor deviltry of charity and entertainments, and which in short are a means to deliver a man from hell, when the utmost the others pretend to, is to take him out of pulgatory? Now I say, our feyther, that when I am once in pulgatory I shall certainly, sooner or later, without their help, get out of it; but *In inferno nulla es en-rentio* [*In inferno nulla est redemptio*], and sure enough the office or mass of souls which the fraternities say for the departed brethren cannot drag me out of it."

The good Father Master was much entertained by the conversation of uncle Bas-tian, for through his rusticity he could dis-cover that the man did not want humour and understanding. Desirous therefore of hearing him talk farther he asked him, who it was that in his town of Little Jaca or Jacarilla had founded the fraternity of St. Orosia, as it appeared to him something ex-traordinary; for though he had seen many fraternities of the Sacrament, of Souls, of St. Roque, and St. Blas, and other Saints, yet he had never seen or heard any thing of St. Orosia, as this Saint, though so great, was but little known in Castile. "To this,

Revrunt Feyther, I must answer," said uncle Bastian, stretching forth his hand and taking a pinch of his own accord out of the box which the father master just then opened, " to this I must answer that, every city has its wonder, and every rogue his Saint. The parson of our parish is an Arragonian, born and christened in the city of Jaca, which they say lies away yander, hard by the country of the Moors: And by the way I must tell your Revrunc that he won't have us call him *Signior Guillen* (for that is his name) but *Mosen Guillen*, for that he says is the custom in his country; and sure enough at first we all laughed heartily at it; for this *Mosen*, sounding like *Moses*, seemed to us to have a smack of the Jew." No, no, said Prudentio; " it is a very old Spanish word, taken from the Arabic, expressive of *my Signior*, and still preserved in Arragon as the distinctive and respectful title of the Priests." " Well then," proceeded Bastian, " this Priest of ours is a Saint (and of that would I make oath before the face of God) and because, he says, that in the city of Jaca, where he was born, they have the greatest devotion to St. Orosia who is their Patroness, he also has the greatest devotion to her; and as

our parish is called Little Jaca, he preached us a farmunt (and good Lord! what a farmunt did he preach us!) in which he told us that it would be right that we should have the same Patroness as Great Jaca, for that God and the Saints were no respecters of statures; and I remember that he brought a text from Jesabel, anointing David King" — " *Samuel*, the preacher must have said" interrupted Prudentio — " Samuel or Jesabel, for it is all one in the sight of God," continued honest Bastian, " to whom his Majesty \* said that he should not regard his stature, whether great or small, and he directly said it in Latin so clear and pat to the purpose that even my little Coney understood it, for so my wife is called, Barthola Coney, to serve God and your Trinity. In short he told us such, and so great things of the glorious Saint, that on that very day a vestry was called, and there we all voted with incontinence that she should be Patroness of the town; and moreover we founded aaternity, into which almost all the neighbours entered; and last of all we

\* That is, God's Majesty; often thus brought in by the vulgar after the name of God has been mentioned.

bound ourselves in an obligation before the notary to make a festival every year to the blessed saint—and let us alone for that; for trust me, your Revrunc, there's ne'er a more famous one in all the country round about. And as I was saying, every Majordomo strives to bring the toppingest preacher in all the neighbourhood; and so in the three years since the flaternity was founded, the first that preached was a Feyther Definder, who soared out of sight; the second was one of those senior Feythers who are called—who are called—what a head!—who are called—'tis something like Giblets"—"Jubilated Fathers," said Prudentio—"Ay, ay, a Gibleted Feyther," continued Bastian, "and o' my conscience he was a very Eagle: And this year, which is the third, and it has fallen upon me to be Majordomo, I directly clapped my eye upon our Feyther Fliar Bras; for when I heard the farmunt of St. Benedict upon the Hill at Cevico de la Torre, that momunt I marked un for my own, and said within myself, ha, I see thou art a brave cock! and if I farve the flaternity, please God, such a bold bird shan't escape me."

Just now entered the lay-brother Gregory with the victuals, and Prudentio almost

most repented that he had made such haste towards dispatching his guests, as he took great pleasure in the conversation of uncle Bastian. But yet as it was outweighed by the inconveniences he feared from the Predicador Mayor if he and Gerund should talk together alone, he pursued his first idea of hastening their meal and dispatching them as soon as it was ended, and therefore gave orders aloud to Gregory that whilst the gentlemen were eating he should give their horses a feed of corn that they might be ready for them soon.

The Friar eat like a Farmer, and the Farmer eat like a Friar; and as soon as Prudentio could put in a question with any tolerable hope of an answer, he asked Bastian how the preachers were to talk about a Saint who was so little known? "As to that, our Feyther" said the uncle, "our Mosen Guillen takes care; for your Revrunc is to know that they sent un from Great Jaca an heap of sermunts as high as this (lifting his hand half a yard from the table) all in print, as would amaze one; It seems as how these farmunts are all copies of one which a fliar composed for St. Orosia, in order to preach it in the city of Jaca; yet in the end it happened, I know

not upon what account, that he did not preach it. But the fliar, who they say is a despret man for *sarcumstances* and one of the bravest preachers in all that country, thof he did not preach the sarmunt, printed it ; and as he has a great friendship with Mosen Guillen he sent un the heap I spoke of ; and Mosen Guillen, as soon as a Majordomo is chose, gives un a copy for un to give to the preacher whom he invites, by way of sample and directiun. But to your Ternity's health, my Revrunt Feyther ; “ let us moisten the word ;” and in saying this he laid a lusty flagon to his lips.

“ Thank you, uncle ;” replied Prudentio, and continued, saying, “ To be sure this sermon must be something very extraordinary, and without doubt gives great information concerning St. Orosia ?” “ As to me, our Feyther,” answered the good Borrego, licking his lips after his draught and wiping his whiskers with the back of his hand, “ I am but a poor simpleton who can neither write nor read, and do not understand it ; but a son of mine, who is a Lynx, though but eighteen years old, and can already read law-hand, read it one evening to my Coney and me, and it seemed to us to contain very deep things. It is unpossible for God but

that the farmunt must be one of the most stupenjustest farmunts which were ever preached in the world, because your Revrunce may observe that besides its being printed and published, it—but if your Trinity has a mind to read it, leave it to me, for I will ask Mosen Guillen for one and bring it to you when I return from accompanying our Feyther Predicador Mayor back to his convunt."

"There is no occasion for that," said Friar Blas, "for I will give your Paternity the copy that the Majordomo presented to me which I have with me in my wallet, for I was so delighted with reading it that I did not know how to put it out of my hand, and by the mere reading it I have it as it were by heart. It is one of the greatest sermons I ever read in my life." "And does it take notice of all the circumstances?" asked Friar Gerund eagerly. "Let me drink a health to our Father Master, and then I will answer thee." Friar Blas took a draught equal to that of the Majordomo, and wiping his mouth with deliberation and authority proceeded; "Does he take notice of all the circumstances! Not a single one is there but what he brings in. But how? He takes notice of the situation in

which the church of Jaca stood; he takes notice of its coat of arms; he takes notice of that of the signior bishop who was at that time; he takes notice of the number of the regidors of the city; he takes notice of the women who formerly defended it against the Moors; and though it is true that no one heard the sermon, because it was not preached, yet as it was composed in order to be heard, he takes notice of the infinite number of those who might have heard it; and lastly he takes notice of the number of those who carried the canopy over the host, which was eight. And all with texts so apposite, opportune, and literal as is astonishing, and it seems almost like an impossibility that any mortal genius should have arrived to such a pitch of excellency. This, this is preaching! or rather, in the present case, This is composing sermons! for every thing else is stuff!" And in a transport upon saying this he struck the palm of his hand upon the table with such vehemence as wanted little of overturning all the crockery which stood upon it; and as to the flagon, a faith-worthy author asserts that it would infallibly have gone to the ground had it not been instantly embraced by the hands of the vigilant Sebastian Borrego.

Ages

Ages did the minutes seem to the blessed Friar Gerund till he read a sermon so much extolled by such a man as the Predicador Mayor, whom he esteemed the most redoubted Scare-christian that dignified the pulpit in that age. He was bursting to ask him for it, and had already brought the request to the very tip of his tongue, where it stood quivering with eager impatience to depart, when he was withheld by respect to the Father Master, to whom the other had made the offer of it; to this respect was likewise added some little fear, which he had conceived till he should know what opinion his Paternity would form of this Sermon, especially as he had observed certain gestures of displeasure in his Reverence, whilst Friar Blas was insisting on the perfection and punctuality with which the author had taken notice of all the circumstances.

Indeed so little was this to the taste of the sensible Prudentio, that he broke out with saying, "I accept the offer of the Sermon which the Predicador makes me, only by way of diverting myself with it, and pitying the composer of it; for as to any thing else, it is plain from what the Predicador says, there is no occasion to

read it, especially to know that it must be an heap of absurdities and puerilities, and that it has nothing of a Sermon but the title and subject. Sermons of *Circumstances*! and of *such Circumstances*! Surely there never was a madness more deplorable, more shameful, more unworthy the chair of the Holy Spirit, or which more exposes the folly of the Preacher, the depraved taste of the audience, and the profound ignorance both in one and the other of true eloquence. In Spain only is this scandalous stupidity practised; and even in Spain it did not take place till towards the latter part of the last century, when the pulpit began to be profaned with these ridiculous indecencies by certain Merry-Andrews, Puppet-shew-men, or Poetasters in prose, applauded as great preachers by the ignorance of the vulgar. You cannot shew me a single Sermon of those, which are called *circumstanced*, of a more ancient date. All foreign nations turn us into ridicule (and the worst of the affair is, that we richly deserve it) for this impertinent, puerile, mad extravagance.

“A Sermon of Circumstances! How should there be any circumstance in a Sermon than that of preaching of the Saint, of the Mystery,

tery, or of the subject which is proposed to be treated on? What connection has it with the virtues of St. Orosia, that the cathedral of Jaca be in this or that situation? That it be called by this name or the other? That the arms of the Bishop be a Lion or an Ostridge? That the Church has for its bearing, two keys with two doors, or two arks without locks? Whether the Regidors of the city be nine or nineteen? Whether the Canopy was supported by eight, or eight hundred, if it were possible? And finally, what could St. Orosia have to do with, or what glory could accrue to her from, the women of Jaca's having defended the city against the Moors, when this event happened many years before ever there was a St. Orosia in the world? Do any of these things conduce towards forming an high conception of the merit of the Saint, a great idea of her power, a lively confidence in her protection, or an excitement to the imitation of her heroic virtues, which is, or ought to be, the whole business of a panegyrical Sermon?

“ The masters of sacred eloquence, or even of profane, were never betrayed into such impertinences. Is there to be found, even the

the most distant likeness of them in the sermons, the homilies, or the panegyricks of the holy Fathers? Did Cicero or Quintilian ever give into such ridiculous follies? If an advocate in his pleading in a court of justice should make a circumstance of the arms of the judge, the ornaments of the bench, the vaulting of the roof, or any such fopperies, would he be suffered to proceed in his harangue? Would he not be sent to finish it to the inhabitants of the Mad-house? How then, in the name of God and Reason, should this be tolerated in a Preacher? How should he be applauded, how should he be celebrated for it? How should not his praises be converted into hisses, and a storm of hats and caps assail him in default of cabbage-stalks and rotten eggs?—But this required a more leisure discussion, and is not well timed at present. Well, now, gentlemen, you have finished your meal and have got five leagues to go to Jacarilla: Here, Gregory, bring out the gentlemen's horses: Brother Blas, pray leave me this curious Sermon for my entertainment, and there is no time to be lost, for it is growing late."

For his sins was the poor Majordomo let into a secret, at endeavouring to rise from  
the

the table, which was, that it was out of his power ; for his head weighed too much for his body to support. The case was, that whilst the zealous Father Prudentio had been vehemently preaching against the preachers who lose their time in taking notice of ridiculous circumstances, the good Uncle Bastian had not lost his time in courting the flagon, and, repeating his draughts, which were all in folio, the wine had done its office ; so that when he attempted to rise from his seat he fell between the table and the form, having the misfortune to strike his head against the corner of the latter, and receive a wound, which ran like a tap. Nothing was now to be done, but to dress and bind up his broken pate, have him carried to bed by four of the hinds, and give him till the next morning to recover from his trance \*.

\* If we observe that this Sebastian Borrego is not introduced as any extraordinary and uncommon character, but rather as a specimen for the description of the people of his class, and recollect that he says some of his brethren will suck half a dozen quarts of wine, we may find reason to think the general notion of *Spanish sobriety* is a mistake, and subscribe to their proverb, used somewhere in the foregoing part of this work, that, All the world is country, *i. e.* That the vulgar of all countries will drink to excess when they drink at free-cost.

Prudentio much lamented this untoward accident, because it was now unavoidable that Gerund and his beloved Predicador Mayor should be together ; but he determined not to leave them a single instant by themselves : and whilst he was scheming some method of entertaining them, the foul fiend, who never sleeps, contrived that the arch-priest of that district, the parson of a neighbouring parish, should just then come to visit him, and who, soon after the first compliments were paid, said that, with the leave of his company, he had something to consult upon in private with his Reverence.

## C H A P. II.

*Friar Blas and Friar Gerund go to take a walk : and of the ridiculous rules for preaching given to the latter by the former with all his five senses.*

**H**IS Reverence's company could not at that time have formed a wish more to their hearts' content ; and therefore, without waiting for a second hint, they take their hats and sticks and sally forth into the fields, fully resolved not to be housed again 'till

'till late in the evening. Before all things the Predicador Mayor would fain read to his beloved Sabatine the sermon he was to preach for St. Orosia, which he carried closely buttoned up in his breast, assuring him that of all the sermons he ever composed it was one of those which were most to his satisfaction. But Friar Gerund told him that there would be time enough to read the sermon, and that he had then a thousand things to say to him which he would not by any means should be forgotten ; especially, that as Opportunity was bald behind it was necessary to take her by the forelock, since they might not have the happiness of being alone together again for a long time. He then dealt out to him all the conversation which had passed in the morning with the Father Master ; what he had told him of the faculties in which every good orator ought to be (at least tolerably) informed ; the necessity of reading the Holy Fathers, and in default of that, the method of supplying it by the attentive perusal of some good and chosen volumes of sermons ; those which he had particularly pointed out, which were the compositions of St. Thomas de Villanueva, Friar Lewis de Grenada, and the Father Vieyra ; and finally the

the rules, which, at his request, he had offered to give him for the rightly composing all kinds of sermons.

“ Well, and what didst thou think of all that the pious Greybeard said to thee ?”

“ What do you suppose, Sir, I could think,” answered Gerund, “ but that there is nothing but lees left in this old cask ? How should a dotard do otherwise than dote ?”

“ Well now, to save long fending and proving, since there is no contradicting experience, and that thou mayst see how senselessly this old man talks, hear one plain and simple, but at the same time, convincing, argument : I have studied none of those faculties which he says are so necessary in order to be a good preacher. I have never read of the Holy Fathers more than what I meet with of them in the portions of the Breviary, and in the single sermons I happen to light upon, or the few collections I make use of : I don’t know that I have seen so much as the binding of the volumes of St. Thomas de Villanueva ; as to those of Friar Lewis de Granada, the devil take me if I ever read a single line ; and of Vieyra only I have read some sermons, because I am much pleased with his acuteness. Now this being so, I ask thee,

Dost

Dost thou think before God and in thy conscience that I preach decently?" "What do you mean by decently?" asked Gerund with great quickness; "I never in my life have heard, nor do I believe I ever shall hear a preacher equal to you." "Therefore to preach well," concluded Friar Blas, "there is no occasion for all this stuff, with which the old almanac of a Prudentio would tease thy heart out."

"The argument is unanswerable," said the candid Friar Gerund; "and so I now, my dear Father, give you my solemn word never to mind any thing he says. My Guide, my Tutor, my Master, and, as they say, my Pulpit-Godfather, shall be You, and you only; your counsel shall be my oracle, your will my precept, and never will I depart a jot from whatever you shall teach me. Therefore, as the afternoon is yet young, and the occasion cannot be more happy, pray give me some clear, short, intelligible rules, such as I may easily remember, for the composing well all sorts of sermons: for tho' we have often spoken upon this, that, and the other point relating to the subject, yet we have never treated of it consecutively, and, as they say, upon principles." "With all my heart," said the

the Predicador ; “ hear me then attentively and without interruption.

“ The first rule : The choice of books. Every good preacher should have in his cell, or at least in the library of his convent, the following books : The Bible, Concordance, Polianthea or Theatrum Vitæ humanæ of Beyerlink, Theatre of the Gods, Fasti by Masculus, or Pagan Kalendar of Mafejan, Mythology of Natalis Comes, Aulus Gellius, Symbolical World of Pici-  
nelus, and, above all, the Poets Virgil, Ovid, Martial, Catullus, and Horace : as to sermons there is need only of the Florilegium Sacrum, which is in itself an India.

“ The second rule”—“ Stop Sir,” interrupted Gerund, “ would it not be right to add some expositor, or Holy Father ?” “ Don’t be silly ; there is no sort of occasion for them. Whenever thou would’st support any position or thought of thy own by the authority of any Holy Father, say roundly at once, Thus says the Eagle of Doctors, thus the Golden mouth, thus the Honey-comb of Milan, thus the Oracle of Seleucia ; and put in the mouth of St. Augustin, St. John Chrysostom, St. Ambrose, or St. Basil, whatever thou hast a mind, for these two reasons ; first, because no one will

will go to look for and compare the citation ; secondly, because though what thou sayest never entered into the heads of the Holy Fathers, yet it might have entered them. As to expositors, never mind them ; but expound thou the scripture just as thou pleasest, or as it turns most to account, for thou hast as much authority to interpret it as they. Whether Cornelius says this, or Barradas that, or Maldonado the other, what is it to thee ? And in short, because I know it is necessary to cite many expositors, in order to appear a well-read and scriptural man, I would not prevent thy citing them whenever thou pleasest ; I rather advise thee to cite them by wholesale ; but in order to cite them it is by no means necessary to read them, and therefore do by them as thou dost by the Holy Fathers, father on them whatever thou wilt, taking great care that the Latin has no solecisms in it, and, my word for it, they will never discover the bastardy by thy face. One expositor only I would recommend to thee to have always at hand, and that is Silveyra, for he is admirable at sifting a thing to the bottom ; and if thou wantest to prove that night is day, or black white, thou wilt scarcely fail of finding in him wherewith to support it.

“ The third rule : Let the title or subject of the sermon be always something jocular, or sonorous, or professional, or theatrical, or quibbling. I will give thee some examples that thou may’st the better understand me. *The amorous Triumph, sacred Hymeneals, festive Epithalamium, &c.* the title of a sermon preached on a certain nun’s taking the veil ; by the same token, the preacher in the first head of his discourse made her a *Stag*, and in the second a *Lion*, two animals figured in the arms of her family. These are titles ! These are subjects ! This is invention ! If in the family-coat had been described an *Hippogriff*, the preacher would as easily have accommodated it to the religious profession ; for men of genius are your true chemists, who from every thing extract the precious. Hear three other admirable titles of a different cast ; *The dolorous Parentation, funeral Oration, sorrowful Epicedium*, at the interment of another nun of great rank ; and though the orator took no determinate subject, but only poetically historified the life of his excellent heroine, he did it so conformably to the rules of that art \*, that he never departed from them in

\* The art of poetry.

the phrase, scarcely ever lost sight of them in the cadence, and sometimes followed them exactly even in the assonance \*. Hear, for God's sake, how he begins the body of the oration, and be transported, if thou would'st not be thought a stock or a stone.

*Adieu, celestial choir! Seraphic lilies, seen no more! Daughters, adieu, belov'd of Heaven, and Heaven's Sons; adieu, ye consecrated Swans!*

“ I know very well that some blockheads condemn these cadencies in prose, and especially if they are assonant; endeavouring to persuade us that verse is as dissonant in prose as prose in verse. For this they quote I-know-not-what old-fashioned fellow of a signior Longinus, an antiquated, golden-age author, who brands those who use this style as puerile and even stupid and ignorant, *Puerile est, immo tardi rudisque ingenii, solutam orationem in amena versus bar-*

\* Assonance, a kind of rhyme, (if it may be called so) in Spanish poetry, is, when the two last vowels of a word are the same with those of the word to which it corresponds. Thus *Cielo* and *Bueno* are assonant, and *Marta* and *Santa*. In words accented on the last syllable the last vowel only is regarded; *Diós* and *Signior* are assonant. In slippery or dactylic words the last and the antepenultima are the vowels which make the assonance, as *Máxima* and *Bárbara*, *Música* and *Júbilo*, *Pérfido* and *Féretro*, &c.

*monia contexere.* But what signifies it that *Longinus* says so? Or what account are we to make of a man who might perhaps have been the third or fourth descendant from him who pierced Christ's side with the spear \*? Besides *Longinus* wrote in Greek, and they who translated him into Latin and thence into French may have raised a thousand false testimonies against him. Lastly, how can that which sounds well to all the world be dissonant?—But let us proceed with the titles and subjects.

“ *Weep, Woman, and thou shalt conquer:*  
A sermon on the tears of the Magdalen.  
What can be more divine than the being  
able to represent the bitter weeping of the  
most penitent sinner by the title, and even  
the jocular and amorous sentences, of one  
of the most profane comedies? These per-  
fections are not to be tasted by low souls.  
*Lazarillo de Tormes:* a sermon preached in  
the fourth week in Lent, commonly called  
Lazarus's week, before a certain religious  
community; in which every trick, fetch,  
plot and device, every piece of knavery and  
buffonery of that famous and witty rascal

\* The name of the man who pierced our Saviour is said to have been *Longinus*.

was accommodated with inimitable propriety to the resurrection of Lazarus, which the preacher had taken for his subject. *The greatest in the least*: a sermon preached on St. Francis de Paula, without ever departing from that most suitable quibble, which seemed born for the purpose. If, in short, thou would'st arrive at the very quintessence of subjects, thou hast nothing to do but to imitate those of the justly celebrated Flotilegium, which indeed ought to be thy model for every thing. There thou wilt meet with, *The Joy of suffering, in the suffering of Joy*, on the joyous griefs of the Holy Virgin: *The Royal State of Reason, against the chimerical Reason of State*: *The Light of Darkness in the Darkness of Light*: *The Happiness of Misfortune in the Misfortune of Happiness*; and so of almost all the subjects of that never-sufficiently-to-be-praised genius and surprising monster of predicatorial excellence. If any whey-faced sour critic, or crabbed christian, would persuade thee, as many have endeavoured to persuade me, that such sort of subjects and titles, besides having no grace, or favour, or trace of true ingenuity, are puerile, mad, w<sup>nt</sup>on, and quite foreign to the seriousness, gravity, and majesty with

which all matters should be handled in the pulpit, never set thyself about disputing with them, but, making them a low bow, leave them to enjoy their opinion as much as they will, and do thou follow thy own. Because, even supposing them to have reason on their side, they who know it are but four, and they who are delighted with these things are four hundred thousand.

“ The fourth rule: Let thy style be always pompous, swollen, bristling with Greek or Latin, altisonant, and with as graceful a cadence as possible. Avoid most sedulously vulgar and common words, however proper; for if the preacher speaks from an High place, and in an High voice, it is but reasonable that his expression likewise should be High. Thou hast an illustrious model in the author of the *Florilegium*, and by studying his phrases alone thou wilt form such a style as will overwhelm thy audience with wonder and delight. Silence thou shouldst call *Taciturnities of the lip*; to praise, *to panegyrize*; the sight, *visual attingence of objects*; never say *Habitation*, for so any clown would speak, say *Habitaicle*, and leave it to me to answer for it; *to exist* is vulgar, *existencial nature* is a great thing. That the original crime is conveyed down

down by sin, we hear at every turn; but that it is traduced by the fomes of sin, besides being more sonorous, is more Latin, and more obscure; and perhaps there may not be wanting some fool who may think that the first crime was committed in Hebrew, and that a writer called *Fomes* translated \* it into Spanish. I have some little doubt indeed that the proposition (saving the beauty of the phrase) is an absurdity; for the original crime is not conveyed down by sin, but by nature, which was corrupted by it. But let this be as it will; for as I am very little of a Theologist I don't care to meddle with what I do not understand. Be careful never to say *Aaron's Rod*, lest they should take it for the rod of some bum-brushing pedagogue; in saying *The Aaronitish Wand*, the imagination is elevated to an idea of necromantic power. *Twinkling Nature*, it is plain, sounds better than Short-sighted Nature, which seems to be pitifully begging a pair of spectacles as an alms. These examples are sufficient to shew thee the sort of phrases thou shouldst study and imitate in the *Florilegium*: by this means thou wilt form the politest style

\* *Traducir*, in its most common sense, means, to translate.

in the easiest manner ; and a sermon intirely composed in it, its real value considered, (tho' we are circumscribed to the meagre allowance of a Majordomo) there is not gold enough in the whole world to pay for.

Of what importance is it that the illustrious Signior Valero in his celebrated pastoral letter—and I cannot imagine for what it was so praised by the most learned men in the kingdom—has made a severe satire against the elevated stile in sermons, especially when employed by men, who, it should seem, from their austere profession and mortified appearance, would never open their mouths, either in the pulpit or out of it, but to pronounce Bones, Sculls, Sulphur, and Satan ? I do not remember his exact words, but I know they are very like these :

“ What a thing it is to see come up into a pulpit a preacher, shrouded rather than cloathed, in a strait sack of most harsh texture girded with a knotted cord, from which in imagination the very touch shrinks with horror ; a large, coarse, pyramidal hood drawn over the head down to the eyes ; a streaming, portentous beard, discoloured by the hoariness of age, the visage half swallowed

swallowed up in that gloomy grove, and the remainder pale, wan, emaciated by rigorous fasts and watchings ; the eyes sunk to the very concavities of the brain, as if fearfully retiring from profane objects, and silently imploring, *Keep us, Lord, from the vanities of the world!*—What a thing, I say, it is to see this living skeleton elevated to the pulpit, frightening by his appearance even those who are not timorous, proposing the subject of his sermon with airy pomp, tucking back the sleeve from his naked arm up to the very elbow, and discovering a black, shrivelled skin, hung loosely over the hard bone, and then to break forth in this or the like manner :

*“ Potent protection of delighted Spain, celebrated colony from Latium sprung, idea of renowned consuls clarified, and glory of the Arevacian tribes, what is this ! What is this, sweet emulation of the globe, sworn queen of the Carpentanian mountains, in whose illustrious skirts the prospect of profound concavities surrounds thee, &c.*

“ Must not the audience be scandalized (proceeds this pragmatical prelate) at hearing from this moving corpse such florid, swollen, and pompous phrases, and, when they were expecting to be terrified by an idea

idea of the heinousness of their sins, or to be inflamed with ardently-devout affections from lips buried in the thicket of that penitential beard, to be set a staring by such ridiculous bombast as would be scarcely tolerable even on the stage? If on the stage a player should appear, with his nicely-powdered perriwig, his gayly-feathered hat, cockaded with a knot of diamonds, embroidered waistcoat and corresponding coat, stockings with spangled clocks, neat shoes and brilliant buckles, his sword with an hilt of gold and cane headed with the same metal, Paris chitterlin and ruffles exquisitely wrought, and he himself of heroic stature, pleasing figure, engaging features, and in the bloom of youth, health, and strength, placed alone in the central point of view, giving negligently some little affected adjustments to his dress, and, in act to speak, airily fix his hat upon his head, and make to the expecting audience some such beginning of a speech as this,

Now that the Fate, O Lord ! with ruthless eye  
Would to my life her steel's dread edge apply,  
Now, now, that prostrate on this bed I groan,  
Uncertain if to see another Sun—

Could

Could there be hisses enough mustered for him from all the musquetry? would not the apples and oranges fly at him from the very boxes? would he not be thought fit by the superintendant for a place in Bedlam? Certainly he would. As much a madman therefore is the Capuchin who is a player in the pulpit, as the comedian who should preach upon the stage. And the same is to be understood of every priest of whatever profession he may be, as the example of a Capuchin in particular, was given only from the especial incongruity there is in his mortified appearance and such ridiculous affectations."

" Such is the substance of what this Signior Bishop says; but what substance is there in all this? The wicked comparison he makes between the preacher and the player is not to the point, however convincing it may appear; because if on the stage are represented the lives of Saints and sacramental acts in verse, why may not there be preached in the pulpit tales and historical songs in prose? What will they answer me! What will they answer me to this retort!

" There is another style, which, without being so much elevated in expression, gives great delight by its cadencies, and few indeed

deed are the hearers, (let *Longinus* and all descendants in a right line from the Hang-dogs who murdered Christ, say what they will) but what are ravished with it. The cadence is of different kinds, one of poetical measure, lyric or heroic ; the other consists in a certain correspondence which the second part of the clause has with the first, as, if the first finishes in *onte* the second must end in *unte* ; if the termination of one is in *irles*, that of the other must be *arles* ; if this ends with *Tamborlán*, that must end with *Mathusalém*, A few examples will—" But here was the parlous Predicador interrupted by the most unwelcome arrival of one of the farmer's hinds, running quite out of breath, and telling them, as fast as he could, that they must come back directly, that the Father Master had sent him after them, the Archpriest having finished his visit and returned home.

There is no saying how much they both lamented this interruption, as they had work cut out for many hours. But as they could not refuse the Father's call, they were obliged to bend their steps homewards ; which they did with no very accelerated pace ; and by the way Friar Blas made a short repetition of the lessons given to his disciple,

ciple, to imprint them more strongly on his memory, and added that he had yet other, more important rules to give him about the most essential parts of which a sermon is composed, as, “the exordium, the apostrophes, the circumstances in the salutation (which let our Father, or a whole chapter of our Fathers say what they will, is the most necessary, suitable, and ingenious thing in the world, and what does most credit to a preacher) the eulogy of other preachers who precede or follow you on those occasions when there is a sermon every day for a week together, the method of disposing and fashioning these eulogies, the key for finding in scripture or profane writings the name or office of the Major-domo and oftentimes both together, the use of mythology, fables, emblems, and ancient poets, (things which exceedingly adorn an oration), figurative and metaphorical subjects, taking them one while from the planets, another from metals, from beasts, from fishes, from birds; for example, to call Christ in the Sacrament, the Westless Sun, or the Sun which never sets; St. John Chrysostom, the Potosi of the Church, (alluding not only to the mines of that name, but likewise to the signification

tion of the word *Chrysostom*, which means *Golden Mouth*); St. Dominic, the Dog-star of his time, in allusion to the dog by which he was prefigured in his mother's womb \*, and to the celebration of his festivals happening in the Dog-days; St. Rosa de Lima, the Rose of the Passion †; St. Francis Xavier, the divine Heliotrope, or sacred Sun-flower, as he followed, in the course of his miraculifc life, from the East Indies to the West, that planet to which this flower is said constantly to turn its face; and so of the rest.

“ These, and a thousand other things I had to say to thee; but, what's deferred may be reheard; and the Sermons themselves which thou mayest be called to preach will furnish me with occasions of telling them to thee. What I now charge thee, is, that thou wilt make no account of the wise nonsense of our Father Master Friar Prudentio, or that of any of his kidney; for these men have a taste as much wrinkled

\* The Biographers of St. Dominic have made his mother dream that she was delivered of a Dog, with a flaming torch in his mouth, denoting how faithfully he would defend, and brightly illuminate the church.

† Or, what we call, the Passion-flower. St. Rosa, for her extraordinary piety, is said to have had miraculously imprinted on her hands, feet, and side, the wound-marks of Christ.

as thin skin, and approve only such sort of Sermons as those of the Theatines,— Hell open before you, and Christ \* in your hand." Friar Gerund gave his word that he would not in the minutest article depart from his counsels, principles, and maxims, and with this they entered the house, where the next chapter will relate what passed.

## C H A P. III.

*Father Prudentio reads the Sermon of St. Orosia; gives upon this occasion admirable instructions to Friar Gerund, and has his labour for his pains.*

**I**T was not so early when they got home but that they found the Father Prudentio with his candle lighted, his spectacles mounted on his nose, the Sermon of St. Orosia before him, a pinch of snuff in one hand, his head reclined upon the other, the box open upon the table, and his features not in the most placid form. For, as Friar Blas had told him that he had the Sermon in his wallet, and had made an offer of it to him, as soon as he had dis-

\* The Crucifix.

patched the Archpriest, and finished reciting his Matins and Laudes for the next day, he went, with the freedom of a senior and the authority of a Father Master, to rumage the said wallet, presently found the Sermon, and had set himself down to read it. But, at the very first sentence, such was the disgust he conceived, that, had he not been withheld by the mildness of his disposition, he would have torn it piecemeal.

Scarcely had he seen the two companions enter the room, when looking Friar Blas full the face, he said to him pretty warmly, “ Tell me, Father Predicador, is it possible that you should so much praise this Sermon of St. Orosia ! Indeed by your account of it I suspected how it might be ; my heart misgave me that I should find nothing but nonsense in it ; but yet I could never imagine I should find it so completely absurd. I know not upon what account the composer happened not to preach it, but I know that had I been to give the licence for printing it, he would have waited till doomsday.” “ Our Father,” answered the Predicador, with a mixture of disdain and pity, “ I did praise that Sermon, I do again praise that Sermon, and I do say, that all the praise which I can give it, will fall

short

short of what it merits." "But, tell me, sinner that I am!" exclaimed Prudentio, "is not the very first clause sufficient to stamp the author for a most stupid coxcomb? *What, Sirs, are we in Jaca, or in Glory?* All the jut of which puerile and ridiculous entrance consists in its being very like that vulgarism, to be heard in every wine-house, *What, Sirs, are we here or in Xaveca*\*? In God's name what a start is this, to begin a sacred oration with in the place where his honour dwelleth! Let us go on. *But who doubts that we are in glory, being in Jaca.* For if the place of Glory is Heaven, there is now an Heaven in this place. Can there be more foolish quibbles, or a play of words more insubstantial?

"And how does he prove that the church of Jaca is synonymous to Heaven? Why, by the strangest jumble of jumbles, confounding the material Heaven with that of Glory, just as it seems to him to turn best to account. He says that this church is Hea-

\* What, are we amongst honest men or scoundrels? "Those of the Xaveca," is a proverbial expression for all sorts of blackguards. Xaveca, properly signifies a fishing net; and to the fishery on the southern coast great numbers of the most profligate and arch rogues in Spain resort.

The X and J have the same guttural sound in Spanish.

ven, first, because Heaven is called the Church triumphant, and the Church of Jaca is a triumphant Church, because on the spot where it stands, a victory was gained against the Moors, whence it was called, The Field of Victory. According to this reasoning, the famous Mosque at Damascus might in like manner be called, The Mosque Triumphant, as the Moors gained there a victory against the Christians. What a ridiculous and extravagant acceptation of the Church Triumphant! which is not called so from having been a field of battle, or of the victory of the Saints which compose it, but from their triumphing in Heaven after their warfare upon earth. And to be sure it did not fail to delight me, to see him load the margin with a prolix citation from Silveyra, noting the book, the chapter, the section, and the paragraph, to prove a thing of such vulgar notoriety, as that Heaven is called the Church Triumphant; like that other blockhead of a Sermon-writer, who said, *Humility is profoundly called by my Father St. Bernard, Humilitas; as the curious reader may find in his books on Consideration to Pope Eugenius.*

“ The second proof that the Church of Jaca is Heaven, is, because the Sun is President

sident of Heaven, the Persians call the Sun *Mytra*; the sign of the Lion in the Sun's house, and the signior Bishop of Jaca wears a Mitre, and has a Lion in his Coat of Arms. By this rule, there are more Heavens below the clouds than above them; for there we are told there are but eleven, and here we may reckon eleven thousand, it being certain, that all Cathedral Churches have Bishops, all Bishops wear Mitres, and if the Persian calls the Sun *Mytra*, we have here as many Suns as Bishops, and as many Heavens as Cathedral Churches. It must be confessed that the proof is ingenious, subtle, and conclusive. And what does his Preachership mean by the sign of the Lion being the Sun's house? If he means that it is his own house, or one that he has a lease of, which is his constant and fixed dwelling, it is an absurdity at which any wine-house man, who has a sheet almanac hung behind the kitchen-door, would laugh. If he calls it the Sun's house, because this brilliant postilion of the Heavens stops in his annual journey for some days at the imaginary inn or house of this sign, to give barley of light to his immortal steeds, the sign of the Crab is as much the Sun's house as the sign of the Lion, and any one

of the other eleven signs at which this illustrious traveller shall rest, has an equal right to presume to the same honour.

“ The third proof. The church of Jaca is Heaven, because Heaven is called *Tyara*; and Cartarius says, that it has two doors with two keys; the arms of the Cathedral of Jaca are two keys and a *tyara*. Well then, what have we to do but to declare it Heaven, with the authority of Cartarius? Poor ignorant Priest! All Churches which have no particular arms, use those of the Church of Rome (which are a *tyara* with two keys, denoting its temporal and spiritual jurisdiction), to signify that they have no other patron than his Holiness, and that they are of the Catholic, Apostolic, Roman Communion. Hence the poorest Country Church has as much right to be Heaven as the Cathedral of Jaca, and the Father Doctor cuts a bright figure with his impertinent citation of Cartarius. But where he is more pleasant, is, in the other three reasons of agreement, which he adds why the Church of Jaca should have the same arms as St Peter’s at Rome, the head of all Churches. He says that this is, *either, that not even the supreme head of the world, Rome, might be able to boast of greater nobleness*

nobleness than the renowned *Cathedral of Jaca* (it is well he was prevented from preaching this sermon, as I am certain that for this proposition alone that illustrious and wise chapter would have roared the organ, and set the dog-whippers, and even the dogs, upon him) or, because it seems that the head of the Church ought to have been at *Jaca*, had not St. Peter appointed it at *Rome* (now it comes thick and three-fold!) or because *Heaven*, the beautiful Republic of so much brilliant *Saphire*, is alone the condign Image of so respectable a Chapter. Does not this deserve a condign whipping, or at least a fool's cap and bells?

“ But I have done with it ; for I have not patience to read any more of such confounded stupidity. And this sermon was printed ! And poems were composed in its praise ! And the honest parson of *Jacarilla* gives it as a model for the preachers of *St. Orosia* ! And the Father *Predicador Mayor* so much extols this sermon ! ” “ Ay, Father Master,” answered the *Predicador*, “ I did, I do, and I shall praise it ; for if all sermons were to be examined with such rigorous exactness and minuteness, what would become of all the bravery and elegance of the pulpit ? ” “ What elegance,

or what bravery, o' my sins!" exclaimed Prudentio. "Is it elegance to say as many absurdities as words? Is it bravery to spout heresies and blasphemies at every turn? And pray tell me, Friar Blas, what has any thing of this to do with the heroic virtues of St. Orosia, the powerfulness of her patronage, or the imitation of her example, the only ends which the sacred orator should propose to himself in his panegyric?"

"Let your Paternity observe," said Friar Blas, "that all this is said in the salutation, which is destined solely to the treating on the circumstances, and has no connection with the body of the sermon, which is the place for the Eulogies of the Saint, and"—"Stop, Father Predicador," replied Prudentio quickly, "that is to say that the head is to have no connection with the body, or the beginning with the middle or the end, and that the foundation is to be in one part and the superstructure in another. The salutation either is or is not a part of the sermon. If it is not, why is time idly spent upon it? If it is, why is it not to have union and connection with the rest. And where has the Father Predicador read that the salutation of a sermon was designed for

for the flattering of Chapters or Major-domos, for the delusion of the audience, for quibbles and ribaldry, for puppet-work, for bull-feast, for dance, for drunkenness, and the devil, for which we have the grief to see most salutations scandalously calculated?"

I don't know, Father Master, whether I have read it or not," answered Friar Blas with much composure, " I only know that what is used can't be excused ; that this is the general custom of Spain ; and that orators should conform to custom we are shewn by that rule known even to the children, *Orator patriæ doctum ne spreverit usum.*" " It is plain (replied Prudentio) that the Father Predicador understands things only by the sound, and consequently no wonder that he forms such strange ideas of them. For, in the first place, this rule was not made for those whom we call Orators or Preachers, but for those who speak or pronounce Latin in prose, which is called *Oration* to distinguish it from verse. To these it intimates, that when they meet with any word which has no fixed quantity in verse, but some syllable in it is long or short at pleasure, in prose they should pronounce it always as the in-

telligent and learned men of their country are accustomed to do and not presume to make themselves singular in contradiction to such custom. And, secondly, even though the rule had been addressed to those whom we call Preachers, it would not have favoured his intention, for it does not say that the preacher is not to despise any custom whatever, but not to despise a learned custom, *Doctum ne spreverit usum*, that is, the established, the conformable to reason, and the practised by men universally reputed learned and intelligent in their professions. This is what is properly to be called custom, for every thing else is abuse and corruption. Now then, shew me a single orator of Spain, of those I mean whom sober people esteem true orators and not crazy fellows, of those who are not sought out as the Merry-Andrews of the pulpit, of those who deserve and who acquire the general reputation of wise, cultivated, well-informed, and circumspect men—Shew me, I say again, a single one of these who follows this cursed custom, who does not despise, who does not abominate, who does not execrate it; who does not commiserate those who practise and praise it, or does not make a ridicule both

both of one and the other; and afterwards we will talk.

“ On the contrary, I am ready to shew many sermons, in print and manuscript, of famous modern orators of Spain, who, having preached on the same festivals, and with the same *circumstances* (that we are surfeited with hearing of !) upon which other preachers played the fool without modesty and without measure, either magnanimously despised them all, without vouchsafing them a single syllable, or if they touched upon them it was with an air of such contempt as made the ridiculousness of this abuse visible and even risible to every hearer. I have some of these sermons in my cell at home, and have fortunately brought with me one, the salutation of which I shall insist upon your hearing; 'tis here under the desk, for I had a design to read it to Friar Gerund.” Then hastily remounting his spectacles he did emphatical justice to this salutation, which inveighed against the abuse in question with much the same sort of arguments as the good man had used himself, and at finishing it, turning full upon Friar Blas, said, “ Now let the Father Predicador see if there are wanting in Spain those who draw

draw the sword resolutely against the puerile and ignorant custom which he urges. And he is to know that this salutation was heard with such applause from the numerous and chosen audience to which it was preached, that even they, who from inadvertency or want of judgment had given into what it so sharply reprehended, went away so convinced of their error, that they said to one another the same as Menage and Balzac are reported to have done after the first representation of the famous comedy of Moliere, called *Les Precieuses Ridicules*, in which he laughed with inimitable grace at the metaphorical and figurative style at that time the *Ton* in France, Moliere has abundant reason in what he says; he has made a judicious, delicate, and just critique, and so convincing that it is unanswerable; henceforward, Monsieur, we must abominate what we celebrated, and celebrate what we abominated. Indeed some of the preachers who heard this salutation, and who before had suffered themselves to be drawn down the current, now ashamed of themselves began to preach with solidity, piety, and judgment; and so far was it from diminishing the number of their followers, that it

was

was notorious that their estimation and applause encreased."

"Very docile indeed were these reverend Fathers," answered Friar Blas with an ironical smile. "As to myself, I must say, that the salutation has not converted Me, so hardened am I as all that; because, tho' his reasoning seems to have weight, yet to me there is more weight in the contrary practice of so many approved preachers, and above all in the applause with which the hearers celebrate the touching and re-touching of the circumstances, experience shewing us that if these are much insisted on, let the remainder of the sermon be made up of what it will, it is always extolled; and on the contrary, that unless these are well worried and sifted, tho' the Preacher speak divinities, the audience will shew much indifference and think him a poor creature, and the Majordomo pay him his money with an ill grace and a worse face. And don't let your Paternity tell me that this is only the bad taste and mistaken opinion of the ignorant and vulgar. Many great and mighty Masters are of the same opinion; and I need go no further for a proof than to that very sermon of St. Orosia, which has fallen so much under the displeasure

displeasure of your Paternity. It has three approbations of three well-known and highly-celebrated Fathers, one a Dominican, one a Jesuit, and the other of the order of the Author: Let your Paternity read the extraordinary praises which they all three give him, and the two first expressly and specifically, for his noticing the circumstances, and then tell me if it is for the ignorant and vulgar only to applaud the paying a particular attention to them."

"Look you, Father Predicador," answered the Father Master with a studied deliberation, "you have now touched upon a point, on which I might speak for some hours, if there was time and occasion, tho' many have already spoken much and well upon it. This is, the improper and extravagant custom, introduced into Spain and Portugal, but ridiculed generally by other nations, of the imprimaturs', licences', or approbations' of books, and even of the most wretched pamphlets, being converted into immoderate panegyrics on their authors, when the business of the Censor is only to say simply and shortly whether or not the work contains any thing contrary to Law, Good Faith, and Good Manners. I say there is now no need to enter into a censure  
of

of the Censors, as it is growing late and we shall lose our suppers ; but in these very approbations which you instance, either I am wickedly inclined, which I do not believe, or that of the Jesuit Father is a piece of roguery, and when properly understood will appear to be a delicate satire against the absurdities of the sermon in all its parts. I think, at least, I discover that the said Father aimed at dexterously extricating himself from the scandal of praising this sermon, if he did not intend to satirize it ; and thus much is certain that he declares repeatedly that he does not approve or praise it.

“ The fly rogue suggests himself to be connected with the family and order of the author ; and never departing from the ground of “ *Laudet te alienus* ”, which he construes, Let the *Stranger* praise thee, he says, in one place, that he ought not to take upon him the office of an *Approver* ; in another, that he accounts it as one of his greatest happinesses not to be able to praise that sermon ; in a third, that he is too nearly allied to set himself about praising it ; in a fourth, speaking determinately of the circumstances and the salutation, that it does not belong to him to celebrate it ; in a fifth, that eulogies would come

betier

better from any other mouth than his; and lastly, that even as to what relates to the good taste of the Gentleman who gives this sermon to the press, it will be of more consequence, or at least it will not fail to be more courtesy, to leave the whole affair of praising him to those without; *laudet te alienus*. Now either I am a numskull and do not understand a word of Irony, or this same Censor is a most arch wag. His whole endeavour is evidently to avoid the subject, shun the difficulty, and say with grace and pleasantry that others may praise what he neither can praise nor ought to praise. And, moreover; from that shrewd construction of *Laudet te alienus*, Let the *Stranger* praise thee, I cannot help shrewdly suspecting—God forgive me if I make a rash judgment—but I cannot help suspecting that by the word *Stranger* he would not have those to be understood who may not be in reality or affection so nearly allied to the author as he suggests himself to be, but that he leaves it in doubt whether we may not understand by it those who are *Strangers* to the profession, to literature, and to all propriety, in a word, dolts and blockheads. It is not impossible but that I may make the libel by my interpretation; but I am pretty confident that I am not mistaken."

“ And I, in my turn, am as confident (replied Friar Blas) that your Paternity is much mistaken; for if this Father Master was not disposed to give his approbation to the sermon, pray, who obliged him to do it? Who threatened his life, holding a dagger to his breast, if he did not undertake this office? To which is to be added, that, if the author put his trust in him as a friend to do him this favour (as this office is generally consigned by the Tribunals to those whom the authors point out to them) it is not likely that he should be guilty of this treachery to him, and that when the poor man was expecting a panegyric he should have the mortification to receive a satire. Honour and honesty required that if he could not find in his conscience really to approve it, he should have excused himself from the office and not play him such a Judas-trick.”

“ Fair and softly, good Friar Blas, (replied Prudentio) for tho’ your reply is undoubtedly specious, and your manner of arguing, at least for this time, founded in reason, yet it is not unanswerable, since the most likely is not always the most true. How do we know but that the Approver might find himself in some political or charitable

charitable necessity which could not honourably be resisted? Now I can imagine a case which I think very natural. It is certain that this sermon was not preached, we know not on what account; and likewise it is certain, that, for this very reason of its having been forbidden to be preached the author (who was a man of some rank in his profession) and his partizans made a point of having it printed by way of vindicating him from the slur cast upon him by the prohibition. Well then, let us suppose that his Provincial might have no great partiality for the author, but that he might be an intimate friend of this Jesuit, the Approver, and that he should have resolved on not giving a licence for printing the sermon till it had passed under the censure of this friend of his. Now in this case it is very likely that the author and his partizans played all their artillery on the poor Jesuit, representing in the strongest terms how much the reputation, honour, and even preferment of this Religious depended upon his doing him that favour. What part could an honest kind-hearted man take in such a strait? To refuse having any thing to do with it was utterly impossible; to praise the sermon openly, there was not

merit enough in it to justify, nor would his sincerity permit; to reprobate it, was at once to ruin the author in the opinion of his principal, and to declare for those who insulted him. What then was to be done? It seems, I think, that he could not have pursued a more prudent measure than that which he did pursue;—to give an equivocal censure, which should neither approve nor disapprove the sermon, and seek a specious pretext for excusing himself from praising it, and leaving the office to those who were better qualified."

" This may have been as you represent it (replied Friar Blas) but the eulogies of the other two approvers are not equivocal; they are very clear and expressive; and, in truth, they are neither of them of your ordinary gentry, but are both subjects of such superior form that they have titles enough (and to spare) for a seat at a general Council."

" I do not deny it, (said Prudentio) but I have already said, that of the eulogies of Censors and Poets little account is to be made; because both one and the other, (generally speaking) say not what the works they praise truly are, but what they ought to be. And if their merit were to be judged

of according to those praises, the most miserable, wretched, little works, the most unworthy of public light, and worthy only of a public bonfire, those which contribute most, and with the greatest justice, to swell the size of the *Expurgatorios* \* ; such would be the most excellent, for such precisely are the things which strut forth into the world with the most pompous aeccompaniment and roaring train of Approbations, Acrostics, Epigrams, Decimas †, and Sonnets, which have been all pitifully begged, unless indeed the author shall have fabricated them himself, and desired his friends only to lend their names. But does all this prevent the said works from being exposed to the ridicule and contempt of the intelligent, or is the Holy Tribunal of the Inquisition withheld from stalking in amidst this goodly tribe of Prolegomena with uplifted wand, without caring a straw for the authority or the multitude of the Approvers ?

“ It is certain that if the Censors kept within the precise limits of their office, and answered, as they ought, the great confidence placed in them, by not approving any work which they had not first rigorously exa-

\* The Inquisition-catalogues of forbidden books.

† A stanza, or little piece of poetry of ten lines.

mined; if they had the holy sincerity to expose all their objections to the tribunals by which they are appointed to censure, and afterwards resolutely determined not to approve the work till all these objections should be removed; then indeed a very moderate degree of praise from them would be of great weight. But knowing, as we do, how this farce is carried on; when it is notorious that friendship, connection, or party, are the things alone which are consulted in the appointment of the task; that the whole affair is reduced to matter of mere ceremony and formality, insomuch that if any one, zealous as well for the honour of Science as the Credit of the Nation, should be for executing it according to the rigid rule of right and reason, he would be accounted ridiculous and impertinent, in what estimation are we to hold the praises we read in those absurd Panegyrics, called, by a wrong name, Censures?

“O Friar Blas, Friar Blas, how often have I lamented to myself this most prejudicial disorder in our nation, extending only to Portugal, and scarcely known in other countries! And how easy has the remedy of it appeared to me! Do you know what it is? Why, that one should proceed against these

Approvers as one would against a *Contraste*\* or a Guarantee. What could be more just? For the Approver is no other than a *Contraste* who examines the quality and genuiness of the work committed to his inspection. Thou hast declared that to be Gold which is but Pinchbeck, Tin to be Silver, and a piece of coloured Glass a precious Stone. Pay me then, Rascal, and suffer the punishment which thy ignorance or iniquity deserves †.

And how many follies would be excluded by such a provision? How much paper would be saved? How would expence be lessened to the authors, whom it costs sometimes as much to print the approbations as the work itself? Many and many could I name in which the approbations

\* A *Contraste* is an officer appointed to examine, and establish the goodness of coins, metals, &c.

† Note by the Author.

The scrupulous fidelity with which we are bound to the monuments we follow in this history, permits us not to suppress this judicious invective of the Master Prudentio against the abovementioned abuses; but they have been just now wisely reformed by an act of the Royal and Supreme Council of Castile of the 19th of July, in the last year, 1750; to the just and prudent provision of which act it is to be hoped and expected that the Ecclesiastical Judges will, as far as they are concerned, conform. Tho' the disease be a real one, there is now a suitable remedy applied, and no necessity for the recipe pointed out by the monuments of our history.

occupy as much space as the whole body of the work, but I pass them over from just respects. None are more prejudiced than the authors themselves, if they print the book on their own account, because they themselves in this case buy their own praises in the expence they are at to bring them to the knowledge of others. Can there be more folly, or more poorness of spirit? It has some degree of resemblance to the paying for the feigned tears of hired mourners at a funeral.

“ Yet the misery of human folly, in some of our writers, or plagiarists, who would pass for writers, stops not here. Will it be credible that there should be many to be found, who, for want of good men, and that they may owe nothing to any one, praise their own sweet selves, being the artificers of those eulogies to be read in the antichamber of their works? Yes, verily, my friend, there are men to be found of this comfortable mould and enviable serenity. More than two and more than twenty of these obliging creatures to themselves could I name to thee. They are not so simple indeed as to subscribe their own names to these eulogies, for that would be a candour laying claim to the distinction of

a fool's cap ; but with an anagram, a sup-  
posititious name, or the borrowed name of  
some of the apprentices to literature and  
brothers of the quill, of which there are  
in all parts ; and frequently under the sig-  
nature of, *A Friend, Justice, Impartiality,*  
or, *A Disciple of the Author*, the good gen-  
tleman trowels on himself the plaster of  
praise without reserve, and makes a figure  
in the eyes of his simpleton readers.”

“ But, Father Master (interrupted the Predicador) this must certainly be a rash judgment, or there is no such thing in the Christian world. Whence does it appear that these eulogies were fabricated by the authors of the works ? Did they ever confess it to your Paternity ? ” “ Friar Blas (re-  
plied Prudentio) thou hast sometimes cer-  
tain *parvoices che fan pieta* \*. There is no  
necessity for the Authors' revealing it ; the  
style discovers it ; nor is it easy, either in  
verse or prose, to remain concealed ; and  
without all that olfactory virtue which is  
possessed by *understandings of very open pores*  
*to perceive the subtle spirit which distinguishes*  
*writers in their works*, as the author of the

\* Sillinesses which excite compassion. A phrase prob-  
ably (from the mixture of Portuguese and Italian) af-  
fected in his great wisdom by the Barbadiño.

letter against the Rout of the Alans gallantly expresses himself, any nose of the understanding, which has not got a cold, may trace them from the effluvia they emit. Besides which, some authors are such good souls that they do confess it themselves. And dost thou think this is done from simplicity? Indeed it is; but the rogues say it not with that view, but because they cannot forego the glory or the vanity of acquainting their confidants that they too know how to make sonnets as well as other people, even though upon themselves."

## C. H. A. P. IV.

*The conversation interrupted by the entrance of supper.*

FRIAR Blas was about to reply when Gregory came in with the supper, saying to them, with an air of rustic pleasantry, "Our Fathers, *onia tiempus habunt, tiempus dispuntandi & tiempus cenandi*: the blessed St. Fillbelly be with your Paternities now, and leave your cumlocutories; for the eggs are growing hard, the roast meat is a spoiling, and by the clock of my belly it is full nine at night."

K k 4

" Brother

“ Brother Gregory is in the right of it,” said the Father Master ; and they sat down to table. The supper was not splendid, but yet decent : a couple of fmallads, a boiled and raw one, new-laid eggs, half a turkey roasted, some hashed hare, and cheese and olives for desert ; and Friar Gerund diverted them much while it lasted. As his pedantic preceptor the Domine Zaneas-largas had his memory stored with heaps of Latin verses, sentences, and aphorisms for every thing, and every thought, and every word, and which he bolted out at every turn, whether or no they were at all to the purpose, provided there was to be found amongst his cento any similarity in sound to any thing in the present subject, and by this means had acquired amongst the ignorant the credit of a monster of erudition, and *a well of knollitch* as he was called in that country, his diligent disciple Friar Gerund endeavoured to copy this impertinence as well as all the other ridiculous extravagancies of the blessed Domine. With this idea he had well stuffed his head with Latin lines, apophthegms, and common-places, to shine away with upon occasion ; and when the flow of erudition was upon him

him, the little Friar became an unremitting diarrhea of Latinized absurdity.

As soon, then, as the lettuces presented themselves upon the table, turning to his friend Friar Blas, he asked him,

*Claudere quœ cenas lactuca solebat avorum.  
Dic mihi cur nostras inchoat illa dapes?*

The Father Predicador found himself rather distressed by the question, for as it was in Latin verse, and he had only got Latin enough to serve, and that but indifferently, for the Breviary, he did not on the sudden over-and-above clearly understand it, and therefore said, “ Speak more plainly if thou wouldst have me answer thee.” But presently, upon Gerund’s repeating it more slowly, and as the Latin was not intricate in itself, he comprehended it, and said, “ The meaning of this is to ask, why we begin our supper with lettuce, when our fore-fathers were wont to finish with it ?” The reason is very evident ; because in almost every thing we begin where our fore-fathers left off.” “ Claudian hath said it (interrupted Friar Gerund, applauding the explanation) *cœpisti qua finis erat* ;” and the Master laughed as much at the impertinent readiness

readiness of the one as the folly of the other.

Afterwards followed some boiled leeks, with the heads cut off; and scarcely had Gerund seen them when he exclaimed,

*Fila Tarentini graviter redolentia porri*

*Edisti quoties, oscula clausa dato.*

Friar Blas said, that he understood only that the verse spoke of a leek \*, but for the ease of his conscience he must confess that he did not know what it meant. Friar Gerund then set the words in order of construction, *Quoties edisti fila graviter redolentia tarentini porri dato clausa oscula*, observing to him by the way, that in the territory of the city of Taranto, grow the most famous leeks in all Italy, as the garlick of Corellia is the most famous in Navarre, and the asparagus of Portillio in Old Castile; with which information Friar Blas said, "Now I think I understand the meaning of the verse; it is as much as to say, unless I am mistaken, that whenever one eats leeks of Taranto, and I suppose the same would happen though the leeks should be

\* The Spanish and Latin name being nearly the same.

of Upper-Melgar, it seems rather as if one was kissing than eating, inasmuch as it is in fact, rather sucking than eating, and to suck one puts one's lips together." " You have hit the mark, (replied Gerund) but, notwithstanding, the Latin poet has not so well explained this affair as the Spaniard, who says,

Fruit \* who eats to rot that's lain,  
 Froth who drinks that's brew'd from grain,  
 He who sucks the slimy Leek,  
 Dogs ~~who~~ kiss who takes the freak,  
 In each so much its vaunted pleasure misses,  
 That he nor Eats, nor Drinks, nor Sucks, nor Kisses.

The Master Prudentio did not fail to laugh again, this time, at the simplicity of Gerund, pleased with the joke of the Spanish lines he gave for explanation, and even praised the happiness of his memory, though he inwardly pitied him for not employing it more worthily.

He, who saw himself celebrated, felt his vanity somewhat tickled, and resolved to let nothing appear without saluting it with its distich. When the eggs therefore came upon the table he took one in his hand, held it up to the candle, and, think-

\* Medlars.

ing

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ing he discovered a chicken in it, gave a  
loud laugh, and said,

*Candida si croceos circumfluit unda vitellos,  
Hesperius Sombri temperet ova liquor.*

Poor Friar Blas was quite at a loss, for this was too much Latin for a preacher who composed only in his mother-tongue, and at a loss he would have remained if his good friend Gerund had not taken compassion upon him and given him this explanation;

Eggs, which th'already gender'd chick inshrine,  
Boil in the belly with good store of wine \*.

Upon this Prudentio took occasion to jeer the Predicador on his want of Latin, telling him he was like the Parson who said to his parishoners, “ I indeed do not know much of Latin, but I will apply myself to the study of it, and 'till I learn it I have nothing to do but to preach.” “ None of your sarcasms, our Father, (replied Friar Blas, who felt the satire) to preach there is no necessity to understand the Latin of

\* The author, it is to be supposed, would have this explanation understood in the same manner as the former.

poets, it is sufficient for me to construe that of the Bible tolerably, and as for that, Calepine and I against any two."

Now came the dish of roast meat, which was half a turkey, and as soon as Gerund had a glimpse of it he exclaimed in a plaintive tone,

*Miraris quoties gemmantes explicat alas,  
Et potes hunc sævo tradere, dure, coco!*

And, without suffering his friend to be distressed again, immediately explained it thus,

The Bird, whose plumes so oft delight thine eye,  
Shall thy blind Palate, cruel, doom to die!

But all his compassion for the poor bird did not with-hold him from clapping his knife into the joint of the wing which he took off and laid upon the Father Master's plate, and after helping himself to the best part of the breast shoved the dish to Friar Blas with whom he did not stand upon ceremony.

To each draught from the flagon he dedicated a distich of the many which he had laid in for such occasions; though they spoke of the most famous wines of Europe in

in ancient time, and that which he drank was a little, wretched, sour stuff of the country \*, but honoured by him at his first draught with this impertinence,

*Hæc de vitifera venisse piedata Viena  
Ne dubites, misit Romulus ipse mibi.*

At the second,

*Hoc de Cæsureis mibi vindemia cellis  
Misit Iulæo quæ sibi monte placet.*

And at the third,

*Hæc Fundana tulit fælix autumnus opimi,  
Expressit mulsum Consul, & ipse bibit.*

In short no draught passed without a Latin dedication ; and it appears from authentic papers that in that one supper only he drank twenty times, and all without any prejudice to his head, which was well feasted, and flagon-proof, from his having been brought up at Campazas with the best milk of the Desert and of Campos.

The good Predicador was astonished at seeing such a copious stream of Latin

\* *Vino de la Tierra* ; in the same sense as the French and Italian, *Vin du pais*, and, *Vino del paese*, meaning a poor small wine.

poured

poured forth by his beloved friend, and though he was unconscious of its meaning, yet he delighted, even to driveling, at the lustre with which in his opinion, his favourite shone forth, protesting that notwithstanding he had formed an high idea of his genius, he could never have believed it arose to such a pitch, not having before assisted with him at such a function. He wondered how the deuce he could carry in his head such a multitude of verses, and what above all surprised him, was, the suitableness with which he applied them. Gerund indeed never waited for a fitter opportunity of lugging in his lumber than that of hearing or seeing something of which mention might be made, directly or indirectly, in the verses he had heaped up in that asinine memory of his, using profane learning merely from the assonance, just exactly as he had used sacred learning in the sweet and pleasant salutation preached by him in the refectory. But as honest Friar Blas had no idea of any other propriety in the use and application of his texts, he was no distinguisher of colours, and what sounded to him sounded to him, (to use his own expression) confirming himself in the opinion that the Order had not these

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these two ages acquired so bright an orna-  
ment as this youth.

His admiration encreased, when, on the  
hashed hare being set upon the table, he  
heard Gerund break forth with this decisive  
sentence,

*Inter aves Turdus, si quid, me judice, certet ;  
Inter quadrupedes, gloria prima Lepus.*

The Predicador could form but a random  
guess at the meaning, though his heart  
suggested more or less what might be the  
thought, when he observed that no sooner  
had Gerund spoke but he emptied nearly  
half the dish upon his plate. But the Fa-  
ther Master said in his usual good-natured  
way, “ Why, man that opinion of thine,  
that amongst the birds there is no choicer  
morsel than the Thrush and amongst the  
beasts than the Hare, proves that thou  
hast as much taste in thy palate as thy un-  
derstanding, and that thou wouldest give  
as good a judgment about a dinner as a  
sermon. I have always heard that the  
Thrush was but an extraordinary \* of  
Friars, and the Hare a common dish with

\* Extraordinary, here means only, beyond the ordi-  
nary allowance of the convent.

the

the fraternities." " And who has told your Paternity (replied Gerund) that the fraternities have not excellent dishes, and Friars very delicate extraordinaries ?" " Substantial, I grant, (said Prudentio) but not delicate."

Now came, by way of dessert, the cheese and a plate of olives, when Friar Blas thought that without doubt Gerund must have emptied his budget, for what Poet could have treated on such things as olives and cheese ? But he was pleasingly undeceived when he saw him take the cheese in one hand and a knife to cut it in the other, and repeat in an authoritative tone the following pair of distichs ;

*Cæsus, Etruscæ signatus imagine lunæ,  
Præflabit pueris prandia mille tibi.*

To which he directly gave this translation, which he had somewhere read,

Cheese, marked with cresent of the Tuscan shield,  
A thousand dinners to your boys shall yield.

And it would be all one I suppose, (said Prudentio smilling) if it be marked with the crescent of Valencia, since I see not, whether for a cheese or a cheesecake,

that there be more grace in one crescent than another. But what! Hast thou nothing to say to the olives?" "I am coming to that, Father Master," replied Gerund, and, taking half of them, said,

*"Hoc, quæ, picenis venit subducta trapetis,  
Inchoat, atque eadem finit oliva dapes."*

Which has been construed thus,

Olives, from danger of the press releas'd,  
Grateful begin and grateful end the feast.

"Why, thou art tipsy, surely, (said Friar Blas, laughingly) when did olives begin the feast?" "When! (answered Gerund) why when people began to eat where they now leave off, and when lettuces were served for a desert, *juxta illud*,

*Claudere quæ cenam lactuca solebat avorum, &c.*

Who is tipsy now? Don't you remember what you said yourself at our sitting down to supper, that we begin where our forefathers left off?"

The Father Master was well enough pleased with this retort, and still more confirmed in his old opinion, that Friar Gerund did not want parts, but that the cultivation

vation and application of them had been wanting, particularly to criticism and good taste. The cloth was now presently taken away, when Prudentio got again upon his favourite topic of the Censors, on which he declaimed so long as to lay Friar Gerund asleep as sound as a top, and make the Predicador yawn and gape fearfully, and his eyes draw straws. He found it therefore high time to conclude, and, waking Gerund, not without much difficulty, they all went to bed; the Predicador taking leave over-night, as he intended to be up very early in the morning to go to Jacarilla with Uncle Bastian, his Majordomo, who, it was to be supposed, would by that time be recovered from his intemperance and the accident it had caused.

## C H A P. V.

*Friar Gerund hancels the office of Sabatine-preacher with a disciplinarian exhortation.*

**S**CARCE had the next day dawned when a lad from the Convent arrived with a letter to Friar Gerund, in which he was commanded by the Superior to return as soon as possible, as he gave him to under-

stand that the town [where the Convent stood] had appointed a Procession of Rogation for Rain, then greatly wanted, in which the Disciplinants, or Fraternity of the Cross, had determined to go forth, and that he must prepare himself to preach the Exhortation. Very greatly did our Sabatine preacher rejoice at this information, as he was bursting with impatience to shew himself in public, and thought the days ages till an opportunity arrived. But, unfortunately, about half an hour before the messenger came, his great friend the Predicador Mayor had set out for Jacarilla, which he did not a little lament, as his friend would have given him some idea, or some rules, peculiar to his good taste, for the ordering that kind of function, on which they had never yet expressly treated ; and as this was his first appearance it was of great consequence that he should come off with the most flying colours. Now he thought of consulting on the point with Father Prudentio ; but then he said within himself, " This old fellow will give me nothing but his usual cant ; he will advise me, I know, to talk to the brethren, like any missionary, with zeal, and fervour, and the rest of it ; that I should tell them, how

public calamities are always the punishment of public and private crimes ; that I should confirm it by examples of sacred and profane history, of which he would count me a whole budget-full, for the old one knows more than Merlin : that afterwards I must fall naturally upon the necessity of appeasing the divine displeasure by the means of penitence, since there is no other ; and in short, that I should drive it into them, that of these means alone did Jesus Christ avail himself, shedding his blood for our sins to satisfy his eternal Father and appease his just indignation against the whole human race ; and that upon coming to this I should exert all my powers in persuading them to rend, first, their hearts, and afterwards their shoulders, not in the spirit of vanity, but in the spirit of compunction. This is the thread the Father Master would spin, I know as well as if I heard him ; and would endeavour to make me believe that of such things, and no other, ought all discourses of this kind to consist ; but—to another dog with this bone. To be sure I should cut a fine figure in my first function and appearance in public to preach like a worm-eaten woe-begone mortal, and say things which any old woman might say. I will

be far enough from asking a word of his advice, and will compose my exhortation as God shall give me to see right without the assistance of neighbours."

In this resolution he went into the Father Master's room, who was still in bed, as the long-talking about the Censors had given him the head-ach, and made him pass but an indifferent night. He informed him of the letter from the Superior, who had sent a mule for him by the messenger, and asked him if he had any commands to the Convent. This incident was far from being agreeable to Prudentio, because he had taken it for granted that if he could not totally eradicate his folly he should have considerably lessened it in his walks and conversations with him at the Grange; but as there was no remedy he was fain to conform, and only charged him in general terms to preach with judgment and piety as the subject required, saying that if it pleased God he intended to hear him. "It is very well, our Father (replied Friar Gerund very confidently) let your Paternity keep yourself easy on that head; I doubt not but that I shall this time acquit myself much to your satisfaction." And with this he took his leave.

An

An ancient legend of the Order says, that in all the way from the Grange to the Convent, which was not less than four long leagues, our Friar Gerund went so pensive and so wrapped up in himself that he did not speak, not even a single word, to the lad who ran before the mule ; and what caused greater admiration to all who knew him, was, that he did not only not stop to take a draught at the inn which was an half-way house, but that he did not even so much as look at it, or know when he passed it. This was occasioned, as he afterwards confessed himself, by his being totally absorbed in making mental notes and ex cogitating matter of which to compose an exhortation of the true *rhumb*, that should strike a great stroke, and at once establish his fame.

Immediately crowded upon his imagination the confused ideas of Sterility, Rogation, Fraternity, Cross, Penitents, Pelotilla \*, Scourge, Blood, Penitents of Light, &c. ; and all his care was how he should find in Mythology any thing which might

\* The pelotilla is the ball of wax, &c. used by some of the Disciplinants, as the reader has seen in the third chapter of the first book ; others perform the function with a scourge of small cords ; and sometimes with both, using the pelotilla first and the cords afterwards.

have allusion to these ideas; for as to the disposition and the style, the devil a care did it give him, since by following the same he had used in the sermon of St. Ann, and by endeavouring to imitate that of the inimitable Florilegium, he was secure of the applause of his audience, which was the only object he had in view.

For the article of sterility, the Silver and the Iron ages readily presented themselves; for till the first of these men were a kind of little Angels, and the earth produced spontaneously all sorts of fruits, not only for sustenance but delight, without the necessity of cultivation, of which they were intirely ignorant; but as in the silver age they began to be somewhat roguish, the earth likewise began to be niggardly of her fruits, and resolved that henceforwards they should have none but what they bought by labour. But here was the difficulty, that the poor men, accustomed to abundance and ease, did not know how to cultivate it, till Saturn taking their case into his compassionate consideration, came down from Heaven, and taught them the use of the spade and the plough, in order that upon paying down their sweat and labour, the earth should furnish them with food. But then

then it occurred to him that this was not much to the purpose, because the question here was not concerning sterility from want of Cultivation, but from want of Rain, and for this it was as necessary to have a fable as to have bread to eat.

In that instant however he happily thought of the Iron age, in which the earth would absolutely produce nothing, whether cultivated or not; and the reason was because the Gods absolutely denied rain in punishment of the wickedness of men, who were become very rascally and thought of nothing but cheating one another continually, as is observed by the most learned Condé Natal [Natalis Comes.] Great was his joy when he found himself, he did not know how, with so suitable an introduction; and noting it in the unbound book of his memory, he went on to revolve in his imagination some matters of Mythology which might be applied to the affair of Rogation.

After a little digging came opportunely the famous case of Bacchus, when finding himself in the deserts of Arabia, where he was travelling upon some business of consequence, and dying with thirst, from not meeting with a drop of water in those sandy

sandy wastes, he got together the shepherds of the neighbourhood, and forming with them a devout procession of Rogation in honour of the God Jupiter, he offered to build him a temple if he would succour him in that distress; and immediately Jupiter appeared in the form of a stout, well-appointed, superbly-horned Ram, who, scraping with his foot in a certain part, sprung a copious fountain of sweet water; and the happy, grateful Bacchus fulfilled his vow, building to the God-Ram the first temple with the title of Jupiter Ammon. He congratulated himself much upon this lucky hit, especially when he knew afterwards that the Majordomo of the fraternity of the Cross that year was called Pasquel Carnero [Ram,] and he proposed in his mind to make him Jupiter Ammon, with which he thought he had found a treasure for the principal circumstance in the subject, and held it beyond a doubt that from that time there would be no fraternity sermon which he should not be most solicitously urged to preach.

He was confirmed in this good opinion of himself and his great sufficiency, when, in order to touch upon the fraternity itself, composed for the most part of husbandmen,

men, he thought of the *Ambarvalia*, or sacrifices in honour of the goddess Ceres, Tutelary of the fields and harvests, over which sacrifices presided a kind of fraternity, composed of a dozen brethren who were called *Fratres Arvales*, that is, Brethren of the Field, deriving their name from *Arvus Arvi*, which has that signification; for though it is true that these were no more than twelve, and the brethren of the Cross were above an hundred, this appeared to him a trifling matter; since if the number Seven in Holy Scripture signifies a multitude, much more may be signified in Mythology by the number Twelve.

Where he found himself a little gravell-ed, was, to find some piece of erudition of good taste which might allude to fraternity of the Cross, and after having puzzled his brains for some time without getting any thing to please him, his good fortune brought him an admirable thought, which at the same time was most bonnily adopted to the aggravating circumstance of the Cross and to that of The Penitents of Blood, which had not given him less anxiety than the other. He recollect ed to have read in an extraordinary book called, *An Idea of a new General History of North America*, how the

the Indians, in honour of the God *Izco-caubqui*, who was the God of Fire, went to the mountains for a great tree, which they conducted with attendant multitudes, music, and great apparatus to the court of the temple; there they barked it with extraordinary ceremonies; afterwards they raised it in the sight of all the people, that they might see it had the due height prescribed by law; then they lowered it and every one adorned it with certain papers crimsoned with their own blood; having done which, they raised it again with great attention, devotion, and reverence: then the masters took their slaves upon their shoulders and danced with them round a large bonfire, lighted near the tree, and, when the poor slaves thought least of it, flung them headlong into the flames and burnt them to ashes.

It is not to be conceived how much the blessed Friar Gerund rejoiced and gloried in this most superlatively happy hit, for in that alone he found all that was necessary for what remained. Here was a tree brought from the mountain with much ceremony, and raised with great devotion in the court of the Temple. What symbol can be more proper for the Tree of the Cross?

Cross? It's being barked afterwards destroys nothing of its propriety. Here are papers dyed in the blood of the brethren, who raise the tree; could a thing be painted more exactly to suit the penitents of blood? Since, whether these dye Paper or Skirts with their blood is a mere quibble upon a word, especially as it is well known that these very skirts, being linen, will one day become paper. Here are Masters who dance round the tree and the bonfire with their slaves upon their shoulders, whom they afterwards throw into the flames, and then stand laughing at them; a very natural image of the Penitents of Light, who are as it were, the Masters of the Fraternity, and only incite the Penitents of Blood to burn themselves with the firebrand of the scourge, or the live-coal of the pelotilla.

A thousand congratulations did he give himself upon this provision of materials, the most exquisite and most suitable to the subject that (according to his way of thinking) could have been brought together: and now did he wish heartily that the exhortation were to be preached the very next day, that he might make himself known as soon as possible; since having once laid in the materials, he thought he could

could dispose them in a couple of hours, especially as the whole was to be confined within very narrow limits, such being the custom he had observed upon these occasions, when he had himself been present, the preacher beginning only just as the procession is forming ; and as to the getting it by heart, that gave him little concern, for his memory was really happy, and, as they say, assinine, signifying that it was as strong as an ass, and with as little grace or judgment.

But yet, on further reflecting upon all the circumstances of this last piece of mythological erudition, he could not rest perfectly satisfied, as it seemed to him that the application of the paper dipped in blood to the penitents of the fraternity was rather violent ; and though he thought that it might pass in a case of necessity, or forced-put, or at a village where there might not be any other critics or censors than the Barber and the Notary ; yet he was very desirous of finding something more strictly apposite to penitents of blood, the better to insure his shining, and to avoid the hypercritical remarks of scrupulous gentry, of which there were some in the convent, and likewise in the town, which,

as we have before observed, was tolerably well inhabited, being neither such a desert as Quintanilla del Monte, nor so populous as Cadiz or Seville.

In this anxiety he was drawing near home, as pensive as you please, and not a little vexed with himself, when on a sudden he gave a great shout, accompanied by a smart slap with the palm of his hand on the pummel of the saddle, and broke out with, “Was there ever such a block-head as I! In this same admirable book, *The Idea of a new General History of North America*, a few pages after what is related of the tree of the bloody papers in honour of the God Izcocauhqui, I remember to have read two things, which I immediately took notes of against such an occasion, and they are so born as it were for it that if I myself had feigned them, they could not have fitted more to an hair. They are both in the tenth section, which treats on the symbols of the Indian months, according to Gemelli Carreri; and the first of them says thus, for I am sure of it as if I had the book in my hand.

“*Tozoztli*, the symbol of the second month, means, *A bleeding or pricking of the veins*; forasmuch, as on the second day of

this

this month, the Indians, either with the points of the *Maguey* \*, or their razors of flint, drew blood in token of repentance, from their thighs, shins, ears, and arms, and fasted at the same time.—Their penitential festival was dedicated to the God *Tlaloc*, the God of Rain.” And farther on : “ They who had the office of making *Xuchiles*, or nosegays, at particular times of the year, called *Xochimanque*, kept a festival in their third age † to the Goddess *Chivalticue*, which is as much as to say, *the Petticoats of Women* or by another name, *Coatlatona, the Goddess of Twins.*”

“ The second is as follows, without wanting a tittle.

“ *Huetozoztli*, the superlative of *Tozoztli*, and symbol of the third month, means, *A great pricking or bleeding* ; because on the

\* An American tree, the leaves of which end in a sharp strong point, serving either for a pin or needle ; from the fibres of the leaf is made thread. This extraordinary tree, according to Father Joseph de Acosta’s account, Nat Hist. India, yields besides water, wine, oil, vinegar, honey, and many other things. The sap, plentifully issuing from an aperture in the trunk, is sweet and cooling, and drank as water ; letting it sour, it is vinegar ; half boiled, it is must ; full-boiled, wine ; and boiled to a consistence, honey.

† The Spaniards divide the life of man into seven ages : childhood, boyhood, adolescence, youth, virility, old-age, and decrepitude.

delay of the rain, which was generally wont to begin about this time, corresponding to our April, their penitence was heightened, blood drawn more copiously, the sacrifices greater, and the fasts more severe. The festival was made in honour of the God *Citcolt*, the God of Maize, or Indian corn, &c. These two jewels did I fairly set in my note-book, and thence transfer to my memory, and yet was I racking my brains for others to adapt to the principal circumstances of the subject ! But where are more exquisite to be found ! Where, more new ! Where more exactly cut out for the purpose ! Here I have sterility of the earth from want of water ; here I have *Tlaloc*, the God of Rain ; here I have a procession of penitents of blood, and even in the month of *Hueytozoztli*, which is the very month of April, in which we now are, and in which our procession is to be made ; here I have *Xuchiles* and *Xochimanque*, that is, those who make *ramilletes* or *ramales*, for there is no great difference \* ;

\* No great difference in the sound, Friar Gerund means, between the two words, *Ramilletes*, and *Ramales* ; but the former signifies the nosegays made by the Kochimanque, and the latter, the cords or scourges used by the disciplinants.

here I have *Coatlatona*, or the petticoats of women, things exactly like which the Penitents must necessarily wear ; and in short, here I have an India, and now would I not change myself for forty Friar Blasses, nor for as many authors of Florilegums as both the Estremaduras <sup>†</sup> could produce. But, hold ! this must not prevent my ever venerating both, as my masters, as my models, as my great originals in the faculty I profess."

Transported with these thoughts, and almost mad with joy, our little Friar arrived at the Convent-gate, dismounted, presented himself before the Superior, received his Benedicite, made his bow, retired to his cell, untucked and put himself in order, took a good pull at a flask of wine, and without delay set his hands to their task, labouring his exhortation so strenuously that he finished it before he slept ; and on the day of the procession, which was attended by much people from all the neighbourhood round about, by

<sup>†</sup> Playing on the word *Florilegium* ; the province of Estremadura is accounted the most rich and fruitful in Spain, and consequently most abounding in flowers. The other Estremadura is in Portugal ; both called by this name from having extreme borders towards the Moors.

Anthony Zotes and his wife, and likewise by the Father Master Prudentio, who returned from the Grange the night before, he delivered with graceful confidence the following piece of admirable oratory, faithfully copied from the original.

“ To the auriferous age of innocence ; *lavabo inter innocentes manus meas* : in uninterrupted track succeeded the argent season of defective sloth ; *argentum & aurum nullius concupiri*. Yet the peccability of mortals arrived not to degree lethalic, but appropinquated to be nigrescent maculation on their pristine niveous candour ; *pocula tartareo haud aderant nigrefacta veneno*. The astonished Gods, *ego dixi dii estis*, determined to obstruct the violation of established order by admonitory grace—admirably here, says the author of the Symbolic World, *ante diem cave*—and paralogized correction in preludes of castigation ; *corripe eum inter te & ipsum solum*.

“ The mother Cybele—the learned know that in the fabulous Ethnic Lexicon this discriminative appellation is on the earth imposed, *Terra autem erat inanis & vacua*—the mother Cybele—*Cybeleia mater*, as the Proboscis-Poet elegantly sings—the mother Cybele, who till then spontaneated her

productions, now resolved upon negation, unless they were reciprocated for by the toilsome labour of the humid colonist ; *in columnā nubis*. But, Oh! Heavens! how was the calamitous agriculist to elaborate without the instrumental cause for cultivation, and if altogether ignorant of the material cause of the efficient for the instrument? *Quaecumque ignorant blasphemant, quomodo fieri istud?* Commiserating Saturnus descended from Olympus' height, *descendit de cœlis*, and taught man the manuduction of the rescent spade, and the dividing plough, *terra findetur aratro*. Has your comprehension grasped it, Mortal Hearers? Then have I fully proved that punishment is produced by sin : *Et peccatum meum contra me est semper*. But we are yet in aberration from the point.

“ To the argent season succeeded the secle hight ferruginous ; *Sæculum per ignem* ; and though that saw instruments for cultivation, and men possessed of scientrific comprehension of their use, *possedit me in initio viarum suarum*, the obstructed Cybeleian mother corresponded with sterility to the toils of the agriculist ; *et pater meus agricultus est*. Here the objective interrogation : if the adunque iron retorted on her

with its furrows, if the sharpened share  
called loudly by its strokes, why did she  
not listen and her covenant keep? Why  
did not the Earth pretend her verdurous  
offerings? How opportune does Lyra an-  
swer! because the stony Heavens denied  
the pluvial drops—*non pluit menses septem.*  
But what motive could induce that star-  
studded canopy to such durity severe? Car-  
tarius appositely says, because sins were  
multiplied by the scelerat sons of men—*Et  
delicie mea esse cum filiis hominum.* But now  
what remedy apply? Hear the sapient  
Mythologist.

“ Let the mighty Bacchus slide down from the celestial vaulted roofs; let him teach the mortal to compunctionify and implore the clemency of the Thunderer with penitent rogation.—*Te rogamus; audi nos:* Let him offer worship and sacrifices on future altars, and Jupiter Ammon will himself descend, who is the same as Ram, and with a sole stroke of his foot, or under his foot-sole, shall spout the liquid to satisfy the thirsty soul, and fertilize campaigns—*Descendit Jesus in loco campestri.* The learned need not application’s lore; but the less wise may stand in need thereof. Have not, then, the clouds for seven long months

denied their salutiferous dropping sweats? Have not the symptoms of a stony earth from this negation sprung? Let therefore a devout rogation be enacted; let the brethren of the Cross of Penitents go forth; let preside their worthy Majordomo Jupiter Ammon, Pasqual Ram, from underneath the feet of whom, *de sub cuius pede*, shall start the copious fount, fecundifying fields,

*Horrida per campos bam bim bombarda sonabant.*

Furthermore; in the sacred lines is celebrated much the Pasqual Lamb—*Agnus Paschalis*: the judicious know that of Lambs are formed Rams; therefore our illustrious Majordomo Pasqual Ram must in season infantine have been a Pasqual Lamb. The illation is innegable. But all has not yet been said.

“ To the frugiferous Ceres, tutelary goddess of the fields and harvests were offered those sacrifices, Ambarval called, and solemn processions went round the fields, *Ambarvales hostiæ*. And who were those of whom these processions were principally formed? Certain brethren devout, ycleped Arvales, *Arvales fratres*; who, as the best interpreters opine, were all Agricologists.

colists. This is not the offspring of my head inventive; 'tis asserted by Cato most profound, *Ambarvalia celebrabant Arvales fratres, circumeunter campos, & litabant Ambarvales Hostias.* To whom did they immolate? It is already said; to the goddess Ceres, which is derived from *Cera* [Wax] to denote also the penitents of *Light.* *Vos estis Lux mundi.*

“ But lest the impertinent or scrupulous critic should complain that the Penitents of *Blood* also are not duly honoured with our notice, come with me, and you shall see, that this sanguinary sanctimony of the brethren is not the invention of modern times, as some ignorants would persuade, but the practice of most antique fraternity, in all ages and all climes received. Come! Up! Give to America septentrional a leap.

“ There will you see the God *Tlaloc*, superintendant of the Rains, denying pro-  
cacious what he wishes to confer, and not induced to let them fall in the month of *Togoztli*, which is the month of March. There you will see, to move him to soft pity, how the Indians, armed with *Magueys* or sharpened flint, blood from their bodies every part will draw in copious streams. There you will see the still incensed *Tlaloc*

persevering in his angry frown in the month of Hueytozotli, which to April corresponds, the month of present date, still deny the rain for the reigning sins of men, who, repentant, augment severity, and draw till it streams along upon the ground their life's warm blood with rigorous *Xuchiles*, that is, by violence of scourge, bathing in it the goddess *Chivalticue*, which the Deity of Petticoats imports, and directing the penitent procession to the temple of *Citcolt* the God of *Maize*, to the end that, interceding and uniting with the great *Tlaloc*, he may send the salutiferous drops to loosen the bowels of the hard-bound earth for the gracious deliverance of her fruits.

“ Now, then, my brethren, at sight of such examples, as efficacious as opportune, what may we not expect to see you do? By what are you detained? *Quid facis in paterna domo delicate miles?* Why do you delay to seize with courage stout and holy those candid *Xuchiles*, and, convocating first the purple humour to the carnosities post-tergate, then draw it forth with the cerated *Mogueys*, till, sopping in its passage the alblicant *Chivalticues*, it water literally the hardened earth, *Guttæ sanguinis decurrentis in terram?* Behold! ye faithful,

our

our divine *Tlaloc's* incensed ! Behold ! the beneficent *Citcolt* in his rueful wrath takes part ! Run, run, to appease them ! Fly, fly, to deprecate their rage ! Seize, again I say, those *Xuchiles* ; take well the measure of those *Magueys* ; and let the red liquor bubble from your shoulders. Thus will you appease the anger of the Gods ; thus will you make atonement for your sins ; thus will you obtain for your fields epithalamiums of prolific rain—*Conjugis in gremium læte descendit*, and for your own souls sovereign epicycles of supreme grace, the secure pledge of future and eternal glory, *Quam mibi & vobis, &c.*"

He had not well pronounced the last word, when the church resounded with shouts from under all the cowls as loud as if they had passed through a speaking trumpet, or at least a funnel, which said, Bravo Father Friar Gerund ! Bravissimo Father Friar Gerund ! And what is more, the Penitents were so moved by the exhortation, though not a soul of them understood a word of it, that, at the instant, they threw off their cloaks with the most courageous zeal, and began to apply their instruments of flagellation with such power, that before they got out of the church there was blood enough

enough spilled upon the pavement to have made black-puddings. The women who were about the aunt Catanla gave her a thousand embraces and a thousand kisses, plentifully bedewing her face at the same time with the offerings of their eyes and noses out of pure tenderness, and telling her that she was a thousand times happy in being the mother of such a son. An old priest belonging to the church, who stood by Anthony Zotes, and who, notwithstanding his having been plucked three times in the examination for the sub-diaconate, once for the diaconate, and twice for the priesthood, was yet, on account of his age and his good life, a respectable man, giving him a strict embrace, said to him, “ Signior Anthony, fifty and two Exhortations to the Disciplinants have I heard in this church since I have been an unworthy priest of it, as I have the honour to be, but such an Exhortation as this, or any thing comparable to it, I never did hear, nor do I believe I ever shall hear : God’s blessing go with the little Gerund, and may his majesty not take my life till I see him a Presentado !

It is left to the pious and curious reader to conceive how Uncle Anthony and Madam

dam Catanla felt themselves at being eye and ear-witnesses of these praises and applause of their son : and a thing to be conceived likewise rather than related, is the vanity and self-satisfaction which at that instant took possession of the heart of Friar Gerund, at hearing his own loud and repeated acclamations. But as the joys of this life are of short duration, and as it generally happens in the midst of our greatest triumphs that some untowardly disaster will admonish us, that we are still but mortals, his ill fortune contrived that poor Friar Gerund should receive such a knock on the pate, immediately upon his coming down from the pulpit, in the very vestry of the church, as to a pate of less tenacity might have given a new turn.

It happened that there was at that time in the town, upon a recruiting party, a Captain of a marching Regiment, a sensible, well-read, free, open man, who, having heard the Exhortation, and struggling one while with his anger and another with his laughter, determined at last to entertain himself a little in roasting the preacher ; and therefore coming into the vestry he ran up to him directly, and, giving him in mockery a tight squeeze, said with a soldier-

like

like gaiety, “ To speak ingenuously, my dear little Father, tho’ I have rambled much about the world and was fond of hearing the preachers in all places, yet in my life did I never hear any thing like this, never so excellent a Shrove-tide \* Exhortation, or proper prelude to a droll or mummery.” Friar Gerund was somewhat out of countenance at this strange compliment, and as on the article of unembarrassment and easy familiarity he could by no means measure swords with the noble Captain, he asked him only, with some discomposure, “ Pray, Sir, what of droll or mummery was there in the Exhortation ?”

“ O, to be sure, there is nothing the matter with his eye, as they said of the poor man, when it was knocked out and he had it in his hand †. Why, could any thing be more delicate than the choice fables with which your Paternity was pleased to favour us in order to *complacify* us ? That of Saturn was worth a million ; that of Bacchus ought to be set in gold ; that of

\* The three days before Lent, called *Carneftollendas*, from their bidding adieu to meat for a season, is a time of universal festivity and merriment.

† A proverbial saying, used when any weighty charge is affected to be made light of.

Jupiter Ammon and Pasqual Ram, with the beautiful touch on the Pasqual Lamb, is too precious to bear comparison; and in short, all that passage of the American penitents with their *Xuchiles*, *Magueys*, and *Chivalticues*; the Gods in whose honour the penitence was performed with their moles and marks; the motive to it; and even to the correspondence of the months in which it was observed, was altogether a most happy composition of divinities: and your Paternity, tho' so young, might be commander in chief of the preachers against Melancholy, or even, without acting yourself, send out a detachment of preachers, who, if they at all resemble your Paternity, might attack her in her very trenches, and not only dislodge her from her camp, but drive her intirely out of the world." And without saying more, or giving time to Friar Gerund to reply, he made him a low bow and turned upon his heel.

## C H A P. VI.

*In which is seen the variety of human judgments, and that there is no fatuity which will not meet with favourers.*

THUS did the rogue of a Captain take leave of the good creature of a Gerund, having thrown cold water upon the complacency the holy man was experiencing in the applauses and acclamations of the church, and left him pensive, disconsolate, and sorrowful. But as the griefs of this life are not of long duration, any more than its joys, as we just now observed, the grief occasioned by the lively satire of the Signior Officer lasted but a little while ; for no sooner had Gerund got from the vestry to his cell, but the whole musquetry of the Convent, that is, the mob of Collegiates, Choristers, Lay-brethren, and young folks, poured like a torrent into it. And as of all vulgars this vulgar is one of the most easily amazed and stupified with nonsense of any in the world, and for that reason is one of the most prejudicial, it is not to be told what a club-like blow they had been struck by Gerund's Exhortation ; insomuch that,

that, being no distinguishers of colours, and governed only by noise and the sound of words, he appeared to most of them a perfect miracle of genius.

Into his cell, then, they tumbled, pell-mell, with such a shouting, uproar, and madness of joy, that the very Convent seemed to be coming down ; and as they had all been fellow-students and were nearly of the same age, tho' he was now a priest and a preacher, they could not for their lives preserve any respect towards him, but gave the demonstration of their honest joy with all the freedom of most familiar plainness. Some embraced him, some huzzaed him, some spoke to him on the right side, some on the left, some before, some behind, some pulled him by the body of his habit, some by the sleeves, till they could have the pleasure of seeing that he noticed them, and there were not wanting others who raised him upon their shoulders in the air, proclaiming him the greatest preacher which the Order or the world had ever seen. One, who was second vicar of the choir, exclaimed in deep base, “ Till now did I not think that there had been upon earth another Friar Blas ; but in troth he may learn another trade ; for all he preaches, tho'

so exquisite, so full of conceits, and so rare, is but dregs and dross to what we have heard from Friar Gerund." An old lay-brother, a good-natured simple soul, who had been refectory-man above forty years, whilst he stood looking him earnestly in the face actually shed tears out of pure joy and tenderness. The butler told him that all the wine in the cellar was at his devotion, as was but fitting for one who so much honoured the sacred habit. The cook offered him his services with great frankness and heartiness; and even the steward—a sort of gentry not wont to be very generous—presented him immediately, *in voce*, with a couple of kegs of caveeched Sardinas\*, with a promise of two more of others when he should have them, in token of the love he had for him and the pleasure he had received from him.

It is left to the pious and curious reader to consider what must have been the pleasure of Friar Gerund at hearing all these acclamations, as he was by no means a man insensible to his own praises, nor in the least inclined to the opinion of that philosophised orator who suspected the applauses

\* A kind of pickled herrings.

of the multitude to be an argument of his being wrong.

But now behold, whilst the noisy gentry were in the midst of their uproar, and the blessed Friar Gerund most ingulphed in his glories, in came the Superior, the Father Master Prudentio, and all the rest of the grave Fathers, to pay their compliments and congratulations after the function, as is the laudable custom in all communities. At the instant subsided the tumult of the youngsters, each of whom put himself in order the best he could, clapping his hands under his scapulary, and sticking himself against the wall with downcast eyes and reverent silence. The Superior contented himself with saying that he should repose after his fatigue, and without adding another word presently retired: of the rest of the Fathers, some only made a kind of offer at an inclination of the head, squeezing with difficulty from between their teeth a mumbling unintelligible compliment: others gave it in audible words, but so equivocal that an evil-minded person might have interpreted them with little benignity, as, "'Twas a great thing indeed, Friar Gerund! In truth I never heard a greater, nor do I ever expect to hear any thing equal to

it, unless it be from thee :" two or three of them who were rather of a reserved turn, said only, " God reward thee, Friar Gerund, for thou hast laboured much ;" and full surely was the good little friar solaced thereby, thinking it was the same thing to labour much as to labour well.

All this while the Master Prudentio was silent, looking at him from time to time with a mixture of compassion and severity ; but as soon as the other fathers withdrew, seeing the collegiates were about to follow them, he desired them to stay, saying, that he had now an Exhortation to give to the exhorting father, which might at the same time be not wholly unprofitable to them. He then sat himself down in a chair, made Friar Gerund sit in another, and turning towards him, spoke to him in this manner :

" Friar Gerund, hast thou lost thy senses ? Wast thou in them when thou composedst such a string of absurdities, and when thou hadst the face to preach them ? Is this what thou offeredst at taking leave of me at the Grange, saying that I might make myself easy, as thou wast certain that for this time thou shouldst acquit thyself to my approbation ? But what ! dost thou think I can approve of the greatest texture

of

of madness and absurdity that ever I heard in my life, unless it be exceeded or rivalled by the crazy salutation of the sermon of St. Ann! And this too on a function in itself so serious, so tender, so dolorous, in which every thing ought to breathe penitence, compunction, groans, and tears! Had we committed no other sin, I could almost say, than that of thy exhortation, that alone would deserve that God should chastise us with the dreadful scourge of drought and sterility we are suffering. But I will not venture to pronounce this, as I know thou finnest not from wilfulness, but innocence or ignorance.

“ Why now, thou silly man, what hast thou done by thy Exhortation but stun our ears with insipid, impertinent, and ridiculous fables, verifying to the letter what the apostle spoke prophetically of thee, and other preachers like thee, who shall flee from the truth and convert all their attention to fables, the hearers likewise being infected with this depraved taste, *A veritate quidem auditum avertent, ad fabulas autem convertentur.* What power have these to move us to perform penitence for our crimes, and by this mean appease the severity of the divine justice, so justly irritated against them ?

“ Would there not be more efficacy in the real examples in sacred and ecclesiastical history, both of them filled with instances of the dreadful temporal chastisements with which in all times God hath visited the sins of men, without laying aside the scourge till satisfaction had been made for them by grief, amendment, and repentance? Have the deluges, inundations, wars, famines, plagues, sterility, earthquakes, volcanoes, and other astonishing alterations in the course of nature, governed by the supreme Author of it, sprung from any other principle, or had any other end?

“ If thou hadst dedicated the time thou hast miserably wasted in reading fictions, to the perusal of the sacred Bible, thou wouldst in that have met with infallible histories to serve as a foundation to thy Exhortation, without the ridiculous and even sacrilegious recourse to fabulous inventions. Sterility proceeding from the want of rain and the superabundance of sin thou wouldst have met with in Egypt in the time of Pharaoh and Joseph. Sterility proceeding from the same cause thou wouldst have met with in Israel, at the time of the prophet Elias. Sterility proceeding from the same cause thou wouldst have met with in the king-

kingdom of Judah, in the times of the Joram's. And if after sacred, thou hadst cast thy eyes upon ecclesiastical and profane history, thou wouldst scarce have found a single age without numerous examples of it, with the addition that the chastisement ceased not till the sins by which it was incurred were ceased or lessened. To what end then shouldst thou have recourse to dreams and fables? How can a truth be solidly enforced by means of a lie? Or what affinity is there between the mysteries of Christ, and the cheats of Belial? *Quæ conventio Christi ad Belial?*

“ But supposing that in fable were to be found some kind of resemblance, as in many of them there really is, to our truths or our mysteries, what force is added to the one, or splendour to the other, by this ridiculous resemblance? Nay I will go farther, and suppose the fable to have the greatest likeness imaginable to some of the mysteries which we believe and adore, as for example, the birth of Minerva, the goddess of wisdom, who was feigned to have sprung from the brain of Jupiter, to the generation of the Word, or eternal wisdom, which was engendered from all eternity in the mind of the Most High; and what do we infer from this? That the

truth becomes more credible or respectable because we meet with an obscure shadow of it in that absurd lie?

“ But if the using fables in the pulpit by way of enforcing our truths is always an insufferable thing, and in a certain degree a kind of sacrilege, it is more so when they are preached to the simple and the vulgar. A discreet audience look upon the fable as it deserves, and know it at the bottom to be no better than a lie. There is no other inconvenience, with respect to them, than the mixing the fabulous with the true, the sacred with the profane; a mixture which is indeed very monstrous; since even in Poets and Painters, who have most ample licence, it has been pronounced by the best of satirists to be intolerable,

————— *ut placidis coeant immitia, — ut  
Serpentes avibus geminentur, tigribus agni.*

“ But when a sermon is preached before a concourse made up for the greatest part by uncultivated rustics, there is the highest inconvenience in their hearing fable for history, fiction for reality, and lies for truth. We may see it in the will of that old woman, who, having heard the minister of her parish speak oftentimes in his sermons of the God Apollo, left this legacy, “ Item,

“ I

“ I leave my two hens and my cock to the  
“ blessed Saint Pollo out of the great devo-  
“ tion I have had to him ever since I heard  
“ him so much preached about by our mi-  
“ nister.” Dost thou think it impossible  
that amongst so many poor creatures as  
compose the Fraternity of the Cross, to  
whom thou preachedst, some of them, and  
many of them, may not go away persuaded  
that Ceres, Jupiter Ammon, Bacchus, and  
the rest of the trumpery mob thou talkedst  
of are great Saints, and powerful advocates  
in drawing down the blessing of rain?

“ Then what shall I say of thy folly in  
that American mythology which thou  
seemedst to look upon as the forte of thy Ex-  
hortation, so immersed wast thou in it, and  
such satisfaction and vanity hadst thou in the  
delivery of it! I did not think that even *thou*  
couldst have been so very absurd; and pray  
observe, this is expressing one's self as strongly  
as possible. Who, in the name of  
wonder, could furnish thee with such in-  
formation, or how hadst thou the ill-luck  
to light upon it to make thyself most ri-  
diculous! Certainly thou hast a singular  
talent at striking in with the worst of what-  
ever is to be found in books, and as singu-  
lar a grace in availing thyself of it. But  
the truth is, thou wast for making an of-

temptation of thy memory and happy pronunciation, delighted with those slovenly, exotic, barbarous names of *Tlaloc*, *Tozoztli*, *Hueytozoztli*, *Xuchilles*, *Citeolt*, and *Chivalticue*, thinking that this was a great thing, and that thou shouldst amaze thy audience. And in truth so thou didst; for these poor creatures are no distinguishers of colours, and it is sufficient for them not to understand a thing in order to admire it.

“ As to that puerile, pedantic, intoxicated, mad style, it would be losing one’s labour and one’s oil to say any thing of it. *Friar Blas* and the cursed *Florilegium* have so infatuated thee that thou hast no knowledge of what is the pure, chaste, and true Spanish idiom. That which thou usest in the pulpit is neither Spanish, nor Latin, nor Greek, nor Hebrew, nor in short do I know what it is. Tell me, Sinner, why dost thou not preach as thou talkest?

“ What is the meaning of *auriferous* age, *degree lethalic*, *nigrescent maculation*, *pristine niveous candour*, *paralogize correction*, *humid colonist*, and the rest of that string of Latinized absurdities with which thou studdest thy Exhortation, understood by the brethren of the Cross as much as if thou hadst preached to them in Syriac or Armenian? Knowest thou not, wretch that thou

art,

art, that this is a pedantry practised only by those ignorants who scarcely know their mother-tongue? Instead of the acclamation which these simpletons gave thee upon finishing thy Exhortation, thou shouldst have had that which was given to Father Friar Crispin, suiting thee as well as it did him, who without doubt must have been the Friar Gerund of his time,

*All pretenders to style before Crispin must vanish,  
Who speaks Spanish in Latin, and Latin in Spanish.*

*Huzza!*

“ I have purposely chosen to give thee my sentiments before all these young persons, and therefore detained them here; for being tired with privately admonishing thee, and seeing to my great grief that my correction had no effect, I thought it would be right that I should speak to thee thus publicly, that they may avoid thy bad example. My age and my hoary head authorize me; and the part I took in having thee appointed to this employment thou so eagerly soughtest, in some measure obliges me to this, that it never may be thought I approve what I abominate.

“ Do not suppose that I only am of this opinion; in that case it might be attributed to the ill-humour which is too often attendant

tendant upon old-age, though, blessed be God, my temper is far from being looked upon as one of the worst. All the grave fathers of the convent agree with me in it, that is, all who have any judgment in the matter. They all lament, as well as I, the misapplication of thy talents: and by the stiff and serious manner in which they presented themselves to give thee their congratulations, thou mightst see how much they had been disgusted at thy Exhortation. If they do not all speak to thee with the plainness that I do, it is because they do not love thee so much as I do, or because they are not so particularly circumstanced with regard to thee as I am, which forbids my suffering thee to proceed in error, or because in a community there are so many inconveniences in the office of a reprobator that even the superiors are obliged to exercise it with much caution, though it is a necessary part of their duty. But I disregard them all; troubling myself less about what thou mayest think, others infer, and many misrepresent, than the desire of thy reputation, the good of souls, the decorum of the pulpit, and the credit of the order."

And as soon as he had said this he rose from his seat, opened the door, and went away

away to his cell, leaving it to be considered at leisure by those to whom it was addressed. Friar Gerund was pensive, the Collegiates a long while silent, and the lay-brethren looking both at one and the other. One spat, another blew his nose, a third cleared his pipes, and a fourth hatched up a kind of cough, but no one dared to speak a word; till at last a Collegiate, a Theologist of the fourth year, (as appears by a note left by a curious, minute, investigating author) who was a brisk, lively, intrepid lad, and a great talker, broke silence by saying, “Who goes after the old man with wine and biscuits, and to make him change his linen, for the sermon has been long, moral, fervent, and pathetic?” They all laughed except Friar Gerund, who remained down-cast and half-ashamed.

But he was presently consoled by our Theologist; who coming up to him and giving him two slaps upon the shoulder, said, “Why, how now, Friar Gerund! *Sursum corda!* What! Dost thou make any account of the missions of our Mathusalems! Dost thou not see, man, that they have a taste as blear-eyed and draggle-tailed as a witch’s ‘prentice? How should they know what it is to preach, when they have almost forgot what it is to live? All that has

not a smack of antiquity offends them ; and they must pester us too with their dotings ! They knew the world to be so, and thus they take it into their heads that the world is to remain as they knew it, without reflecting that the ball turns round, and that upon that account it is a ball. As they cannot any longer shine, they cannot bear that others should shine ; like dried and withered trees, which, in the spring when the others are adorned with blossoms and leaves, seem to look still more dry and withered through pure envy.

“ They speak of sermons as of fashions or dances. The sight of a stock or cravat puts them beside themselves, because it takes up the place, which, according to the old taste, a band should occupy ; and they cannot without fury look upon a pair of close breeches, remembering their own and their grandfather’s Trunk-hose. Just the same in sermons ; Erudition, Mythology, Elevation of Style, harmonious Cadence, Jests, Pleasantry, Tales, all provoke them to vomiting ; and the reason is, that the stomach of their taste is as destitute of heat as that of the body : they can digest nothing but pap and minced-meat, or at most plain roast and boiled.

Was

“Was there ever any thing like their thinking to persuade us that Fables were not made for the pulpit? Then what were they made for?—The drawing-rooms of the ladies, or the parlatories \* of nuns? Can there be more grace or more genius in any effort of the mind than to prove a truth by a lie, or establish an infallible mystery by a fiction? *Salutem ex inimicis nostris*, is not this of the Holy Spirit? *Contraria Contrariis curantur*, is not this of the divine Hippocrates? And moreover hath not the profound Aristotle said, *Opposita juxta se posita magis elucentur*? How can the virtue of the Sacrament of Baptism and of the holy water be set forth better than by comparing it with that virtue which was feigned in the lustral water with which the Gentiles purified themselves to be properly prepared to sacrifice? *Lustravitque viros*, as the incomparable Virgil says. Or how is it possible to explain with grace, the grace of the Sacrament of Matrimony without making a beautiful description of the God Hymen, the President of Nuptials, or the Wedding-God, a sprightly youth, of heroic stature, white and red like a German, fair-haired,

\* *Parlatories*, or *Parlours*, or *Locutories*, are, as the words all imply, places to speak in, to which the nuns come to converse with those who visit them.

his lighted Torch in his hand, and crowned with Roses? And, in order to do justice to the extraordinary gallantry of Christ in the Sacrament of the Eucharist, is there any argument to be met with so convincing, or was there ever yet invented in the world a thought so delicate, as that of the little fable of Cupid; when, in order to subdue an heart that was somewhat hard, after having in vain emptied all his quiver upon it, he made an arrow of his own body \* and shot it at the said heart, which thence became as soft and meltable as a lump of butter?

“ The Father Master says that it is only for poor ignorant creatures to use fables in the pulpit. This might be so when his Paternity was born; then too ~~the old dame~~ ~~called Paraleto~~ morri was in fashion; but now that the world is more cultivated, it is another thing. I have in my cell many printed sermons of a famous preacher of those times, who amazed, delighted, intranced the people of Arragon, of Navarre, of Madrid; insomuch that soldiers were placed at the Church-doors to prevent in some degree the confusion and disorder occasioned by excessive concourses. And yet

\* This may be easily conceived, when the reader recollects how St. Patrick swam over to Ireland, after his decollation, with his head in his teeth.

this very preacher, (whom the Father Master will not deny, for never mortal man has yet denied him, to be a well-known genius) scarcely ever preached a sermon the proofs of which did not consist in bringing in a fable with a piece of Holy Scripture; and in truth and in truth, I can tell you that it did not spoil his fortune, and that not only the vulgar, as some people imagine, applauded him, but many men of the very first rank.

“ Amongst others I remember a certain Sermon, preached upon two distinguished ladies’ taking the veil, and immediately committed to the press as a great thing, in which, because the habit of the order which these ladies took upon them was black, he compares them with the greatest propriety to the Goddess Vesta, who, upon the faith and word of Cartarius, was cloathed with the same colour, *Factum est ut nigra appellaretur propter vestem nigram.* Afterwards he said, and said very well, that Minerva had been the first foundress of the education of girls, quoting some words of the same Cartarius, which, though they only prove that Minerva was the inventress of feminine employments, such as sewing, spinning, &c. for Cartarius says no more, yet he says enough for us to believe that

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she might likewise have instructed females in these employments ; for whether they were girls or marriageable women, or even married, is nothing to the purpose ; and it is still shewn clearly that she must have been the foundress of education, which is the substance of the business.

“ Finally, farther on, he brings a charming comparison to shew how much God is enamoured of the religious souls who live in cloisters, since he cites with all the appositeness in the world, the fable of Danaë, daughter of Acrisius king of the Argives, and shut up by him in a strong tower, where she could not have any communication with men, that the fatal prognostic of the oracle might not be fulfilled, which said, he was to die by the hands of a grandson. But Jupiter was too cunning for the old fox ; for, deeply smitten by this beautiful young lady, he transformed himself into a shower of gold, descended in the tower, and at the due period made her the mother of Perseus, who in process of time came at last to fulfil the prophetic oracle, by slaying his grandfather. And there can be no cavil here about the shower’s introducing itself into the tower, for the windows might happen to be open ; or even if it should have been a fortified

tower, in which there are no windows, there must have been chinks and holes for the admission of light and the emission of arrows.

“ Who could have believed that a fable, to appearance so filthy, could ever serve as a proof for so lovely, clean, and chaste a thing as the especial love which God professes to the pure souls who live in cloysters? But this is the test of his great genius; our subtle orator applies it with the greatest delicacy and the greatest energy: *In Danaë*, he says, *I contemplate a retired Soul, which vows permanency in its clausure from the world; in Jupiter, transformed to a shower of gold, I contemplate Christ, who descends as rain and bread from Heaven.* And directly, in the margin, you behold a pair of literal, pretty texts,—for the word “ Bread,” *Panis de cælo descendens*; and for “ Rain,” *Et nubes pluant justum*. Could any thing have been said more sweetly, or could a more suitable or a more happy invention have been imagined? For, though Danaë might not have been the most reserved and scrupulous damsel upon earth, as indeed the event shews, and that Jupiter might have been a wicked fornicating rogue of a God, is a trifling objection. Here is a virgin; here is a shutting-up

from the world ; here is a God who visits this virgin, be it upon what account it will, for it does not become us to enquire into it ; what more is wanting, then, to prove that Christ professes an especial tenderness for cloistered virgins, and loves to ~~contemn~~ <sup>contemplate</sup>

~~humor~~ ~~plate~~\* these Danaes, as Jupiter did that ? Without doubt it is a contemplation of the author, exceedingly ingenious, devout, and pious.

“Therefore, my friend Gerund, you have nothing to do but to laugh at that old dotard of a Father Master of our's, and let him grumble and grunt his fill. Believe me, that all old people in general are disgusted with whatever they cannot do themselves, and that we may well apply to them what the poet says, with the alteration only of a single word, *Nam quæ non fecimus ipsi vix ea RECTA voco* : and do thou go on preaching as thou hast begun ; for if thou persevere thou wilt come undoubtedly to be the honour of thy country, the credit of the order, the oracle of the pulpit, and in short, the only man in the world.”

\* In the original, *Contemplar las a estas Danaes* ; this verb has a double meaning, signifying (either to contemplate) to observe, to humour, to comply with, from the Latin verb *Temporare*, being converted in Spanish into *Temporar*.

It is not to be told with what applause the whole juvenile musquetry received this harangue of the prating, confident, young thing of a theologist. After having given him almost as many shouts as the brethren of the Cross had given to the Disciplinant-Exhortation, the compliments of congratulations were repeated to Friar Gerund, if possible, with more tumult than before, all of them strenuously advising him to follow the miraculous *rhumb* of preaching, to which he had given so happy a beginning, and most of them beseeching him to lend them the manuscript, that they might transcribe it. With this our poor scald miserable of a Friar Gerund, not only began to respire, but he lifted up his crest, he plumed himself, he exulted, he was swoln with vanity almost to bursting, and became so fully persuaded, that That was the true method of preaching, and that any other was a wretched poorness, that he could not have been drawn from his error by the bare-footed Friars themselves. But what gave the finishing stroke to it, was the following poetical eulogy, which appeared the next day, and said thus:

TO THE INCOMPARABLE FRIAR GERUND  
ZOTES, ALIAS DE COMPAZAS.

Fri'r GERUND there's but One, nor e'er was more,  
Immortal must he make Campazas' name  
And Squares, Streets, Cots, and Convents  
with his fame

Shall loud, or twopence will I forfeit, roar.

Henceforth, those Pulpit-Drones, his Bourdaloue  
And Fleury, let not braggart Frenchman praise :  
Blush, Italy, Thy Preacher's worth to raise,  
Preachers all worthy coats of motley hue !

What is Vieyra, Portugal, thy Pride ?

A pure pragmatic, pert, Prig-Portuguese !

What the fam'd Tully and Demosthenes ?

Blockheads whom future School-boys shall deride !

All else for Oratory erft rever'd

What, seen in groupe, present they now to  
view ?

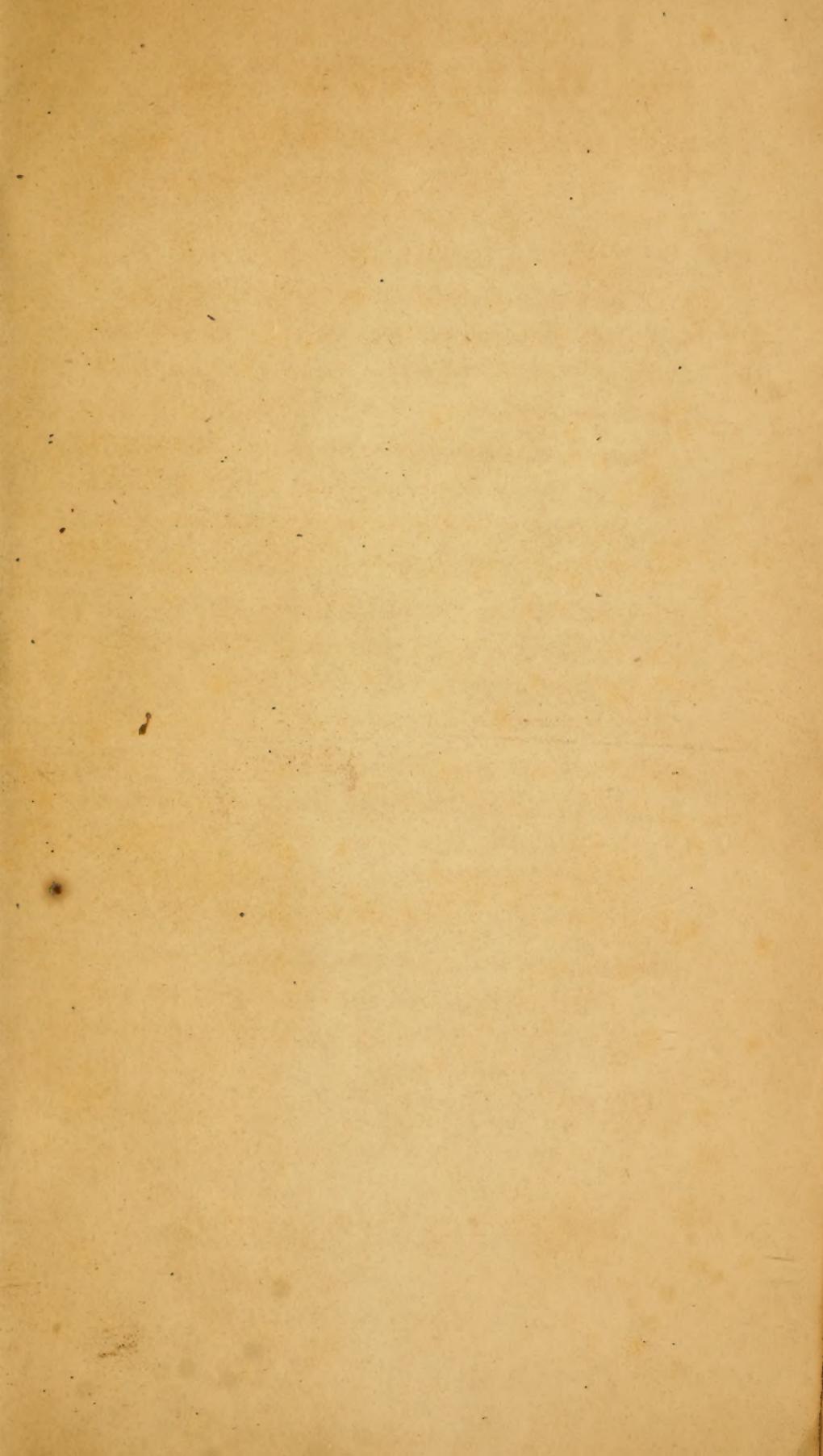
What but, for Jargon, a wild Bedlam-crew,  
For Ignorance, a brute Lay-brother Herd ?

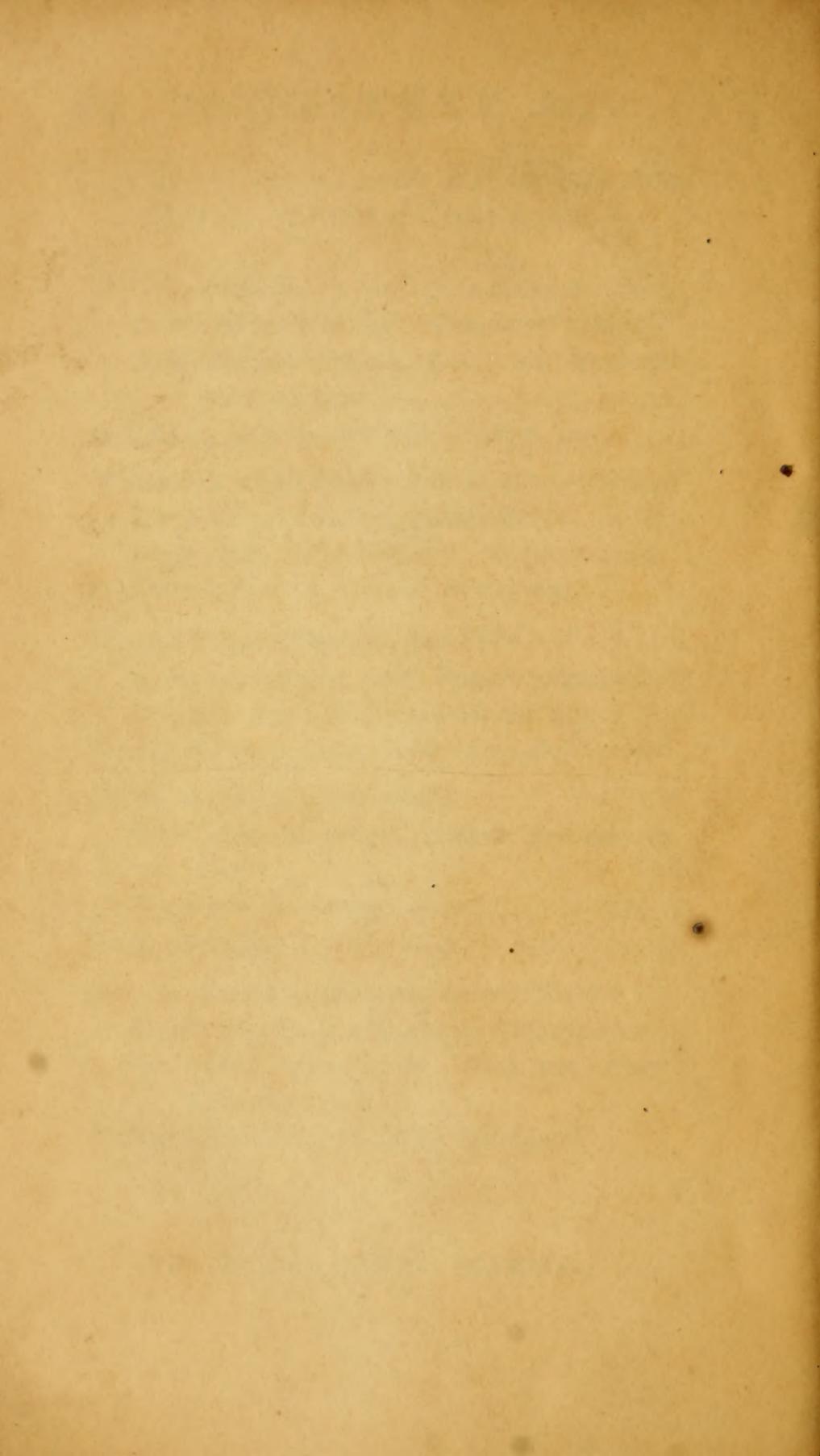
All, all ; Fri'r Blas excepted, Smart Divine !

And the few Gallant Sparks with Blas that vie :  
Yet these, e'en These, shine not when  
GERUND's nigh,

GERUND the Glory of the ZOTES' Line !

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.





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